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P 300. 2

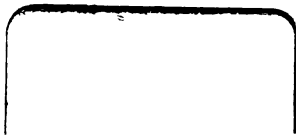
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VOL. VIII.

[JULY TO JANUARY.]



page 401

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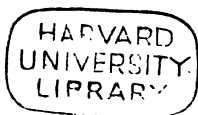
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P R E F A C E.

IN presenting to our Friends the EIGHTH Volume of the "OLIO," but little can be added to what has already been addressed on similar occasions.

When last we had the pleasure of saying a few words to our readers, it will be remembered that we promised to be unceasing in our endeavours to increase both the literary and graphic merits of the work, a promise which we flatter ourselves has been faithfully performed, totally regardless of labour or expense.

Without deviating from the path of truth, we may be allowed to say, that the literature of the present Volume is not inferior to its predecessors. In Original Articles, it will be found extremely rich, and it is hoped that, in all its varieties, no paucity of interest or information is any where observable.

To those authors whose genius and talent have lent a charm to the pages of the OLIO, we take this opportunity of returning our grateful thanks for their valuable assistance; and, at the same time, express our regret that want

of room has compelled us to postpone many articles which we have been desirous of giving insertion :—early in the next Volume the *corps-de-reserve* shall be brought into active service.

One prominent and distinguishing feature of our work has been its illustrations, and to the improvement of that in the present Volume, we have devoted our best attention : in many instances, the size of the Engravings has been increased at considerable cost, and in no instance, we trust, have they been deteriorated in beauty or effect.

Nothing now remains for us to add, but that we shall consult every fresh source of novelty and interest to improve our miscellany in all its departments, and render it more deserving of public favour.

December, 1831.



See page 5.

Illustrated Article.

THE VALE OF CORRIEWATER.

For the Olio.

BEFORE commencing the following tale, it has been judged necessary to prefix a few remarks in explanation of those incidents which the reader might otherwise consider as both improbable and unnatural. In no reign, not even in that of the ruthless Mary, was religious persecution carried to such a height, as in those of Charles and James II. The names of Claverhouse and Dalziel are still spoken of to this day with dread and horror, by the peasantry of Scotland and the northern extremity of England. The officers and soldiery were not slow in emulating the cruel example of their commanders; and the poor persecuted Covenanters, or whigs, as they were termed in derision, were hunted and shot down like beasts of the forest; to be suspected even of following that persuasion, afforded a pretext for exercising the greatest cruelties upon the unoffending peasants,

VOL. VIII.

A

neither sex nor age being spared by the merciless soldiers.

But these enormities were not always practised with impunity on the Covenanters; driven to desperation, they often burst from their hiding-places on their enemies, like the tiger springing from his lair, taking a bloody revenge on their persecutors, whenever the opportunity for so doing occurred. At length the expulsion of the Stuarts from the throne, happily, put an end to the disturbed state of Scotland, the religious persecutions ceasing entirely under the tolerant sway of the phlegmatic William.

The last rays of the setting sun were gilding the heathy sides of the romantic vale of Corriewater; the river from which the valley takes its name lay still and calm, without a ripple to disturb its glassy surface, reflecting in its clear waters the grand and picturesque scenery by which it is surrounded. The leafy glades of the ancient Galwegian forest, which lines for some space the banks of Corrie, scarcely stirred; even the quivering branches of the aspen

197

man shot on his marrow bones for less cause than refusing refreshment to his majesty's soldiers."

"I have not refused you," said the Covenanter.

"Then why the devil don't you set about getting it," shouted the soldier. "Stop though, my lass, I can't afford to part with you yet." This was spoken to Lillian, who had disengaged herself from the old man, and was about to run towards the cottage to procure food for the troopers. "And now I think of it, my lads shall save both of you the trouble:—here, Armstrong, Wenlock, Forrester, you should know how to forage by this time; take a peep into the inside of that house yonder, and see whether you can't find something better than bannocks and small ale."

Two or three of the men instantly strode into the thicket, and soon after returned breathing nothing but curses and imprecations on the humble fare which they carried.

"This is but sorry cheer for king's soldiers," said the trooper who had first spoken. "Why, Forrester, I thought you had a better nose for the brandy bottle."

"I've searched every crack and corner, serjeant, that could hide a mouse," returned the man, "but devil a one could I come athwart if——"

"Well, well, make the best of your time," said the serjeant, "with what you have got, for it must be boot and saddle, boys, when our captain comes up, and that will not be long I'm thinking."

"Here's the health of his majesty, and long life to him," shouted another of the soldiers,—“only I wish I had better stuff to pledge it in.”

"You are right there, Wenlock," said the serjeant,—“a draught of milk agrees but queerly with an empty stomach, after a day's hard riding; however, I can't let the health pass if I drank it in water, so give me a cup my lad,—here goes long life to him and better pay to his soldiers.”

"I can't say nay to that," said Wenlock,—“but then though pay day don't come so regularly as it should, why the duty is not so very hard; he only requires us to knock a few psalm singing whigs upon the head every month, just to prevent our swords from getting rusty in the scabbard,—and, by G—, I think mine is becoming so; for it's a full month since I drew blade or snapped trigger at a conventicle: I begin to get tired of such a quiet life.”

"Weel, mon," said another in a broad Scottish accent, "gin ye are a weary of it, yeel soon have wark enow for baith sword and pistol, or I'm very wrang in my guess."

"Why what makes you think so, Willie Sanders?" replied the other.

"Didna I hear the captain himsel say that there were some twenty or thretty of the preaching knaves herding and skulking about the woods here?"

"Did you hear him say so?" said the serjeant, breaking in upon the discourse,—“then I am heartily glad of it, for I want a little stirring work myself. We'll teach the ragged blue bonnets to plot treason against the state.”

As he said this, he looked sternly at the old man, who still remained a calm spectator of the proceedings of the brutal soldiers.

"You said your name was Hamden, did you not?" said the serjeant.

"Yes, it is my name," replied the peasant.

"Then it is a pestilent whiggish one," returned the trooper; "and I hardly know whether I shall leave you behind me:—nay, don't look so scared, my pretty one, nobody shall lay a finger on you, while Mark Harding can handle broadsword; only you must smile a little, and say a kind word or two, and then, perhaps, I shall wink at the bad treatment we have received, and leave Master Hamden where he is."

As he said this, he came close up to the trembling girl, and seized her rudely by the waist. The blood rushed into the face of the old man at this insult, and his hand for the instant seemed nerved with youthful vigour, as springing forward, he dashed it in the trooper's face with such force, that the serjeant reeled backwards a few paces, and then fell heavily to the ground. In an instant five carabines were levelled at the Covenanter; but the fallen man, rising quickly from the earth, stepped between the troopers and the object of their vengeance.

"Hold!" he said, speaking through his teeth, and in a frightfully suppressed tone of voice, "hold! don't be too hasty, seize and bind him, and make him kneel." This was soon done; the soldiers undoing their belts, binding the hands of the old man behind him, and forcing him upon his knees.—“Bind his eyes,” said the serjeant, in the same horrid quiet tone. “Here, take my sash, and remove the girl from him.”

But Lillian clung with such a convulsive grasp to him who had been more than father to her, that rendered it almost impossible for the troopers to remove her, without proceeding to actual violence, and hardened and merciless as they were, they hesitated to tear away the beautiful being who clasped her arms round the kneeling man.

"Give me but five minutes," said Hamden, "to speak a few words to my child, and to make myself ready for my end."

"Fall back from him," said the serjeant, "let him have the time he wants, fall back—form a line and present." This was also done; the soldiers drawing back for about twenty paces, at the same time bringing their pieces to their shoulders, when they remained still and silent, awaiting the command of their leader. A deep and solemn stillness again reigned throughout the vale, unbroken, save only by the convulsive sobs that burst from the agonised girl, and the clank of the serjeant's heavy sword which rattled against his spurs, as he strode backwards and forwards before the file of soldiers. The whole appearance and demeanour of the man was changed; his bold reckless voice was no longer heard, the oath and the jest were no longer breaking from him; but his cheek was deadly pale, and his lips colourless and compressed tightly together; while his small cruel eye glared with vindictive feeling, as now and then he glanced upon his intended victim. The ruddy sun-light still rested upon the bosom of the valley—falling full upon the figures of the bound and kneeling Covenanter, and the fair-haired girl, who hung round his neck, with her head resting on his bosom. The horses of the troopers were quietly nipping the rich verdant sward, and the active bee was flying about from flower to flower,—those flowers which were soon to have their purity stained with blood.

To be continued.

THE RED AND BLUE;

OR,

NEW WORDS TO AN OLD TUNE.

For the Olio.

BY HENRY JAMES MELLER, ESQ.

A soldier and a sailor brave
Fell over ears in love,
With one *Miss Carolina Grass*,
Of forty and above;
Now she was very stout and great,
Her person full and wide,—
The soldier lov'd a girl of weight,
The tar a good BROAD-SIDE.

The tar kept out his weather eye,
The only one had he,
But of the lost said pleasantly,
"No good in it I see,"
The soldier of an arm was left,
By a sun-shot in fight,
Resign'd he said, "Still one is left,
Altho' it is my RIGHT."

The soldier spoke of war's alarm,
And press'd her soft and bland;
Said she, "As you have lost an arm,
You cannot want MY HAND;
You could not 'present arms,' my dear,
Your left shoulder has none."—
"Of that," said he, "I do not fear,
If you and I make one."

As for the Tar, she frankly said,
She lik'd two eyes in man,
Said he, "When we are splic'd, and wed,
But fewer faults I'll scan:
'I've seen you and me, we shall have three,
And that you can't deny,
And if you say we shan't agree,
Why then 'it's all my eye.'"

Both told her tales of blood and woe,
And that they ne'er did rove,
"And if you had," says she, "you know
It had been *fealty* done."
The soldier thought she lov'd to tease,—
The tar her will might *swide*;
Each vow'd he could not live at ease,
Unless he won his GRAVE.

Blue cloth, she thought, was dull and dark,
The Red no love could claim;
She made a vow that neither spark
Should set her heart on flame.
"I'll never wed," she firmly said,
Now either one of you;—
At this the sailor turn'd quite RED,
The soldier, he look'd BLUE.

She set her cap against each *bean*,
Their colours seemed a rag;
Altho' they swore they lik'd her so,
Their love could never flag.
She *charg'd* them both, her gold they sought,
And told them hope to do;
When she had made them this report,
They *str'd*, and both went off.

VIRTUE IN INDIGENCE.

For the Olio.

Claudio.—Is there no remedy?

Isabella.—None, but such remedy as, to save
a head,

To cleave a heart in twain? *Meas. for Meas.*

At the corner of a street, I was accosted with hesitation by a young girl, who asked charity. She was weeping bitterly; I looked attentively at her—there was great sweetness and grace in the expression of the countenance, though apparently one sadly wasted by care, and her manner had the look of embarrassment and extreme wretchedness. Her clothes, however bad, had nevertheless an air of decency, and, I might even add, also of respectability.

"What makes you weep?" said I to her.

"Alas, sir!" she replied, "because I am in deep affliction;"—but in a tone that riveted me, and spoke the language of desolation; upon which I felt tempted to leave her without further question, willing to save myself the painful interest I began to feel for her condition; but I could not dismiss the sentiments of pity she had raised—they

had taken too much hold, and this management of myself had left me less at ease than the most acute sensibility occasioned by a knowledge of her misfortunes. I then drew her apart to a spot where I could listen to her without much observation.

"My child," said I, "you appear in great distress,"—at the same time putting a piece of money into her hands,—
"What has befallen you?"

At first she replied only by her sobs, and her tears flowed even more abundantly than before. At length, recovering herself, she said—

"Since you kindly take part in my afflictions, I will give you the recital of them. I am a person of good family; my father held a lucrative post in Provence, and died about two years since. Play had greatly disordered his affairs—and my mother was left a widow with three daughters, of whom I am the oldest. We came to Paris, I and my parent, after having sold all that remained to hasten the decision of a law-suit, the gaining of which might fully establish our broken fortune. We are now more than a twelvemonth here, and our opponent—a man in power—foreseeing that delay could but be favourable to his views, has interest enough to retard the process: these delays have consumed the little all that we had. In this dilemma we sought to throw ourselves at the feet of our judges, imploring their assistance—but at the palace of justice they are surrounded by clients, among whom we dare not show ourselves, ill-habited as we are. At their private dwellings, our case is just the same; whether our appearance failed to draw attention from the servants, or that we intruded at inconvenient times, I know not—we were always told those gentlemen were absent or occupied; so that, having no pecuniary means left, our case is quite neglected. In fine, sir, the misery to which we are reduced, bad air, and the obscurity of our lodgings—grief at seeing me suffer, together with age and infirmity, have wholly subdued the energies of my poor mother. She is ill, sir—in want of necessaries—and I wretched in knowing this to be the truth. I have even, sir," continued she, in a voice hardly articulate with weeping, "to combat my affection and compassionate regards for her. If I listen to these, I am lost myself. A rich bourgeois offers me all possible assistance, but—merciful Heaven!—what assistance!—and on what terms!—the thought is maddening! It

might prolong my parent's life, but must eternally dishonour mine!"

At this point of the narrative, my head turned away, and my handkerchief—altogether an involuntary act—was applied to my face. I was not ashamed of the feeling; and she went on:—

"Such is my condition—can there be one more truly hopeless? I love my mother, and am dear to her; should she die—the thought makes me tremble for us both. In my tribulation, I made known the offers of the man I spoke of. At the disclosure, I thought she would expire in my arms. Her tears flowed fast upon my neck, and her eyes, turned upon me, indicated I know not what as she moved to the further part of the apartment, without uttering a word. I cannot tell why, but I did not pause for a reply—it appears to me that this virtuous woman has lost all courage, and can no longer struggle against misfortune; for myself, I had rather die, than be again exposed to the peril of seeing her!"

Every generous mind will feel how much this recital was likely to affect one, who had listened, as I had done, without impatience, to the end of it. I gave her what little money I had in my purse—adding, moreover, such counsel as I thought suitable to the occasion, and took my way homeward.

On reaching my dwelling, I closed the door of my apartment, and was soon entangled in a chain of speculation upon the vicissitudes—the inequality with which the comforts and miseries of the world are distributed—but this without any arraignment of the wisdom of that Providence which dispenses them—concluding with the soothing, if not philosophical maxim—

"WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT!"

F. E.

FAMILY POETRY.—MY LETTERS.

Littera scripta manet.—Old Saw.

Another mizzling, drizzling day!
Of clearing up there's no appearance,
So I'll sit down without delay,
And here at least I'll make a clearance!

Oh ne'er, "in such a day as this,"
Would Dido, with her woes oppressed,
Have woo'd Æneas back to bliss,
Or Troilus gone to hunt for Cressid!

No, they'd have staid at home, like me,
And popp'd their toes upon the fender,
And drank a quiet cup of tea:—
On days like this one can't be tender.

So, Molly, draw that basket nigher,
And put my desk upon the table—
Bring that portfolio—stir the fire—
Now off as fast as you are able.

First, here's a card from Mrs. Grimes,
 "A Ball!"—she knows that I'm no dancer—
 That woman's asked me fifty times,
 And yet I never send an answer.

"Dear Jack,
 Just lend me twenty pounds,
 Till Monday next, when I'll return it.
 Yours truly,

Henry Gibbs."

Why, z—des!
 I've seen the man but twice—here, bursu it.

One from my cousin, Sophy Daw,
 Full of Aunt Margery's distresses.
 "The cat has kitten'd in 'the draw,'
 And ruin'd two bran-new silk dresses."

From Sam, "The Chancellor's motto"—nay,
 Confound his puns, he knows I hate 'em;
 "Pro Rege, Lege, Grege"—ay,
 "For king read 'mob!' Brougham's old
erratum.

From Seraphina Price—"At two—
 Till then I can't, my dearest John, stir,"
 Two more, because I did not go,
 Beginning "Wretch!" and "Faithless
 monster!"

"Dear Sir,
 This morning Mrs. P.,
 Who's doing quite as well as may be,
 Presented me at half-past three
 Precisely, with another baby;

"We'll name it John, and know with pleasure
 You'll stand"—Five guineas more, confound
 it!

I wish they'd call'd it Nebuchadnezzar,
 Or throw it in the Thames, and drown'd it.

What have we next? A civil Dun,
 "John Brown would take it as a favour"—
 Another, and a surlier one,
 "I can't put up with *such* behaviour."

"Bill so long standing,"—"quite tired out,"
 "Must sit down to insist on payment"—
 "Call'd ten times!"—here's a fuss about
 A few coats, waistcoats, and small raiment!

For once I'll send an answer, and in—
 —form Mr. Snip he needn't "call" so,
 But, when his bill's as "tired of standing"
 As he is, beg 'twill "sit down" also.

This from my rich old uncle, Ned,
 Thanking me for my annual present,
 And saying he last Tuesday wed
 His cook-maid Nelly—vastly pleasant!

An ill-spelt note from Tom at school,
 Begging I'll let him learn the fiddle—
 Another from that precious fool
 Miss Pyefinch, with a stupid riddle.

"If you was in the puddle," how
 I should rejoice that sight to see!—
 "And you were out on't, tell me now
 What that same puddle then would be?"

"D'y'e give it up?" Indeed I do!
 Confound these antiquated minxes,
 I won't play "*Billy Black*" to a "*Bliss*,"
 Or *Oedipus* to such old Sphinxes.

A note sent up from Kent, to show me,
 Left with my bailiff, Peter King,
 "I'll burn them b—y stacks down, blow me,
 Yours, most sincerely, Captain Swing."

Four begging letters with petitions,
 One from my sister Jane, to pray
 I'll "execute a few commissions"
 In Bond-street, "when I go that way."

And "buy at Pearsal's, in the city,
 Twelve skeins of silk for netting purses,
 Colour no matter—so it's pretty;
 Two hundred pence—"two hundred curses.

From Mistress Jones: "My little Billy
 Goes up his schooling to begin,
 Will you just *step* to Piccadilly,
 And meet him when the coach comes in?"

"And then, perhaps, you will as well see
 The poor dear's howl safe to school,
 At Dr. Smith's, in Little Chelsea?"
 Heaven send he flog the little fool!

From Lady Snooks: "Dear Sir, you know,
 You promised me last week a *Rebus*,
 Or something smart and *apropos*
 For my new Album?" Aid me, Phobus!

"My hint is followed by my second;
 Yet should my first my second see,
 A dire mishap it would be reckon'd,
 And sadly shock'd my first would be!"

"Were I but what my *Whole* implies,
 And pass'd by chance across your portal,
 You'd cry, 'Can I believe my eyes?
 I never saw so queer a mortal!"

"For then my head would not be on,
 My arms their shoulders must abandon;
 My very body would be gone,
 I should not have a leg to stand on!"

Come, that's dispatch'd!—what follows?—stay
 'Reform demanded by the nation!
 Vote for T'ragag and Bobtail!"—ay,
 By Jove, a blessed *Reformation*!

Jack, clap the saddle upon Ross.—
 Or no—the filly—she's the flecter;
 The devil take the rain—Here goes—
 I'm off—a plumper for Sir Peter!

Black. Mag.

THEATRICAL REMINISCENCES.

Moss, an actor of the Scottish stage, whose powers were richly humorous and versatile, had only one fault, he was not sufficiently careful to be correct in the words of his author, in parts in which he did not expect to make a hit; or in others in which he trusted to his irresistible pleasantry, to supply the want of study. He was unexpectedly and suddenly called upon to perform a part in the comedy of 'She Would and she Would not.' Moss was very imperfect; he knew it, and accordingly hustled through his part with unusual spirit and grimace. When the curtain had fallen, some gentlemen from one of the stage-boxes came behind the scenes, and entered into conversation with our actor. "Moss," said one of them, "you must be a devilish clever fellow, to get through your part so well as you did to-night, without knowing five words together of your author. I had the book in my hand, and watched you."—"Pray, sir," replied Moss, "give me leave to look at your book, if you please." His request was granted, and Moss, having turned over a few leaves, returned the book, saying at the same time, "I see how it is—just as I thought *particularly*; you have got one of the first copies of the piece, and we play by another edition, sir—we play

by another edition;" and saluting the party with his passing bow, made a quick retreat to his dressing-room.

Shuter, the adopted son of Momus, was an intimate friend of Moss's, and, when he took leave of the stage, took rather a whimsical mode of expressing his sense of the latter's abilities, which I shall relate in Moss's own words:—"On the evening that Shuter bade farewell to the public, all the performers were assembled in the green-room by his invitation. After cake and wine were handed round, he proceeded to open his property-box, which had been previously placed in the room, and presented to each in succession some article which he had been accustomed to wear, as a memorial of him. At length every performer but myself had received his tributary gift of esteem, and Shuter shut the lid of his box. You must suppose I was not a little surprised to see myself forgotten, *particularly*, for we had been for a considerable time hand and glove, near as the two blades of a pair of scissors;—how I felt! I was burning and shivering at the same moment. 'Ned,' said I, hardly able to command a firm utterance, 'am I the only individual whom you have left out in your catalogue of friends?'—'No, no, Moss,' he returned; 'as my choicest friend, I have reserved the most valuable gift of all for you. There,' he added, kicking off his stage shoes as he spoke, 'take these, for you're the fittest man I know to stand in them.' 'Gad, was not that a compliment!—*particularly, particularly!* I think I hear Ned speaking now; I shall never forget his uttering these words as long as I live."

Moss was a great punster. Punning was a trick beneath his superior talents; but a pun tickled on his tongue, and forced its way from his lips, in spite of his better judgment. One evening, in the town of Paisley, he and I were together on the stage, in the two Heartalls in the 'Soldier's Daughter.' An orange thrown from the gallery at random fell at Moss's feet; and even at that moment he could not resist his rage for punning; so, stooping down leisurely, he picked it up, and casting his eyes round him, he said, "I have my doubts whether this be a civil (Seville) orange or not; however, I'll pocket the affront if it is one." I recollect hearing Mr. Fawcett utter some words of a similar kind during the farce of the Paragraphs, at Covent Garden Theatre.

One more pun, and I have done with punning. As Moss was passing along

a street in Annan, he observed a man driving posts into the ground, for the protection of a newly-made footpath. Walking gravely up to him, he accosted him with "Good morning to you; have you any thing for me to-day?"—"For you, Maister Moss?" returned the man, (for every body knew Maister Moss,) "what like sud I hae for you?" "Why, I thought you might have a letter for me," replied Moss, "as I see you are a postman!"—"Eha! Maister Moss, Maister Moss," rejoined the man, with a grin, and a sagacious shake of his head, "thy foolish talk be all alike atop o' the stage, and off on't."—"No, indeed, it is not, my good fellow," retorted Moss; for here I give it you for nothing, and on the stage I make you pay for it."

It is now seventeen years since I saw Moss for the last time. He was confined to bed in Falkirk, from which he was shortly after removed to Edinburgh, for the benefit of medical advice. But it availed not—his sands were run, and a few days terminated his earthly career. That excellent man and actor, Mr. Win. Murray, paid him the most praiseworthy attentions during his last moments, and at the head of his respectable company, followed his remains to the Canongate churchyard, where they were deposited in the neighbouring grave to that occupied by the dust of his old and valued friend Digges.

Aberdeen Mag.

JOHN BULL AND HIS BROTHER JONATHAN.

THE following dialogue, in his own hand-writing, and bearing various marks of correction in the same, has been found among Mr. Huskisson's MS. papers; and as there is every reason to believe it to have been his own composition, it is inserted as a specimen of that easy playfulness which has been mentioned as one of the charms of his private society:—

Fraternal Dialogue between John Bull and his brother Jonathan.—
(Date, July, 1825.)

Jonathan.—You are a very good and constant customer, John, at my shop, for flour, hoops, staves, and many other articles of my trade; you are good pay, and I am always glad to deal with you.

John.—I believe all you say—I wish to continue a good customer; but I must say your mode of dealing with me is

rather hard. Every time I travel to, or send to your shop (Sunday or not), I am obliged to pay double toll at the turnpike-gate, which is close before it.

Jon.—You need not take that trouble. I prefer sending my goods to my customers by my own porters; and, as they are always ready and punctual in delivering the packages, I do not see why you should complain.

John.—I complain because my own cart and horses have nothing to do, and my people are upon the poor-rate, whilst I am paying you for portorage. I will not go on in this way.

Jon.—Well! we will consider of it next Christmas, when the partners in our firm meet to talk over the concern.

(John remains patient for another year; when, finding the Sunday toll still continued, he asks what brother Jonathan and his firm have decided. July, 1826.)

Jon.—We have resolved to grant a new lease of the tolls, without making any alteration in the terms.

John.—You have!—then I withdraw my custom.

Jon.—The devil you do? (*Aside.*) We mistook him for a more patient ass than he proves to be. How shall we contrive to bring him back to our shop?"

Huskisson's Speeches.

Snatches from Oblivion.

Out of the old fields cometh the new corn.

Sir E. COKE.

THE SPEECH OF STIGAND, AT THE HEAD OF THE MEN OF KENT, TO WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

[It has been related by some historians, that the people of Kent, by surprising William the Conqueror in his march with boughs in their hands, which made them appear at a distance like a moving forest, extorted some concessions from the Norman victor. However, as William of Poitiers makes no mention of this event, Rapin suspects it to be fabulous. But as William of Poitiers was a foreigner, and had probably no vast regard for the English nation, as is partly allowed by Rapin himself, why might he not designedly pass over in silence the above-mentioned adventure, as in some respect glorious to them, and disadvantageous to his hero? Be that as it will, since the Kentish men, even at this day, enjoy some extraordinary privileges peculiar to themselves, and ascribe their enjoyment of them to the preceding memorable

event, the account of it handed down to us seems not to be entirely without foundation; and therefore the following speech of Stigand cannot be unworthy the attention of the curious.]

SPEECH.

You are accosted, illustrious general, by the men of Kent, who are ready to submit to your government, provided you shall make proper concessions to their most equitable demands, being such sort of men as are determined to retain that liberty they have received from their ancestors, together with the laws and customs of their country;—neither will they be reduced to a state of servitude, which they never experienced, or endure a new legislature; for they can bear with a regal, but not a tyrannical authority.

With their liberty, therefore, unassailed, and their ancient laws and customs reserved to them, receive the men of Kent, not as a parcel of slaves, but subjects attached to you in loyalty and love.

But if you shall attempt to deprive them of their freedom, and the immunity of their laws, you shall deprive them of their lives also. For they had rather engage with you in a determined battle, and fall under *certain* enemies, than in a court of justice under uncertain laws. For the rest of the *English* can suffer slavery, to be free is the property of the men of Kent.

The Naturalist.

THE DARTER, OR SNAKE BIRD.—The snake bird is an inhabitant of the Carolinas, Georgia, the Floridas, and Louisiana, and is common in Cayenne and Brazil. It seems to have derived its name from the singular form of its head and neck, which at a distance might be mistaken for a serpent. In those countries where noxious animals abound, we may readily conceive that the appearance of this bird, extending its slender neck through the foliage of a tree, would tend to startle the wary traveller, whose imagination had portrayed objects of danger lurking in every thicket. Its habits, too, while in the water, have not a little contributed to its name. It generally swims with its body immersed, especially when apprehensive of danger. The first individual that I saw in Florida was sneaking away, to avoid me, along the shore of a reedy marsh, which was lined with alligators, and the first impression on

my mind was that I beheld a snake, but the recollection of the habits of the bird soon undeceived me. On approaching it, it gradually sank, and my next view of it was at many fathoms distance, its head merely out of the water. To pursue these birds at such times is useless, as they cannot be induced to rise, or even expose their bodies.

Wherever the limbs of a tree project over, and dip into the water, there the darters are sure to be found, these situations being convenient resting places for the purpose of sunning and preening themselves, and, probably, giving them a better opportunity than when swimming of observing their finny prey. They crawl from the water upon the limbs, and fix themselves in an upright position, which they maintain in the utmost silence. If there be foliage, or the long moss, they secrete themselves in it in such a manner that they cannot be perceived, unless one be close to them. When approached, they drop into the water with such surprising skill, that one is astonished how so large a body can plunge with so little noise, the agitation of the water being apparently not greater than that occasioned by the gliding of an eel.

Formerly, the darter was considered by voyagers as an anomalous production, a monster partaking of the nature of the snake and the duck; and, in some ancient charts which I have seen, it is delineated in all the extravagance of fiction.

From Mr. William Bartram we have received the following account of the subject of our history:—

“There is in this river,* and in the waters all over Florida, a very curious and handsome bird,—the people call them snake birds; I think I have seen paintings of them on the Chinese screens and other Indian pictures; they seem to be a species of *colymbus*, but far more beautiful and delicately formed than any other that I have ever seen. They delight to sit in little peaceable communities, on the dry limbs of trees, hanging over the still waters, with their wings and tails expanded, I suppose to cool and air themselves, when at the same time they behold their images in the watery mirror. At such times, when we approach them, they drop off the limbs into the water, as if dead, and for a minute or two are not to be seen; when, on a sudden, at a great distance, their long slender head and neck ap-

pear, like a snake rising erect out of the water; and no other part of them is to be seen when swimming, except sometimes the tip end of their tail. In the heat of the day they are seen in great numbers, sailing very high in the air over lakes and rivers.

“I doubt not but if this bird had been an inhabitant of the Tiber in Ovid’s days, it would have furnished him with a subject for some beautiful and entertaining metamorphoses. I believe they feed entirely on fish, for their flesh smells and tastes intolerably strong of it: it is scarcely to be eaten, unless one is constrained by insufferable hunger. They inhabit the waters of Cape Fear River, and, southerly, East and West Florida.

American Ornithology.

Science and Art.

DISTANCES OF THE PLANETS FROM THE SUN.—The vast extent of the solar system is but vaguely to be conceived from the ordinary mode of stating it in millions of miles. To demonstrate it in a more striking and impressive manner, a continental astronomer has proposed, or rather renewed the proposal, that the computed distances of the planets be measured by comparison with the velocity of a cannon-ball, rated at $1\frac{1}{2}$ German mile per minute. With this velocity, a cannon-ball, fired from the sun, would reach the planet Mercury in 9 years 6 months; Venus in 18 years; the Earth in 25 years; Mars in 38; Jupiter in 130! Saturn in 208; and Uranus (Herschel) in 479 years. With the same velocity a shot would reach the moon from the earth in 23 days, little more than three weeks.

A NEW HYDROMETER.—A new instrument to measure the degrees of moisture in the atmosphere, of which the following is a description, has been recently invented by M. Baptiste Lendi, of St. Gall. In a white flint bottle is suspended a piece of metal about the size of a hazel nut, which not only looks extremely beautiful, and contributes to the ornament of a room, but likewise predicts every possible change of weather twelve or fourteen hours before it occurs. As soon as the metal is suspended in the bottle with water, it begins to increase in bulk, and in ten or twelve days forms an admirable pyramid, which resembles polished brass, and it undergoes several changes till it has attained its full dimensions. In rainy weather this pyramid, is con-

* The River St. Juan, East Florida.

stantly covered with pearly drops of water; in case of thunder or hail, it will change to the finest red, and throw out rays; in case of wind or fog, it will appear dull and spotted; and previously to snow it will look quite muddy. If placed in a moderate temperature, it will require no other trouble than to pour out a common tumbler full of water, and put in the same quantity of fresh.

REMARKABLE ECHOES.—In the cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, the slightest whisper is borne with perfect distinctness from the great western door to the cornice behind the high altar, a distance of 250 feet. By a most unlucky coincidence, the precise focus of divergence at the former station was chosen for the place of the confessional. Secrets never intended for the public ear thus became known, to the dismay of the confessors and the scandal of the people, by the resort of the curious to the opposite point, (which seems to have been discovered accidentally,) till at length one listener, having had his curiosity somewhat overgratified by hearing his wife's avowal of her own infidelity, this tell-tale peculiarity became generally known and the confessional was removed.

Beneath the Suspension Bridge across the Menai Strait in Wales, close to one of the main piers, is a remarkably fine echo. The sound of a blow on the pier with a hammer is returned in succession from each of the cross-beams which support the road-way, and from the opposite pier, at a distance of 579 feet; and in addition to this, the sound is many times repeated between the water and the road-way. The effect is a series of sounds, which may be thus described: the first return is sharp and strong from the road-way overhead; the rattling which succeeds dies away rapidly, but the single repercussion from the opposite pier is very strong, and is succeeded by a faint palpitation, repeating the sound at the rate of twenty-eight times in five seconds, and which therefore corresponds to a distance of 184 feet, or very nearly the double interval from the road-way to the water. Thus it appears, that in the repercussion between the water and the road-way, that from the latter only affects the ear, the line drawn from the auditor to the water being too oblique for the sound to diverge sufficiently in that direction. Another peculiarity deserves especial notice, namely, that the echo from the opposite pier is best heard when the auditor stands precisely opposite to the

middle of the breadth of the pier, and strikes just on that point. As it deviates to one or the other side, the return is proportionably fainter, and is scarcely heard by him when his station is a little beyond the extreme edge of the pier, though another person, stationed (on the same side of the water) at an equal distance from the central point, so as to have the pier between them, hears it well.

Herschell on Sounds.

NEW CEMENT.—A composition of marble, flint, chalk, lime, and water, denominated Vitruvian cement, when dry, is capable of being brought to a high state of polish. The proportions are one part of pulverised marble, one part of pulverised flint, and one part of chalk, mixed together, and sifted through a very fine sieve; to this is to be added one other part of lime which has been slacked at least three months. A sufficient quantity of water is to be added to make the whole into a thin paste, and in that state is to be spread as thinly as possible over a coarse ground, and brought to a smooth surface by the trowel. This cement when dry, may be polished with pulverised Venetian talc.

New Music.

My Heart is thine, the Words by A. T. M'Douall. The Music by J. Walker. London, Wybrow.

A delicate and pretty air, that cannot fail to recommend itself to the lovers of melody.

Like the Rose-bud fair is Woman's Love; the Words by J. Town. The Music by W. Grantham. London.

We have not a word to say of the originality of this song—the four first bars are evidently borrowed from Reeve's "Bee proffers Honey." The poetry will speak for itself—here is a specimen:—

"The Rose full blown is womanhood,
When every charm expands,
And gaudier hues and glows of art,
Man's homage still commands.
Fragile as the Rose when tempests lour,
And all those charms, alas!
The loveliest flow'r within the hour,
Lies scatter'd by the blast."

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.
M. W. of Windsor.

IGNORANCE IN ENGLAND IN EARLY TIMES.—There was a time in this kingdom, when letters were so low, that whoever could prove himself in a court

of justice, able to read a verse in the New Testament, was vested with the highest privileges, and a clergyman who knew anything of grammar was looked upon as a prodigy. In those enlightened days, a rector of a parish, as we are told, going to law, with his parishioners about paving the church, quoted this authority, as from St. Peter—'*paveant illi, non paveam ego,*'—which he construed, '*they are to pave the church, not I:*' and this was allowed to be good law by a judge, who was an ecclesiastic too. Alfred the Great complained, towards the end of the ninth century, that 'from the Humber to the Thames there was not a priest who understood the Liturgy in his mother-tongue, or could translate the easiest piece of Latin;' and a correspondent of Abelard, about the middle of the twelfth century, complimenting him upon a resort of pupils from all countries, says, that "even Britain, distant as she was, sent her savages to be instructed by him,"—'*remota Britannia suo animalia erudienda destinabat.*' If the clergy had then, as they are said to have had, all the learning among themselves, what a blessed state must the laity have been in? And so indeed it appears; for there is extant an old Act of Parliament which provides that "*a nobleman shall be entitled to the benefit of clergy, even though he cannot read;*" and another law, cited by Judge Rolls, in his 'Abridgment,' sets forth, that "the command of the sheriff to his officer, by word of mouth, and without writing, is good; for it may be, that neither the sheriff nor his officer can write or read."*

J.

REPRESENTATION IN PARLIAMENT.

—A representative in Parliament is a person deputed by individuals to execute their portion of the public business in the national council or assembly, and vested by them with full and complete powers in orders thereunto. In this situation he is to use his best judgment towards knowing and ascertaining, and his best endeavours towards promoting, what shall be most for the national good; and this, without any retrospective view upon his constituents, or any regard to their sense of affairs; for it may be, either

that the sense of these constituents cannot be conveyed to him, or that they may have no sense to convey. And that this independency of the representation is supposed by the constitution, appears plainly from hence, viz.—that the powers with which he is invested are not revokable at pleasure, or before the expiration of the term for which they were given; even though they should be employed, not only against the sense of his constituents, but even against the national weal itself. How far such an ordainment of things is eligible, may not be said; but if a representative be nothing more than a person who sits in the House of Commons to speak the sense of a certain number of people as he receives it by post out of the country, he is no better than a tube, an organ-pipe, a kind of wind-instrument, which sends forth sound mechanically.

THE BASIL.—This plant is called by the Hindoos a holy or sacred herb, and is so highly venerated by them, that they have given one of its names to a sacred grove of their Parnassus, on the banks of the Yamuna. In Persia, (where it is called rayhan), it is generally found in church-yards:

"—— The Basil-tuft that waves
Its fragrant blossom over graves."

It is probably the custom to use it in Italy also to adorn tombs and graves, and this may have been Boccaccio's reason for selecting it to shade the melancholy treasure of Isabella. J. C.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD BIGOT.—Camden the antiquary says this word was introduced by the Romans, and had its origin in the marriage of Duke Rollo, who on receiving Giffa, the daughter of King Charles, in marriage, and with her the investiture of the dukedom, refused to kiss the king's foot in token of subjection, unless he would hold it out for that purpose; and being urged to it by those present, answered hastily, "No, by God!" whereupon the king, turning about, called him Bigot, — which name passed from him to his people. J.

FIRST USE OF COPPER.—This metal is noticed in the earliest periods of history, and was applied by the Egyptians to a variety of purposes. Hesiod notices its being used in the roofing of houses; the Romans fabricated the greatest number of their utensils with it; and vessels of copper, lined with silver, instead of the modern method of lining, were discovered at Herculaneum.

* Many charters are yet extant, where persons of great eminence, and even kings, have affixed the sign of the cross, because not able to write or read—*signum crucis manus propria pro ignorantione litterarum*; whence the term *signing* instead of *subscribing*.

ORIGIN OF THE FLEUR-DE-LYS.—Although the Iris is not considered as a lily, the French have given it the name of one; it is the Fleur-de-lys which figures in the arms of France. The Abbe la Pluche, in *La Spectacle de la Nature*, gives the following conjectural origin of this name. "The upper part of one leaf of the lily, when fully expanded, and the two contiguous leaves beheld in profile, have," he observes, "a faint likeness to the top of the Flower-de-luce, which often appears on the crowns and sceptres of kings, which was most probably a composition of these three leaves. Lewis VII. when engaged in the second crusade, distinguished himself, as was customary in those times, by a particular blazon, and took this figure for his coat-of-arms; and, as the common people generally contracted the name of Lewis into Luce, it is natural," says the Abbe, "to imagine that this flower was, by corruption, distinguished in process of time, by the name of Flower-de-luce." But some antiquaries are of opinion, that the original arms of the Franks were three toads; which, becoming odious, were gradually changed so as to have no positive resemblance of any natural object, and named Fleur-de-lys.

ON PASSING TIME PROPERLY.—"If thou desire the time should not *passee* too fast," says a quaint old moralist, "use not too much pastime: thy life in jollity blazes like a taper in the wind: the blast of honour wastes, if the heat of pleasure melts it; if thou labour in a painful calling, thou shalt be lesse sensible of the flux of time, and sweetlier satisfied at the time of death."

POPULATION RETURNS.—There are some singular facts connected with a review of the population returns during the last 130 years. For instance, in 1700, the county of Middlesex contained 624,000 souls; in the course of the following half century they had not increased to more than 641,500; in the fifty years succeeding, (*viz.* from 1750 to 1800), they had rapidly risen to 845,400; and during the twenty years which elapsed between 1800 and 1820, they have grown to no less than 1,167,500, which gives an average increase of 16,105 inhabitants per annum. But the augmentation in the population of the county of Lancaster has been still more rapid and extraordinary. It appears that that this county had no more than 166,200 souls in the year 1700; fifty years afterwards we find them

stated at 290,400; but in 1800 they had attained to 695,103; in 1810 to 985,100; and in 1820, to 1,074,000! The two smallest counties in England seem to have least participated in this increase of human beings; for we observe that in Huntingdon the number was 34,600 in 1700, and not more than 49,800 in 1820; whilst in Rutland they were 16,900 in the year 1700, and the number did not exceed 18,900 in 1820.

IRISH CHARACTER.—The Irish peasant is a wild, headlong, fierce, frolicsome fellow, whose nature is capable of good, in spite of his extreme imprudence and love of mischief; but the low Irish shopkeeper is, for the most part, a compound of knavish cunning and bigotry, fierce and obstinate, in proportion to his ignorance. Ireland is not a place where fair, straight-forward, honest dealing will bring a man on in a small way of business, and those who succeed in this way, do so by obsequiousness and cunning. The first object is to make a friend of the priest, and, interest and superstition joining together, they submit themselves to him with a desperate idolatry, which almost excludes all love and reference for any thing else. They look upon their temporal and eternal welfare as placed in his hands, and consider it a merit to hate with unrelenting hatred whatever is, or seems to be, inimical to his interest.

GLEANINGS FROM BORNE'S WORKS.—Ministers fall to the ground like bread and butter; most commonly on the *best* side.

Diplomatists see with their ears; the air, not light, is their element; and for this reason they prefer silence and darkness.

A Spanish sugar-baker professes to have discovered the means of *warming ice*. He was apparently educated at court.

What renders the transition from the old to the new times so bloody, is the narrowness of the path which leads from the one to the other. A broad stream between them, and the present is the bridge which runs across it.

Mankind would become wiser after every fresh lesson of experience, could they profit by it without paying for it. It is not gratuitous, and, therefore, they leave it unheeded: for fortune holds the same language as the bookseller—'soiled or cut copies cannot be taken back.'

Customs of Various Countries.

ABYSSINIAN MODE OF PUNISHING MURDERERS.—The law in Abyssinia stands thus in cases of murder:—After the fact has been proved before the chief, he passes the sentence of death; when, should the deceased party have no other relation but a female, though she may have a husband, friends, or other connexions, yet she, being nearest related to him, must strike the first blow, either with a spear or with a knife, when her acquaintances dispatch him immediately. Without the formality of her striking the first blow, the friends and relations of the woman would be reckoned by the offender's relations to have spilt their blood without just cause. As soon as the sentence of death has been passed, the deceased's family may, if it be agreed upon, take cattle in lieu of the murderer's life; one hundred head of cattle being the customary redeeming price. When the offender is put to death, the relations bury his body in the church, which is permitted by the laws; but those who kill themselves are not allowed the privilege of interment within the church-wall. If a chief insists upon a party taking an equivalent for life, he can do so, but then, whatever fine is agreed upon must be paid in the presence of the Skummergidas. This law passed in the reign of Tarlack Yasous, the king, and was again proclaimed by Ras Michael Sahul, and afterwards repeated by Ras Welled Selasse.

Pearce's Life and Adventures.

Anecdotes.

QUIN'S RECONCILIATION WITH MACKLIN.—They attended the funeral of a brother performer, and after the interment, retired with several others to a tavern in Covent Garden. Neither of them was afraid of his bottle, and they both stayed so late, that about six o'clock in the morning they found themselves alone together. Both felt oddly at the circumstance. Quin, however, was the first to break the ice. He drank Macklin's health, who returned it, and then there was another pause. In the meantime Quin fell into a reverie for some time, when suddenly recovering, he said to his companion,—"There has been a foolish quarrel between you and me, which, though accommodated, I must confess I have not been able entirely to forget till now. The melan-

choly occasion of our meeting, and the accident of being left together, have made me, thank God, see my error. If you can therefore forget it too, give me your hand, and let us live together in future as brother performers." Macklin instantly held out his hand, and assured him of his friendship—a fresh bottle was called for; to this succeeded another—till Quin could neither speak nor move. Chairs were called to take them home, but none could be found; when Macklin, who had still the use of his legs, desired two of the waiters to put Quin on his back, and triumphantly carried him to his lodgings."

HANDSOME WIVES.—He that bath a handsome wife, (says Selden), by other men is thought happy; it is a pleasure to look upon her, and be in her company; but the husband is cloyed with her. We are never content with what we have.

DIOCLESIAN.—This Roman emperor made the difficulty of reigning well to consist chiefly in the difficulty of arriving at the real knowledge of affairs. "Four or five courtiers," said he, "form themselves into a cabal, and unite in their counsels to deceive the emperor. They say what will please their master; who, being shut up in his palace, is a stranger to the truth, and forced to know only what they think fit to tell him."

THE ANTIQUITY OF NAMES.—The late Lord Orford used to relate, that a dispute once arose in his presence in the way of raillery, between the late Earl Temple and the first Lord Lytton, on the comparative antiquity of their families. Lord Lytton concluded that the name of Grenville was originally *Green-field*; Earl Temple insisted that it was derived from *Grand Ville*.—"Well, then," said Lord Lytton, if you will have it so, my family may boast of the higher antiquity, for *Little Towns* were certainly antecedent to *Great Cities*; but if you will be content with the more humble derivation, I will give up the point—for *Green-fields* were certainly more ancient than either."

LOVE ASLEEP.—(FROM THE LATIN.)

Hush! hush! the God of Love here sleeping
 lies;
 His hands disarm'd, and closed his wanton
 eyes.
 The bow, unstrung, awhile forgets to wound;
 His useless shafts lie scattered on the ground.
 Sleep on, sweet babe, and smiling promise
 peace;
 For should'st thou wake, we know 'twill quickly
 cease.

QUIN AND RICH'S LACONIC CORRESPONDENCE.—At the end of the season for 1748, Quin, having taken some offence at the conduct of Rich, retired in a fit of resentment to Bath, although then under engagements to him. Rich, who knew that Quin would not be brought round by entreaty, thought to gain him back by contempt. And when Quin, who having indulged his spleen, began to relent, and in his penitence wrote him in these words,—

“ I am at Bath.

“ QUIN.”

The answer was as laconic, though not so civil.

“ Stay there, and be damned.

“ RICH.”

This reply, it has been well said, cost the public one of the greatest ornaments on the stage; for Quin, upon receiving it, took a firm resolution of never engaging again with “ so insolent a block-head.” He, nevertheless, came every year to London, to play Sir John Falstaff, for his old friend Ryan, till the year 1754, when, having lost two of his front teeth, he was compelled to decline the pleasure. The epistle which he wrote to Ryan has, however, much of his wonted terseness in it.

“ My dear friend,—There is no person on earth that I would sooner serve than Ryan; but, by G—d, I will whistle Falstaff for no man.”

DR. DARWIN'S REPARTEE.—It is well known that Dr. Darwin had a considerable impediment in his speech; this, however, did not prevent many flashes of keen sarcastic wit. An apothecary, whose knowledge of his profession was, we trust, superior to his politeness, while receiving the doctor's instructions relative to a patient, observed what a pity it was that a man of his great abilities should stammer so much. “ Not so much to be regretted as you suppose, sir,” sputtered the doctor, “ for it gives a man time to think before he speaks.”

SONGS IN THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.—It is not generally known that the first song, “ The modes of the court,” was written by Lord Chesterfield,—“ Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre,” by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams,—“ When you censure the age,” by Swift,—and “ Gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike,” by Mr. Fortescue, Master of the Rolls.

QUIN AND THE POOR POET.—A poor poet had placed a tragedy in his hands one night behind the scenes, whilst he was still dressed for the character he had performed. Quin put the manu-

script into his pocket and forgot it.—The bard having allowed some time to elapse, sufficient for the reading of the piece, called one morning to know what was its doom. Quin gave some invented reasons for its not being proper for the stage: the author requested it might be given back to him. “ There,” said Quin, “ it lies in the window.”—But Bayes, on going to take it up, found a comedy, and his was a most direful tragedy.—“ Well, then,” says the actor, “ if that be not it, faith, Sir, I have certainly lost your play.”—“ Lost my play!” cried the astonished bard—“ Yes, by G—d! but I have: look ye, however, here is a drawer full of both comedies and tragedies, take any two you please in the room of it.”

NELL GWINN.—One of the greatest of our national monuments of benevolence owes its rise to Nell Gwinn; and in consequence, it is said, to the following circumstance. One day, when she was rolling about town in her carriage, a poor man solicited charity, told her of his having been wounded in the Civil Wars in the defence of the royal cause. Moved by his story, she considered it sad to think that wounds and scars, a stock for beggary, were often all the rewards that soldiers received for defending their country, and that it was great ingratitude on the part of the nation to suffer them to sink to such distress. She represented to the King the case of misery she had seen, and entreated him to permit some scheme to be proposed for alleviating the sufferings of those in old age, whose wounds and infirmities rendered them unfit for service. This idea she also communicated to persons of distinction, who were public-spirited enough to encourage it, and Chelsea Hospital was the result.

DR. CROXALL.—In the year 1730, on the anniversary of Charles's martyrdom, Dr. Croxall preached a sermon before the House of Commons from the following text:—“ Take away the wicked from before the king, and his throne shall be established in righteousness.” This sermon gave such offence to Sir Robert Walpole, that he prevented the thanks of the house from being presented to the preacher. Orator Henley, who then figured away, availed himself of this, and at his next lecture the following motto appeared—

Away with the wicked before the king,
And away with the wicked behind him;
His throne it will bless
With righteousness,
And we shall know where to find him.

printed to the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, and further on, in the same line, were the names of several noblemen and their ladies, according to the order of precedency.—The table to the left was also marked off in a similar way for personages of distinction. But the great majority of the visitors, composing several hundred persons of both sexes, were accommodated at a double row of tables running parallel in front of the throne to a considerable distance; and, as far as the business of the feast was concerned, the most minute regard was had to comfort and convenience throughout.

Shortly after one o'clock, all those who had obtained tickets presented themselves in rapid succession, and among the first arrivals were the celebrated Brahmin Rajah Ramohun Roy, and his nephew, an interesting youth of pleasing countenance. They were ushered in by Mr. Alderman Wood, and conversed occasionally with several persons whom they recognised in the promenade. By this time two military bands stationed themselves on the bridge, and next came the Alpine Singers, the Bavarian Chinchopper, and the Altona Whistler. All these in turn continued to entertain the company during the interval while they waited the arrival of the Royal party; and in the mean time Mr. Green was attending to the inflation of his balloon, which now presented itself to the view of the spectators on the south side of the bridge, preparatory to his ascent. Next to the Bramin, the Persian Envoy, who also came early, attracted general attention, by the peculiar style and richness of his eastern costume, and the full luxuriance of his black beard. From this time every moment brought with it a fresh influx of visitors, and before his Majesty had yet set out from Somerset-House, the grand promenade displayed an immense assemblage of rank and fashion, from one end to the other. All the civic authorities were present, and many of the aldermen wore their scarlet robes and chains. As the hour of three approached every eye was intently directed towards Southwark Bridge; and about twenty minutes afterwards repeated salvos of artillery, mingled with the shouts of acclaiming thousands, announced that his Majesty had embarked. A very short time sufficed to bring the Royal barge within view, and the moment it was descried the cheers were redoubled; so much so as to make the "welkin ring" through the whole region around. At

five minutes past four precisely their Majesties and the Royal suite disembarked on the stairs on the City side.

The London-bridge Committee descended the steps, which were brilliantly carpeted from top to bottom, to receive their Majesties. The Lord Mayor waited in his robes, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, and attended by the Remembrancer, the City Solicitor, the Comptroller of the Bridge-house Estates, and the other principal City officers, at the top of the stairs, holding the City sword. At five minutes after the Royal barge reached the stairs, and his Majesty, stepping on shore, most graciously and warmly addressed the Chairman and Mr. Routh in these words: "Mr. Jones and Mr. Routh, I am very glad to see you on London-bridge. It is certainly a most beautiful edifice; and the spectacle is the grandest, and the most delightful in every respect that I have ever had the pleasure to witness."

Her Majesty was handed out of the barge by Mr. Routh, and immediately took the King's arm, who, after having looked round with evident satisfaction, and taken off his hat upon hearing the tremendous applause which from all sides greeted him, began to ascend the stairs. Upon reaching the first landing-place, where sofas were placed for the accommodation of their Majesties, the King said, in reply to the suggestion to take a seat, that he did not find any occasion to rest. When he reached the second landing-place there was another short pause, after which the King walked to the top of the stairs with a firm step, and without being in the slightest degree fatigued.

The Lord Mayor then, on his knee, presented the sword to his Majesty, who most graciously signified his wish to continue it in the same hands.—The Chairman of the Committee then presented his Majesty with a gold medal, commemorative of the opening of the Bridge, having on one side an impression of the King's head, and on the reverse, a well executed view of the New Bridge, with the dates of the present ceremony, and of the laying of the first stone. These formalities ended. The Queen most graciously saluted the Lady Mayoress, and the Nobility who were on the western stairs. Their Majesties were followed by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Duke of Sussex, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar and one of

her daughters, Prince George of Cumberland, and Prince George of Cambridge.

The procession then commenced, the Lord Mayor leading the way, and carrying the sword. In accordance with the regulations which were made to prevent confusion or embarrassment, the company at the tables kept their places, and there was not the slightest interruption from the moment his Majesty landed to that at which he departed. As their Majesties went along the bridge resounded with acclamations. The Duke of Devonshire preceded the King, with his face turned towards his Majesty. The Chairman of the London-bridge Committee and Mr. Routh walked behind his Majesty, and were followed by the Ministers and the principal of the Nobility. The King went to each side of the bridge after he had passed the awning and showed himself to the countless multitudes who were crowded together in barges and boats, and on the tops of houses and steeples. Just as his Majesty arrived at the southern extremity of the bridge the balloon was let slip from its fastenings, and up it went in the most majestic style, carrying in it Green, the celebrated aeronaut, and a Mr. Richard Crawshay. Their Majesties were quite close to the aeronauts when they ascended, and appeared to take great interest in this part of the entertainment.

The procession then returned in the same form, and their Majesties immediately went to the grand tent, which by that time had the most beautiful appearance imaginable, the Nobility and other high visitors having taken their seats. Upon the right of his Majesty sat the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Sussex, and the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar and daughter, and Prince George of Cumberland. On the left of his Majesty sat the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and Prince George of Cambridge. Mr. Jones stood behind the King's chair, and Mr. Routh stood behind the Queen's. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress sat at the table at the right of the Royal table. The Bishop of London said Grace. After dinner—for, although the entertainment was not called by that name, every one seemed disposed to make it pass for one—the Lord Mayor rose to drink his Majesty's health. "His Most Gracious Majesty," said the Lord Mayor, "has condescended to permit me to propose a toast—I there-

fore do myself the high honour to propose that we drink his Most Gracious Majesty's health with four times four." The company rose, and cheered in the most enthusiastic manner. His Majesty bowed to all around, and appeared to be much pleased.

Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter then rose, and said, "I am honoured with the permission of his Majesty to propose a toast. I therefore beg all his good subjects here assembled to rise, and drink that health and every blessing may attend her Majesty the Queen."

The Lord Mayor then presented a gold cup of great beauty to the King, who said, taking the cup, "I cannot but refer, on this occasion, to the great work which has been accomplished by the citizens of London. The City of London has been renowned for its magnificent improvements, and we are commemorating a most extraordinary instance of their skill and talent. I shall propose the source from whence this vast improvement sprung—"The trade and commerce of the City of London."

The King then drank of what is called the loving cup, of which every other member of the Royal Family partook.

His Majesty next drank the health of the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, and his Lordship, in a few words, expressive of the deepest gratitude, thanked his Majesty.

Soon after this toast was drank the King rose, it being near six o'clock, and, bowing to the company, intimated his intention to bid farewell. The Gentlemen of the Committee followed the King to the Royal barge. His Majesty again expressed his high satisfaction at the grand scene presented to his view, and the whole of the occurrences of the day.

Thus concluded one of the most gorgeous festivals that has occurred for some time past in the annals of the metropolis, and if his Majesty were to gladden his good citizens by honouring them with his presence to dinner in Guildhall, their cup of joy would be full to the very brim. A king who mixes with his people, and who participates in their enjoyments, not only gratifies them, but interests them in his personal happiness; and such a course too, affords to the Prince the pleasure of hearing the frequent and hearty expressions of the people's loyalty from the people's own lips, where there is, at least, too much of bluntness for flattery to find a place.

At six o'clock, their Majesties re-embarked, amidst the same loud cheering, firing of artillery, ringing of bells, and the other marks of respect which had marked their progress down. The procession had a more imposing appearance on its return, in consequence of its being joined by several of the city barges, including that of the Lord Mayor. The same excellent arrangements, which were observed in the early part of the day, were followed up in the disembarkation at Somerset-stairs, in which not the slightest disorder or confusion occurred. Their Majesties, on landing, were loudly cheered as before. In going along the platform, her Majesty, who leant on the King's arm, turned round repeatedly, and bowed to the surrounding multitudes. His Majesty remained uncovered the whole of the way along the platform. The cheering at this time was immense. In a few moments after their arrival at Somerset-house, the Royal party entered their carriages, and returned to the Palace escorted in the same way as on setting out. The cheers as their Majesties passed along the Strand, were loud and continued. The Duke of Sussex was also loudly cheered on, his way to and from Somerset-house.

THE FLOWERETS.

For the Olio.

I loved a flower—a gentle flower,
As ever bloom'd in lady's bower!
Budding sweet, and fair to view,
As violet in its native dew.

With modest mien and downcast look,
It trembled o'er a glassy brook;
And fairest there in wooded dell—
None other flower I loved so well.

The fairest of the fair it grew,
And heavenly azure was its hue;
And oh, like many a flower as wild,
It blossom'd bright, sweet nature's child.

'Twas in a morn, at break of day,
I sped to it my joyous way,
In passion's heat—ecstatic bliss!
I gave my flower a thrilling kiss.

But, ah, my heart—it vainly sigh'd,
My faithful flow'ret droop'd and died;
And I, alas! too late to save,
Was left to weep above its grave.

GORDON CHADWICK.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. ELLISTON.

THE ruling passion of Mr. Elliston's mind was vanity, or perhaps we may ennoble it by the term of ambition. I do not mean mere personal vanity, or desire of extravagant praise, in the exercise of his profession—I believe

in this particular he was exceeded by many of his brethren; but it was his management he delighted to honour. It was an overwhelming desire to impress on the minds of his associates and dependants an exaggerated idea of his own importance—to impart a false consequence to the rule of his little dominion—a prerogative he had succeeded in persuading himself was equal to royalty itself. Here is an instance. A gentleman of considerable merit as a provincial actor, once called, by appointment, at Drury-lane Theatre. He found Mr. Elliston, who had then the management, giving some directions on the stage, and was welcomed by him with great politeness. The manager, however, thinking from the slight conversation which had passed, the gentleman in question did not seem sufficiently impressed with the greatness of the individual whom he had the honour for the first time of addressing, took an odd method of displaying his power and consequence. "Yes, Sir," said Mr. Elliston, continuing the conversation previously commenced, with a slow and solemn enunciation,—“the drama—is now—at its lowest ebb; and—” then suddenly breaking off, in a loud emphatic voice he called “*First night watchman.*” The man instantly stepped up, and making his bow stood for orders.—“And,” resuming to the actor, “and unless—a material—change—I say—takes place,—as Juvenal justly—” “*Mr. Prompter.*”—The Prompter came—“as Juvenal justly observes—” “*Box-keeper, dress circle, right hand.*”—The man joined the group,—“but, Sir, a reaction must take place, when—” “*OTHER Box-keepers.*”—The other Box-keepers came up.—“Sir, I say there must be a—” “*Copyist.*”—Copyist arrives,—“must be a—” “*First scene shifter.*”—The man comes.—“Sir, I say it, a convulsion, which will overturn—” “*OTHER scene shifter.*”—They all flock round—“and eventually crush even the—” “*Call boy.*” Mr. Elliston having now, by the power of his wand, collected all these personages around him, without seeming to have an idea of providing for the exit, luckily thought that the easiest way to dismiss them, without derogation to his dignity, would be to make an exit himself; beckoning, therefore, to the actor, for whose especial benefit this display of authority was got up, he said, in a slow and magisterial tone, “Follow me;” then, in

the most dignified manner, he retired to his room, leaving the minions of his power to guess at his will.

A clever dramatic author once so far offended the manager, that, forgetting his dignity, he kicked him out of the room. This little effervescence of Mr. Elliston of course produced a coolness on the part of the other; till the talents of the latter were so much in request by the manager, that he condescended to apologize. Still, however, the wound was hardly healed, and was alluded to indignantly by the injured poet. "Come, come, my good friend," said Elliston, "you think too much of it, many would have rejoiced, and with good cause; for at all events it will make you popular."

Mon Mag.

A DIALOGUE.

ADDRESSED TO PETTISH LOVERS.

- M. Get along, sir—I hate you; that's fat—
Let me go then—Lord bless me! be quiet,
If you won't keep your hands off—take
that:—
D'ye think I came here to a riot?
- N. Why, lovely, how now?—Do you scratch?
In short, miss, I won't bear this usage;
You're a little, unthinking cross patch—
And yet you're of miss I know who's age.
- M. Of this, or of that miss's age,
What *bis ness* have the *fellors* with me,
Put yourself into ne'er such a rage—
Phoo! I care not three skips of a flea.
- N. Indeed, ma'am, I hope no offence—
My words seldom have any meaning:
Besides, you're a lady of sense,
And anger would scorn to be seen in.
- M. Such rudeness would ruffle a saint;
Curse ye, for once now can't you be civil.
- N. One kiss, and I will, I'll maintain't—
M. Well! sure you're an impudent devil.
There!—now you are satisfied? N. No:
M. What again! how can folks be so
teazing?
- N. While your lips so much sweetness bestow,
Your nails can do nothing displeasing.

J R.

ANECDOTES OF THE HOUSES AND INHABITANTS OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

As this venerable structure, one certainly of considerable interest to the historian and the antiquary, will in a short period be demolished, every little particular connected with it must be read with some degree of pleasure; and more especially at the present time, when public attention is so much directed towards the bridges of London, and the mind, perhaps, engaged in comparing their architecture and usefulness. We, therefore, subjoin

the following particulars, which are extracted from that highly amusing volume the "Chronicles of London Bridge."

"There have been several traditional mistakes perpetuated, as to persons supposed to have dwelt upon London Bridge; for, upon investigating the subject, I can find no authority to support my recording them as inhabitants of that part of London. The author of an exceedingly amusing work, entitled 'Wine and Walnuts,' in which are contained many witty scenes and curious conversations of eminent characters in the last century, has entitled the seventh chapter of his second volume 'Old London Bridge; with portraits of some of its inhabitants.' In this article, we are told, that 'Master John Bunyan, one of your heaven-born geniuses, resided, for some time, upon London Bridge;' though I cannot discover any such circumstance in either of the lives of that good man now extant, though he certainly preached, for some time, at a Chapel in Southwark. Perhaps, however, this assertion may be explained by the following passage from the Preface affixed to the Index attached to the first volume of '*The Labours of that eminent servant of Christ Mr. John Bunyan*,' London, 1692, folio. It is there stated, that in 1688 'he published six books, being the time of K. James 2d's. liberty of conscience, and was seized with a sweating distemper, of which, after his some weeks going about, proved his death, at his very loving friend's Mr. Strudwick's, a grocer,'—at the sign of the Star,—'at Holborn Bridge, London, on August 31st.' It is also recorded on the same page of 'Wine and Walnuts,' that 'Master Abel, the great importer of Wines, was another of the marvels of old London Bridge; he set up a sign, Thank God I am *Abel*, quoth the wag, and had, in front of his house, the sign of a bell.' As I have also heard the same particulars repeated elsewhere, it is possible that there may be some traditionary authority for them; but upon carefully reading over the very rare tracts relating to Mr. Alderman Abel, preserved in the British Museum, I find nothing concerning his residence on London Bridge, and I should rather imagine, from their statements, that he lived at his Ticket, or Patent Office, situate in Aldermarj Church-Yard. The same chapter, however, contains some authentic notices of artists who really did live upon this venerable edifice. Of these, one of the

most eminent was Hans Holbein, the great painter of the court of Henry the Eighth; but though we hardly suppose that he inhabited the Nonesuch House, yet his actual residence here is certified by Lord Orford, in his 'Anecdotes of Painting, vide his Works, edif. London, 1798—1822, quarto, vol. iii. p. 72, note. 'The father of the Lord Treasurer Oxford,' says the noble author in that place, 'passing over London Bridge, was caught in a shower; and stepping into a goldsmith's shop for shelter, he found there a picture of Holbein,—who had lived in that house,—and his family. He offered the goldsmith 100*l.* for it, who consented to let him have it, but desired first to shew it to some persons. Immediately after, happened the fire of London, and the picture was destroyed.' Another famous artist of London Bridge, who is mentioned in both the works which I last cited, was Peter Monamy; so excellent a painter of marine subjects, as to be considered but little inferior to Vandevelde himself. Lord Orford says of him, at p. 421, that he 'received his first rudiments of drawing from a sign and house-painter on London Bridge;'—and that 'the shallow waves, that rolled under his window, taught young Monamy what his master could not teach him, and fitted him to paint the turbulence of the ocean.' This artist died at Westminster in 1749. We are also informed, by Edward Edwards, in his 'Continuation of Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting,' London, 1808, quarto, p. 214, that Dominic Serres, the marine painter, who died in 1793, also once kept a shop upon London Bridge. To these celebrated men, the author of 'Wine and Walnuts' adds Jack Laguerre, the engraver, 'a great humourist, wit, singer, player, caricaturist, mimic, and a good scene-painter,' son to that Louis, who painted stair-cases and saloons, where, as Pope says, 'sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre.' His residence, according to our lively author, who states that he received his information from 'old Dr. Monsey and others,' was on the first floor of the dwelling of a waggish bookseller, and author of all-work, named Crispin Tucker; the owner of half-a-shop on the East side, under the southern gate. The artist's *studio* was, chiefly, in a bow-windowed back room, which projected over the Thames, and trembled at every half-ebb tide; in which Hogarth had resided in his early life, when he engraved for old John Bowles, of the Black Horse in Cornhill. It resembled,

we are told, on page 125 of the work and volume which I have already quoted, one of the alchemist's laboratories from the pencil of the elder Teniers. It was 'a complete smoke-stained confusionary, with a German-stove, crucibles, pipkins, nests of drawers, with rings of twine to pull them out: here a box of asphaltum, there glass-stoppered bottles, varnishes, dabbers, gravers, etching-tools, walls of wax, obsolete copper-plates, many engraved on both sides, caricatures, and poetry scribbled over the walls; a pallet hung up as an heirloom, the colours dry upon it, hard as stone; an easel; all the multifarious *arcana* of engraving, and, lastly, a printing-press!' This curious picture is also from the information of Dr. Monsey, but I cannot produce you any other authority for its truth.

"It was, however, not only the ordinary buildings in the Bridge-street, which were formerly occupied as shops and warehouses, but even the Chapel of St. Thomas, which, in its later years, was called Chapel-House, and the Nonesuch-House, were used for similar purposes before they were taken down. Mr. John Nichols, in his 'Literary Anecdotes,' tells us, vol. vi. part i. p. 402, note, on the authority of Dr. Ducarel, that 'the house over the Chapel belonged to Mr. Baldwin, haberdasher, who was born there; and when, at 71, he was ordered to go to Chislehurst for a change of air, he could not sleep in the country for want of the noise,—the roaring and rushing of the tide beneath the bridge, 'he had been always used to hear.' My good friend, Mr. J. T. Smith, too, in his very interesting volume of the 'Ancient Topography of London,' has also the following observations concerning the modern use of this Chapel. 'By the *Morning Advertiser*,' says he, 'for April 26, 1798, it appears that Aldermen Gill and Wright had been in partnership upwards of fifty years; and that their shop stood on the centre of London Bridge, and their warehouse for paper was directly under it, which was a Chapel for divine service, in one of the old arches; and, long within legal memory, the service was performed every sabbath and saint's day. Although the floor was always, at high-water mark, from ten to twelve feet under the surface; yet such was the excellency of the materials and the masonry, that not the least damp, or leak, ever happened, and the paper was kept as safe and dry as it would have been in a garret.' In that 'Survey of

the Cities of London and Westminster, printed in 1724, and purporting to have been compiled by Robert Seymour, Esq. but which was in reality the production of the Rev. John Motley, the famous collector of Joe Miller's Jest, it is stated that at that time one side of the Nonesuch House was inhabited by Mr. Bray, a stationer, and the other by Mr. West, a dry-salter."

Illustrations of History.

HISTORY AND ANTIQUITY OF BRIDGES.

IN the first ages, bridges must have been formed by a plank or planks of wood, or the trunk of a tree laid across a rivulet, for the assistance and convenience of travellers. Some attribute the invention of them to Janus, having discovered several ancient Greek, Sicilian, and Italian coins, with Janus on one side, and on the reverse a bridge. The first authentic account of a bridge in history is that of boats, constructed for the purpose of conveying the army of Darius over the Hellespont, about 330 B. C. The oldest wooden bridge at Rome was built by Ancus Martius, and was called the Pons Sublicius; it was rebuilt with stone by Æmilianus Lepidus, and some vestiges of it are still discernible at the bottom of the Aventine hill mountain. Cæsar established a permanent bridge of boats over the Rhine. Although the Romans were acquainted with the construction of arches, and during the period of the republic had enriched the city with the most splendid edifices, no attempt was made to render them applicable to bridges; for that celebrated bridge built by Apollodorus over the Danube, when Trajan was emperor, and which, considering the breadth of the river, the impetuosity of its waters, and the variation of its level, was a work not unworthy of the Roman Empire, was not built on arches, and the piers only were of stone; each pier, of which there were twenty, was formed of squared stones, and was sixty feet in breadth, and 150 feet high; they were 170 feet distant from each other, making the whole length of the bridge 4770 feet, 195 yards less than an English mile. This bridge was afterwards destroyed by Adrian, who was apprehensive lest the northern hordes should overpower the guard appointed for its protection. In the middle ages the building of bridges was considered as a religious duty, and a regular order of hospitaliers

was founded by St. Benezet, at Avignon, about the close of the twelfth century, under the denomination of Pontifices, or bridge builders, whose office it was to assist travellers by making bridges, settling ferries, and receiving strangers in hospitals, or houses built on the banks of rivers; the bridge at Avignon was built by St. Benezet in 1176. Bridges of wood were common in England during the Saxon government, and were generally fortified.—The most ancient stone bridge in England is the triangular arched one at Crowland, in Lincolnshire, probably intended as an emblem of the Trinity, it was erected about the year 860; Bow Bridge, near London, was built of stone so early as the year 1188.

London Bridge was built of timber at the public charge in the reign of Ethelred, about the year 1000; the old stone bridge about to be removed, was begun by Henry the Second, in 1176, and finished under John in 1209; the architect was Peter, a monk of Colechurch, who died before it was completed. We read of a tilt and tournament being held on it in 1295; houses were afterwards built on each side, but being found a nuisance were removed in 1758, and the two centre arches were united by removing the middle pier. The water-works at London Bridge were erected in 1582.—The foundation stone of the New Bridge just completed was laid on the 15th of June, 1825, by Alderman Garrett, the mayor, in the presence of His Royal Highness the late Duke of York, various branches of the nobility, and the corporation of the city. The exterior of the structure is formed of three sorts of granite; the eastern being of purple Aberdeen, the western of the light-grey Devonshire Haytor; and the arch-stones of both, united with the red-brown of Peterhead; the heartings of the piers being of hard Brambley-Fall, Derby, and Whitby stone. The pier foundations are formed of piles, chiefly beech, pointed with iron, and driven about twenty feet into the blue clay of the river, about four feet apart, having two rows of sills, each averaging about a foot square, and filled with large blocks of stone, upon which is laid a six-inch beech planking, bearing the first course of masonry. The form of the new bridge is a very flat segment, the rise not being more than seven feet, and it consists of five elliptical arches, having plain rectangular buttresses, standing upon plinths and cutwaters,

with two straight flights of stairs twenty-two feet wide at each end.—The dimensions of the new edifice from high water line, are as follow :

	ft.	ft. in.
Centre arch of the New London Bridge	span 150	rise 29 6
Piers to ditto, 24 feet		
Second and fourth arches	140	27 6
Piers to ditto, 22 feet		
Land arches	130	21 6
Abutments at the base	73 feet	

Total width of the water way, 690 feet, length of the bridge including the abutments, 928 feet ; length within the abutments, 782 feet ; width of the bridge from outside to outside of the parapet, fifty-six feet ; width of the carriage way, thirty-six feet ; and of each foot-path, nine feet ; and the total height of the bridge on the eastern side, from low water, sixty feet.

Some historians have presumed that there was a bridge across the Thames near Westminster, previous to the year 994, as William of Malmesbury, speaking of the repulse of the Danes under Sweyn and Olaf, says that, "part of them were drowned in the river, because, in their hasty rage, they took no heed of the bridge."

Iron Bridges are the exclusive invention of British artists ; the first erected on a large scale was that over the Severn at Colebrooke Dale, by Darby, in 1779. The celebrated iron bridge at Bishop Wearmouth, near Sunderland, consisting of a single arch, whose span is 236 feet, was completed by Mr. Wilson on the 9th of August, 1796.

Suspension or Hanging Bridges, which are sustained only at the two ends on abutments, have been used for many ages in China, some parts of India, and they are common in mountainous countries. The Spaniards made use of them in passing the torrents of Peru. The splendid example of the bridge of Wearmouth gave an impulse to public taste, which led to the suggestion of constructing suspension bridges. In December, 1796, James Jordan of Oakhill, near Ship-ton Mallet, procured a patent for his invention of a mode for constructing bridges which should not be affected by severe frosts or violent currents ; his plan was to place *two parallel elliptic curves* across the intended site, formed of cast or wrought iron or wood, and springing from sufficient abutments, he then proposed to attach the bridge to these curves by means of *wrought iron suspending bars*, at any height from the water that might be

required. In the drawing accompanying his description, the appearance of the bridge is extremely picturesque, the road over it, as suspended by cast iron curves, forms a sort of chord to the curve line, and possesses the peculiar utility of being perfectly straight and void of that rise or crown to common bridges.

LONDONIANA.

QUEENHITHE.—This quay, as well as all others, was anciently in the occupation of the king, who, by the feudal law had the prerogative property of all ports and quays, both on the sea-shore and in navigable rivers. By virtue of that title, he assigned at discretion what particular spots should be used as ports and quays, and received his custom there ; by way of compensation for his care in maintaining them. Henry the Third assigned this landing place to his queen, (whence the hithe* derived its name) and subsequently to several other grantees, before it finally came into the possession of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, who granted it, with the king's consent, to the citizens of London. The petty port of Queenhithe was anciently much resorted to as a quay both from below and from above London Bridge, which formerly had a draw-bridge over the centre arch, for the purpose of giving passage to vessels. The citizens, who were themselves exempt from all duties and tolls, derived a very considerable income from the issues of Queenhithe. It appears that by ancient custom, all corn was, under penalties, to be landed there, whether it came from the east or the west, and also a proportion of vessels with fish ; but the resort to this quay had so much diminished, or the tolls were so remissly gathered, that in Henry the Eighth's reign, Fabian says, they amounted barely to £15 per annum. This may be attributed partly to the inconveniences in passing London Bridge from the eastward, and partly to the many more convenient wharfs, both private and public, (particularly that of Billingsgate,) which from time to time had been constructed in various situations on the river.

* Hithe (Sax.) signifies a small port or quay, such as are formed in rivers. Thus we find *Rotherhithe*, *Queenhithe*, *Lambhithe*, (*Lambeth*) and many others.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.
— M. W. of Windsor.

KING JAMES'S TIMIDITY.—The fears of James for his personal safety were often excited without serious grounds. On one occasion, having been induced to visit a coal-pit on the coast of Fife, he was conducted a little way under the sea, and brought to daylight again on a small island, or what was such at full tide, down which a shaft had been sunk. James, who conceived his life or liberty aimed at, when he found himself on an islet surrounded by the sea, instead of admiring, as his cicerone hoped, the unexpected change of scene, cried "Treason!" with all his might, and could not be pacified till he was rowed ashore. At Lochmaben, he took an equally causeless alarm from a still slighter circumstance. Some *vendisses*, a fish peculiar to the loch, were presented to the royal table as a delicacy; but the king, who was not familiar with their appearance, concluded they were poisoned, and broke up the banquet "with most admired disorder."

DRUNKENNESS IN RUSSIA.—Dr. Giles Fletcher, who went in a public character to Russia, towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, speaking of the many wicked and barbarous acts which were used by the Czars, to drain and oppress their people, says, "in every great town the emperor hath a drinking house, which he lets out for rent. Here labourers and artificers many times spend all from their wives and children. Some drink away every thing they wear about them, even to their very shirts inclusive, and then walked naked: all which is done for the honour of the emperor. Nor while they are thus drinking themselves naked, and starving their families, must any one call them away, because he would hurt the emperor's revenue."*

LAWS FIT FOR A NATION.—When it was insinuated to Solon, that he had not given the Athenians so good laws as he might have done, he answered, "I have given them the best they were able to bear." *Belle parole!* "A fine observation," says Montesquieu, "and which ought to be perfectly understood by every legislator."

"**IMPUDENCE,**" says Osborne, "is no virtue, yet able to beggar them all; being for the most part in good plight, when the rest starve, and capable of carrying her followers up to the highest

* Of the Russe Commonwealth. London, 1592.

preferments; as useful in a court, as armour in a camp. Scotchmen have ever made good the truth of this, who will go farther with a shilling than an Englishman can ordinarily pass for a crown."

On the summit of the Cross of Scone there is now the representation of a Scotsman clad in the Highland martial costume. The right hand of the kilted Highlandman is placed on the hilt of his sword, and, while inclining to empty the scabbard, he is pronouncing, with a menacing emphasis, "*The whole Bill, or—*"

In Wilkins's *Leges Saxon*, as quoted by Dr. Henry, we have prices of various articles in England in the reign of Ethelred, about the year 987, which the learned doctor has calculated with great correctness in money of the present time:—Price of a man or slave, 2l. 16s. 3d. sterling; a horse, 1l. 15s. 2d.; a mare or colt, 1l. 3s. 5d.; an ass or mule, 14s. 1d.; an ox, 7s. 0½d.; a cow, 6s. 2d.; a swine, 1s. 10½d.; a sheep; 1s. 2d.; a goat, 4½d.

RESPECTABILITY OF CHAPEL TRUSTEES.—Will it be believed in these enlightened days, when the March of Intellect is making such rapid strides, that the following worthies are the major part of the conductors and auditors of accounts for a congregation of primitive Methodists belonging to a chapel at Knockin Heath, in the parish of Kinnerley, in the township of Kynaston, Salop:—Edward Jones, *Labourer*; Thomas Jones, *Mole-catcher*; Hugh Griffith, *Rabbit-catcher*; William Jones, *Labourer*; John Jones, *Labourer*; Joseph Pemberton, *Labourer*; John Edwards, *Labourer*; and Thomas Edwards, *Labourer*:—among all these persons, only Edward Jones can write his name. J. R.

GREAT TOM OF LINCOLN IN RUINS.—This bell exists no longer. A few days since, while some workmen were driving a wedge in progress of tracing a flaw, a large piece of the rim, or skirt, broke off, weighing 600 weight, and about eight feet long; the total weight broken off the bell is about 900. Tom, when entire, weighed about 9,894 lbs.

Ætædottiana.

WISDOM OF THE GREAT REFORMER.—Never was Luther wiser than when he threw the inkstand at the devil's head!—for the devil dreads nothing but ink, and betakes himself to his heels as soon as he noses it.

THE SOBER TRUTH.—One hundred and one epigrams were written by Capt. Morris, on Mr. Pitt's coming to the House of Commons in that state in which "gentlemen wish to be who love their bottle." On which a Tory wit observed, that "he would undertake to write a thousand and one, if Mr. Fox should ever be detected in the opposite predicament!" H.B.A.

RIGHT AND WRONG.—An ill-natured cynic said, that the charity of a beneficent neighbour was induced by a wish to be extolled. "Ay, sir," replied the object of the charity, "if we see the hands of a clock go right, we are sure that the mechanism inside cannot be going very wrong." H.B.A.

RIOTS IN 1780.—In the year 1780, an incident occurred, during the trials at the Old Bailey of the rioters in Lord George Gordon's mob, which left an indelible effect on Holcroft's mind. A young man was brought to the bar, the witness against whom swore that, as he was standing in a shop where he had taken refuge, he saw the prisoner coming down Holborn Hill, at the head of a body of rioters, flourishing a drawn sword. Holcroft, who was taking notes of the evidence, recollected the prisoner's face, and, when the evidence was over, he addressed the judge, and requested that he might be examined. Being admitted, he then declared that he had been present at the real transaction; that he was standing at the bottom of Holborn when the mob passed; that the prisoner was not among them, but that some time after they were gone by, he had seen the prisoner, who was walking quietly along the street, pick up a sword and carry it away with him. This, said he, was the whole transaction, and the circumstances of his marching at the head of the rioters, and brandishing the weapon, are utterly false. The prisoner was, in consequence, acquitted.

NO JOKE.—Upon the evening that the borough of *Eye* was struck out of the list of those places in England which, for the future, are to enjoy the privilege of sending Members to Parliament, just as Sir Edward Kerrison was leaving the House of Commons, a wag, who observed the worthy baronet as he was descending the steps from the Lobby to Palace-yard, bawled out, greatly to the amusement of the bystanders, who were in the secret—"Sir Edward Kerrison!—There he goes with his *Eye* out!"

CHATEAUBRIAND.—The following anecdote of this eminent writer is re-

lated on the authority of his own publisher. Some time since, two or three Paris booksellers united to purchase the copyright of his works. They made him the liberal offer of half-a-million of francs (about twenty thousand guineas); it was accepted; and they gave him bills, at various dates, for the whole sum. When as many of these as amounted to three hundred thousand francs had been paid, the booksellers acknowledged that, instead of making a profit, they could not fail to lose by the speculation. A selfish man would have replied, "That is your affair, not mine." Chateaubriand, on the contrary, returned them the remaining bills, and thus sacrificed at once two hundred thousand francs.

DR. JOHNSON.—Somebody observing of Lord Chesterfield's talents as a wit, in the company of the great lexicographer, "Ay," said the Doctor, "he is a wit among lords, and a lord among wits."

QUINTESENCE OF QUACKERY.—A person who, by this means, has attained great notoriety, declares his medicines will cure "hurries" and bashfulness—will eradicate corns, and increase genius!

HOLCROFT'S POVERTY.—With Mr. Holcroft the mother and son went to Cambridge, and afterwards traversed the neighbouring villages. In one, remarkable for its neatness, the name of which is not mentioned, their destitution amounted to that calamitous degree, that Holcroft says himself, "Here it was that I was either encouraged or commanded one day to go by myself from house to house and beg." In this humiliating condition his ingenuity and the various tales he told procured him much kindness; but when he returned to his parents and recited the falsehoods he had invented, his father became greatly agitated, and exclaimed to his wife, "This must not be; the poor child will become a common-place liar, a hedge-side rogue; he will learn to pilfer, turn a confirmed vagrant, go on the highway when he is older, and get hanged! He shall never go on such errands again!"

EPIGRAM ON THE POWER OF LOVE.

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY.

[The following subject is traditionally handed down as the production of the above celebrated poet, and is said to have been spoken at the Westminster School election.]

Nullo amor est medicabile herbo.

Sol Daphne sees, and seeing her admires,
Which adds new flames to his celestial fires:
Had any remedy for love been known,
The God of Physic sure had cured his own.

Diary and Chronology.

Tuesday, August 2.

St. Alfrida, Vir. A. D. 834.

Sun rises 19m after 4—sets 40m after 7.

August 2, 1788.—Died Thomas Gainsborough, the celebrated painter. "If ever this nation," said the late Sir Joshua Reynolds, "should produce genius sufficient to acquire to us the honourable distinction of an English School, the fame of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity, in the history of the art, among the very first of that rising name."

Wednesday, August 3.

St. Walken, abb. A. D. 1160.

High Water, 49m aft 7 Morn—22m after 8 Aftern.

August 3, 1829.—Expired at Swan Hill, near Osweby, *ÆT.* 85, General Despard. This meritorious veteran, during his military career, was in 24 engagements; had two horses shot under him; was shipwrecked three times; taken prisoner once; had the standard of his regiment shot out of his hand, when an ensign at the age of fifteen years. The general filled, in the latter part of his life, the important station of Governor of Canada.

Thursday, August 4.

St. Dominic, founder of the order of St. Dominic, A. D. 1221.

Sun rises 21m after 4—sets 33m after 7.

THE HARVEST MOON.—"The circumstance of this moon," says Howitt, "rising several nights successively almost at the same time, immediately after sun-set, has given it an importance in the eyes of farmers; but it is not the least remarkable for its singular and splendid beauty. No moon during the year can bear any comparison with it. At its rising it has a character so peculiarly its own, that the more a person is accustomed to expect and to observe it, the more it strikes him with astonishment. I would advise every one who can go out in the country, to make a practice of watching for its rising. The warmth and the dryness of the earth, the clearness and balmy serenity of the atmosphere at that season, the sounds of voices borne from distant fields, the freshness which comes with the evening, combine to make the twilight walk delicious; and scarcely has the sun departed in the west, when the moon in the east rises from behind the dark foliage of trees, and sails up into the still and transparent air, in the full magnificence of a world. It comes not, as in common, a fair but flat disc on the face of the sky,—we behold it suspended in the crystal air, in its greatness and rotundity; we perceive the distance beyond it as sensibly as that before it; and its apparent size is magnificent. In a short time, however, it has acquired a considerable altitude—its apparent bulk has diminished—its majestic grandeur has waned, and it sails on its way calmly beautiful, but in nothing differing from its usual character.

Friday, August 5.

St. Memmius, bish. A. D. 290.

High Water 11h 30m Morn.—Oh Om After.

August 5, 1100.—The coronation of Henry I., surnamed Beauclerc, took place on this day at Westminster, the ceremony being performed by *In our next:—The Coiners of Brackenbruff.—A Few Remarks on the Genius of Hogarth.—And an article on English Crowns.*
The following pieces are intended for insertion:—The Death of De Vence—Hugh Wentworth.—And the Soldier's Home.

Maurice, Bishop of London. The prosperous fortunes of this prince have induced historians in general to extol him beyond the quality of his virtues; in his conduct there is little for the moralist to praise, except in the undeviating ceremony with which he administered the laws—a real benefit in that licentious age—to all classes of his subjects. In cruelty, he departed not from the example of the two Williams, his father and brother. An unfortunate French minstrel, Luke de Barre, having written some satirical verses against him, and falling into his power, the king would, by no solicitation consent to his pardon, but deprived him of his sight by the revolting application of a heated iron basin.

Saturday, August 6.

Transfiguration of Our Lord.

Sun rises 26m after 4—sets 33m after 7.

August 6, 1657.—*Family Longevity.*—To-day were married at Haddington, in Scotland, Alexander Maitland and Catherine Cunningham. The ages of nine of their children amounted to 738 years.

Sunday, August 7.

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lessons for the Day.—1st book of Kings, 21 ch. Morn.—1st book of Kings, 22 ch. Evening.

New Moon, 13m after 10 Morn.

Except in showery and wet seasons, this time of the year is remarkably fine. The rich glow of Summer in this part of Europe is seldom in perfection till August. It is now that we enjoy settled hot weather; a glowing sky, with varied and beautiful, but not many clouds; and delightfully fragrant and cool evenings. The golden yellow of the ripe corn, the idea of plenty inspired by the commencing harvest of wheat, the full and mature appearance of the foliage,—in short the *tout ensemble* of nature at this time is more pleasing than perhaps that of any of the other Summer months.

Monday, August 8.

St. Cyrillus and others, Mar. A. D. 303.

High Water 45m aft 1 Morning—30m aft 1 Aftern.

Regarding the best way of conducting the business of harvest, Tusser gives to the farmer the following advice:—

"Give gloves to thy reapers, a largess to cry,
And daily to loiterers have a good eye.
Reap well, scatter not, gather clean that is shorn,
Bind fast, shock apace, have an eye to thy corn;
Load safe, carry home, follow time being fair,
Give just in the barn, it is out of despair."

Tuesday, August 9.

St. Romanus, Mar.

Sun rises 31m after 4—sets 29m after 7.

August 9, 1804.—Found dead in his bed, at his vicarage of Lowestoff, in Suffolk, Robert Potter, Prebendary of Norwich Cathedral. His translations into English of Eschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, the three great writers of the Greek drama, are admired for their fidelity, as transcribing the loftiness, and yet preserving the simplicity of the originals.



See page 51.

Illustrated Article.

THE COINERS OF BRACKENBRUFF.

For the Olio.

The bellry clock hath boom'd the hour ;
May the devil now place him in my power !
Here, where no mortal foot is treading,
And the moon her light is dimly shedding—
If my heart be firm, and my aim be true,
His blood shall mix with the midnight dew ;
And 'neath the fern I'll make his last nest,
Where no prattling tongue can tell of his rest.
The Brothers of Borrowoby.

FRANK BUSBY held by lease the little farm of Brackenbruff, near Kirkby-Wiske. He was an old and infirm widower, and had three sons : Oliver, the first, went to sea, and had remained out for some years. Henry, the second son, a youth of great ingenuity, had been apprenticed to an engraver in London, a situation procured for him by the influence of a distant relative, in which he became connected with some abandoned characters, and confirmed in habits of intemperance and debauchery. From having been suspected of being

VOL. VIII.

D

one of the principal members of an organised gang of coiners, whose counterfeiting of the specie of George the Second was notorious, he decamped, and enlisted into a regiment ordered to march against the Scottish malcontents, from which his father, at a great sacrifice, procured his release, after which he returned home. Ploughwell, the third son, was attached to the farm, and was the chief support of his declining father, his brother living in reckless idleness.

Farmer Busby's infirmities had reduced him to a state of idiotic incapacity, and week after week contributed to the bodily and mental decay which was rapidly hurrying him to the grave. Henry saw this, and by his subtle devices wrought on the mind of Ploughwell to consent to his schemes. He knew that the will of their father bequeathed to the three an equal interest in the leasehold farm of Brackenbruff, and that that will was deposited in the old man's escutoire, from which he could easily abstract it, and substitute for it a forged one. Emboldened by

200

the assent of Ploughwell to his wishes, he procured a parchment writing to be forged, consigning the property to himself and Ploughwell, to the total exclusion of the sailor Oliver, and which parchment, the old man dying, was read and received as the authentic will.

The affairs of Henry and Ploughwell wore a prosperous aspect, and the farm was rendered profitable for some time; but misfortune came upon them suddenly; they had immense losses in the purchasing of stock, by dull markets, and unproductive seasons—

“ Their cattle died, and blighted was their corn.”

In short, from having beheld their way clear to wealth and independence, they were reduced to a condition little better than that of beggars.

It was in such emergency that the evil genius of Henry suggested to him to open a traffic and correspondence with the London counterfeiters of the current monies, whose success had been so eminent. He succeeded in this design; and, at immense labour and expense, and with the greatest secrecy, changed the ale-cellars of Brackenbruff farm-house into commodious workshops for the manufacture of mock specie, in the secrets of which art he initiated Ploughwell, whose mind he had imbued and corrupted with the doctrines of scepticism. The cellars of the house were, originally, vaults belonging to Brackenbruff Castle, on the site of which building the modern fabric had been erected. The workshops were most ingeniously contrived, and had leading up from them a stair which issued in an inner room on the ground-floor, in which, when inquired for, the brothers were to be found. Their connexion with the London gang was a most profitable one; and, in addition to it, they contrived an augmentation, by effecting with the debased coin the purchases and payments connected with the business of the farm, which they now wofully neglected, discharging most of the labourers and servants. Through these proceedings, their character in the neighbourhood was rendered dubious, and their transactions were looked upon as shadowed with mystery. But an event occurred, which cast a more serious obstacle in the way of their success—this was the return from sea of their eldest brother.

The ship in which Oliver Busby was returning was wrecked on the Norfolk coast, by which disaster he had been

deprived of every thing save some little prize-money which was due to him, and which he received on landing. He was now retracing his steps homewards, in the hope of meeting with that welcome from a father which, from his invariable good-conduct, and display of filial affection, he had always had reason to expect. He had reached the delightful region of Wood-end, two miles from Brackenbruff, when he hovered awhile to contemplate the haunts of his boyhood. On each side of him the undulating groves of Wood-end waved their well-clad branches, their continuity broken at intervals by fields of ripening corn. Opposite to the fine Doric gateway, leading to the mansion, extended a long vista, bordered by flowering shrubs, discreetly shadowed by firs, and which was kept closely shaven, showing one unbroken expanse of rich clover in full blossom. Along this exquisite avenue fled the timid hare, or squatted itself on the luxuriant sward, to crop its rich herbage. The music of babbling springs, flowing at the feet of the woodland hills, stole on the ear; the fastidious wild bee was winging from flower to flower; and the careless laugh of the merry hay-makers was audible from the fields behind the woods. The storm-tossed sailor stood entranced with delight amidst the unfamiliar scene, gazing around him with the feelings of one just awaked from a long trance.

Emerging from the wooded highway, he came to the tranquil valley, the distance of which presented Kirkby-Wiske, and its weather-worn church, and more immediately the hamlet of Syke, above which a thatched lodge graced the gate leading to the ancient domain of Brackenbruff. Arrived at the enclosed lands usurped by his brothers, Oliver could not avoid taking note of the ruinous state of the farm, and its want of tillage. He saw the ploughshare, which should have been bright with the earthy friction consequent on its labour in the Spring, corroding under the broken-down fence. He in vain looked for the usual row of stacks of corn, of three and four years' produce, which flanked the farm-yard in his father's time; they intercepted not the view of the old barn as formerly, so that he had a full prospect of its sinking roof and rotting doors, and the weedy pavement in its front, which he had been wont to see covered with thriving poultry, pecking the grain dispersed by the hand of the hearty thresher.

His sorrow and surprise at these indications of idleness or poverty, or both conjoined, were not lessened by the cool reception which he met with from his brothers. They informed him, with trembling abruptness, of the disposition of their father's property; coolly excused their not having a bed at his service, but gave him a forced invitation to diet with them every day during the time that he intended to stay in the country, and recommended him to take up his lodging with a poor but honest relation, who resided at Kirkby-Wiske—a hint which, after partaking of some refreshment, he took steps to avail himself of, by wishing his brothers good day, and taking his departure to the cottage of his relative.

It was in this humble abode that Oliver met with a hearty reception. Here he acquired some information respecting his remorseless brothers and their cloaked proceedings. The honest tar dashed away a tear on hearing that Henry and Ploughwell had ceased to be creditable men, and that their affairs had become enveloped in impervious mystery—nay, more, he was told that their sanguine tempers would admit of no interference on his part; and that, if such were attempted, blood would doubtless be spilt. Oliver, however, bore himself warily, visited the farm every day, and dined and supped with his brothers, as though nothing had occurred to mar their unanimity;—whilst they, on the other hand, brought into play their wiles and sophistry, in order to gloss over the pretended unfriendliness of the deceased old farmer towards his son Oliver, promising him a share in the farm when their affairs should take a turn for the better.

At a late hour on one of these occasions, the three brothers were enjoying reciprocally the pleasures of the exhilarating glass; the homely black bottle was drained, after two or three replenishings; and Ploughwell, overcome with the effects of "Old Jamaica," had staggered to bed. Oliver and Henry, more inured to such excesses, were but little affected on the occasion. The attention of the former had been attracted by a curtain on the wall, the utility of which, to Oliver, did not appear very obvious, and on poring over the circumstance, he came to the conclusion, that the said curtain was, like his brother's conversation, intended to conceal a secret. He resolved to investigate the mystery, and to ascertain why such secrecy had been had recourse to. He

shook hands with Henry, excused his accompanying him to the door, and bade him good night.

Oliver opened the street-door, and, remaining inside, shut it again with force, as though he had taken his departure. Putting off his shoes, and placing them in his pockets, he crept on his hands and knees to the room he had just quitted, and remained in the shade until he beheld Henry draw back the suspicious-looking curtain, open a door which it concealed, and then descend a flight of steps. Oliver, swift as the wind, followed him on tip-toe, kept close to his heels, until he opened a second door at the bottom, when it was with the greatest difficulty, and by the most dexterous manœuvring, that Oliver was enabled to pass him, as he turned round to close the iron-plated door after him—his elbow slightly brushing the head of the adventurous sailor. Henry was startled; he paused for a moment, and held up the light in several directions to be assured that no one was accompanying him in his nocturnal descent to this well-fortified cell. Oliver crouched beneath a table, and watched the emotions and proceedings of his brother with the utmost interest. He saw him touch a secret spring in a part of the floor which was boarded, on which a trap-door opened, and Henry, stooping down, brought up several packets, which, after counting, he took away with him, and fastened the door; leaving his brother a prisoner in the cell, which had been one of the dungeons of Brackenbruff Castle.

Oliver had time during the presence of the light, to observe the general contour of the place; and, from the apparatus, and the materials scattered around, he elicited enough of proof to satisfy himself as to the nature of his brothers' employment. How he was to escape from the terrible thralldom in which he had involved himself, he knew not. His thoughts on the subject were more serious when he recollected the ferocious dispositions of Henry and Ploughwell; for he was aware that, were he discovered, his life would be forfeited to their unnatural revenge. Still the desire to possess himself of something which he could afterwards produce as ocular-proof of their guilt, partly absorbed his fears as to himself. Groping his way to the trap-door which he had seen yield to the touch of the ingenious Henry, he felt for the spring, but, unfortunately, not being aware of the peculiar pressure it required to

effect the opening, he bore on it too heavily, and the consequence was, that a concealed instrument, the barbarous invention of his brother, sprang from the door, and striking Oliver on the back of the hand with its serrated edge, lacerated it deeply, the pain causing him to utter a faint cry. Taking the handkerchief from his neck, he applied it as a bandage to the wounded hand.

This disaster had the effect of dampening his spirits, and he felt for the door, at which he had entered. He found it, but it resisted his efforts to open it as fixedly as though it had been a rock of adamant. Wearied with exertion, he stretched himself on the table, and fell into a tranquil slumber. On awaking, and recollecting his situation, he started up from the table, and gazed eagerly around him, anxious to discover some rays of entering light; but it seemed to be as effectually excluded as hope,—when, espying a small grated aperture, through which glinted the beams of the opening morn, he caught hold of one of its iron stanchions, and drew himself up to the grating. He saw the ruddy east, blushing over the adjoining plantations, and heard the crowing of the punctual cock.

Desperately resolved to effect his escape, he applied his utmost strength to one of the most corroded of the iron bars of the grating, and succeeded in wrenching it from its place; but found the space too narrow to admit of his squeezing himself through it. The morning was now rapidly dawning, and in his perturbation he fancied that he heard footsteps in the contiguous fold-yard. He stripped himself to his shirt, threw his clothes outside the grating, and with great difficulty and pain thrust himself through the aperture; an attempt in the achieving of which he was materially impeded by the uselessness of his wounded hand.—Speedily dressing himself, he made the best of his way to his good-natured relative's, where he related the narrative of his night's adventure.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE OUTLAW'S TOMB.

For the Olio.

Where you lone-drear and pathless wood
Its clustering thickets twine;
Where thorns and briars, wildly rude,
With sweetest flowers combine;
The world's unjust disdain repelling,
An outlaw chose his rugged dwelling.

Yet think not that so harsh a name
With guilt is always mingled,—

A cloud may shade the fairest fame
That virtue e'er enkindled:
A firmer heart—a purer mind;
Were ne'er in human form enshrind!

There—where those scatter'd flowers are
thrown

His lifeless form reposes:
One—all unheeded and alone—
Has strewn that bed with roses;
And true affection's genuine tear,
With morn's first dew-drop, glistens there:

She who his soul's devotion blest,
Yet dearer exiled and disgraced,
With ardour turn'd her wand'ring feet,
To find—to soothe his lone retreat;
To spread his couch—his meal prepare—
His cavern'd home to bless and share:—
She sought the wood's embow'ring gloom,
She came—she found her exile's tomb!

Poor mourner! loud the tempests rise,
Clouds, like thy fate, involve the skies!
The woods their branches wave.
The moaning blasts their plaints combine;
But who shall mingle tears with thine,
Upon the outlaw's grave?

Mrs KENTISH.

A FEW REMARKS ON THE GENIUS OF HOGARTH.

For the Olio.

WHAT a genius was Hogarth! A satirist, a moralist, a painter, all in one. What are the boasted pictures of Teniers and Ostade, when compared with those of our own Hogarth!—what are they, but mere disgusting delineations of human nature in its brutal and degraded state! Where is the interest in seeing an assemblage of big-breeched boors carousing at their disgusting revels?—verily it seems that the limners of the Flemish school were only capable of portraying drunkenness and broad-grins; in vain do you look for any other expression—naught—naught do you see, but men smoking and swilling, or leering at some disgusting vrow, to whom the countenance of an Indian squaw, if compared, would appear cast in the mould of the Medicean Venus. This, to me, has ever appeared an inexplicable mystery; pretty women there certainly must be in Flanders, and yet I will defy the pictorial connoisseur to point out a single instance of a strictly beautiful female being introduced in the works of the Flemish masters. Even the lady in the far-famed picture of the temptation of St. Anthony, by Teniers, and whom you would naturally suppose to be the *beau ideal* of Flemish beauty, is represented with a visage but one degree removed from downright ugliness.

But, to return to Hogarth; how different are the subjects of his pictures!

He often portrays not only the failings but the vices of his fellow men; but in what a different manner are they depicted; they are not the mere representations of the bad passions—no! every one of them contains a satire on the human race, keen and powerful as those which flowed from the pens of Juvenal and Rabelais. The age in which he lived presented an ample field for the exercise of his satirical powers—an age teeming with the grossest vice and the most ridiculous folly; the days of the Mohawk and the blood; the hateful wig and the preposterous hoop.

Who that has seen his "Rake's Progress," can pass away from the inspection of these pictures, and not say that he has received a lesson in morality worth a hundred harangues from the pulpit. Behold the hero of the tale, first the gawky Oxonian, scarcely initiated into vice, surrounded by his parasites and bullies; follow him through the different grades,—the brothel, the gaming-house, the prison, to the last fearful finale, the cell of the maniac. Each and every one of them strikes home to the heart of the beholder, with as much force as those touches of nature excite in us, when we peruse the works of the bard of Avon. The great goddess seems to have unveiled her breast as freely to the painter as to the poet—*nature* pervades the whole, giving that peculiar charm to them which excites the admiration of the observant spectator.

It has been said, that Hogarth never made a touch with his pencil without a meaning being attached to it, and in some measure this assertion is correct; twenty times may a person examine the works of Hogarth, and at each inspection he may find something which he had not before observed; a chair, a table, a dog's collar, or a scrap of paper, often contains an interest connected with the story, which escapes the glance of the casual observer.

There is an example of this kind in the fifth picture of the before-mentioned series, in which the rake is renovating his shattered fortunes, by his marriage with the ugly one-eyed dame, to whom, for the sake of her riches, he is plighting the vows of constancy and love, though his countenance fully expresses the loathing and abhorrence in which he holds his bride. What a touch of admirable satire is contained in the simple introduction of the spider's web, spreading its meshes over the poor box,—what does it say for the charity of the

age! Cast your eyes on the holy tables behind the clergyman; there is merely a crack across them, but does not that crevice speak volumes against the flaws and imperfections of the period!

It is these little strokes of wit, which must be looked for to be discovered, that render his paintings, like the volumes of *Le Sage*, a source of almost inexhaustible amusement. But now let us turn to the scene of the gaming-house. Here Hogarth soars far above the satirist—here he becomes the pourtrayer of the wild and fearful passions inherent to mankind—frenzied rage, hatred, cunning, and dark despair, are here all depicted in powerful, nay, even magical truth. But it is the figure of the ruined rake which particularly displays the talent of the painter; the clenched and uplifted hand, the set teeth, the gleam of madness in the eye, are wonderfully and terribly expressed in the despairing gamester. You behold him next within the prison: the work of madness is going on; you still see the glare of insanity in his half-stupified gaze; the torpor of utter despair is coming over him, rendering the wretched being totally callous to the reproaches of his partner in misery, who looks doubly disgusting in her squalid garb.

The judgment and conception evinced in this picture is admirable, as it artfully prepares the spectator for the catastrophe. The raving—the fettered maniac appears next in the hands of his brutal keepers, tearing his flesh in impotent rage, and struggling in his chains,—presenting a sight from which the spectator involuntarily turns away with a shudder of disgust and pity! Such is the power of Hogarth—at one time convulsing you with laughter—at another, harrowing the mind by the terrible truth of his pencil. S. R. A.

Songs of Passion.

For the Olio.

BY HENRY JAMES HELLER, ESQ.
No. VII.

Oh, come pledge me again
In the ruby red glass,
'Tis the foeman to pain,
Whom no pleasures surpass:
To true wit it gives birth,
Flowing bright from the soul,—
Oh, there's no friend on earth
That can equal the bowl.

What is woman?—a thing!
Full of fault and deceit.
What is friendship?—who'll sing
What so seldom we meet.
But the glass,—soul of mirth!
Ne'er own's falsehood's control;
Oh, there's no friend on earth
That can equal the bowl.

Oh, come pledge me once more,
 'Tis a blessing I love;
 For methinks it will soar
 To the blest realms above;
 Encompass'd with Truth's girth,
 Laying open the soul,—
 Oh, there's no friend on earth
 That can equal the bowl!

ELLISTONIANA.

AMIDST a great deal of apparent frivolity, Elliston had a deep knowledge of human nature. A strange instance of this was related to me by a party concerned, and shows the singular tact of which he was master, to beguile a man into the most extravagant adventure, by exciting his feelings of curiosity and self-interest. A gentleman who has been long celebrated as a dramatic author, and who was also an intimate friend of Elliston, had at one time a situation of some responsibility at the Coburg Theatre. Repairing to his duties rather late one evening, he was walking quickly along the road, when a coach drove rapidly after him, and he heard a voice calling him to stop. On turning round, he saw his friend Elliston with his head out of the coach window, and with great earnestness beckoning him to come—"Ah! my dear fellow," said Elliston, "you are the man I most desired to see; I was driving to the Coburg in quest of you—just step in here, and as we drive along I have something to communicate."—"Then let it be brief," said the author, getting into the coach; "as they are waiting for me at the theatre."—"It is better that they should wait for a time," said the other, "than that you should lose the advantage of what I am about to say."—"What is it?" inquired the first; "tell me in a few minutes."—"A few minutes is not sufficient; what I have to say requires time and thought, and—"—"My good Sir," said the author, anxiously, "remember how I am situated. Tell me where I can meet you in an hour."—"I can only say," returned the other, "that I am going by the mail into the country; it is now nearly eight o'clock, and I have a secret proposal to make to you of the utmost consequence to both. Now will you throw away the pearl at your foot or return?"

The situation was embarrassing. Already the coach, having driven rapidly, had considerably widened the space from his duty. The proposal might be of importance. Perhaps some country management. "Proceed," said the author; "I must make what excuse

I can on my return." Elliston immediately began some rambling desultory harangue, which, before any thing could be made out of it, was cut short by the coach stopping in Lombard-street close to a north country mail just then in the act of starting. "Just in time, Sir," said the guard, "couldn't wait the ghost of a minute."—"Good God!" said the author, "you will not be able to tell me after all."—"Yes, yes, I shall," said Elliston, getting into the mail: "jump in; we can put you down at the Angel, and you can take a coach—I'll pay for it—"—"But the Coburg."—"I tell you I'll make a man of you—curse the Coburg!"—"Now, Sir," said the guard. The visions of management danced before the author's eyes. "Curse the Coburg!" he echoed mechanically, and jumped in beside the manager. Every body knows in what an incredibly short space of time the mail travels from Lombard-street to the Angel at Islington. Before the author had well recovered his surprise, he found himself already there, and heard Elliston calling loudly for brandy and water. It was confoundedly hot, and before they could drink it the mail was ready to travel. "Well," said the author, "you have brought me into a pretty mess, and told me nothing after all—what on earth shall I do?"—"Nonsense," said the other; "I was just coming to the point when we arrived; but there is a coach-stand a little higher up, and by the time we arrive there you shall know all." In an unlucky hour did the poor author again commit himself to the road. "My dear friend," said Elliston, "give me but a minute or two to reflect;" and throwing himself into a corner of the mail, seemed to be wrapped in thought.

There was no other passenger in the mail, and night was closing in unusually dark—what could this important proposal be? anxiously thought the author. He knew Elliston to be a great speculator—perhaps he had taken the Dublin Theatre, and had chosen him to superintend its management,—or the Liverpool, perhaps—travelling in a north country mail favoured the supposition; yet why all this deep reflection—Elliston gave a loud snore! "Good God!" cried the astounded author, "have I been fooled all this time!"—"Excuse me, my dear fellow," said Elliston, half awaking by the violence of his own exertion; "but the fact is—brandy and water—night—without sleep;" and relapsing into somnolency, he snored

again. In despair, the author thrust his head out of the window to look for the coach-stand, but found himself rattling along the north road, and just then going through Highgate archway;—with a groan the unhappy man of letters threw himself back on the seat. "Make a man of you," muttered Elliston;—"fortune favours—the brave. Curse the Coburg!"—snores. A drowsy sympathy came over the author; the brandy and water had its effect, and when he awoke it was to a supper at the Bull at Redburn, it being then about half-past eleven at night, and consequently too late to think of taking a coach for the Coburg. Not to render my story too long, their destination proved to be the Three Kings, or three somethings at Leicester; and now the important secret was to be divulged. The author was shewn into a bed-room to adjust his toilet; having nothing, however, but the clothes he stood in, but little time was required for that. On descending he found Elliston seated at a well-filled breakfast table, prepared to explain all to his satisfaction. "Honesty, my dear friend," said the manager, "is a valuable quality to its possessor; but still more valuable to his friends." The author nodded assent. "Such a man I have been long seeking, and, I think, I have found one in yourself." The author bowed—the vision of Dublin Theatre again presented itself. "Any thing, my dear friend," said he complacently, "that honesty, or my little ability can compass, you may command me in——" "You delight me," exclaimed Elliston, "half the difficulty is removed by the admission——" "You wish to place me in a situation of trust I presume!" said the author, anxiously. "Precisely so," returned the other.—"It is the Dublin," thought the author. "But," continued Elliston, "I was half afraid you would consider it too trifling a game to have played so large a stake for." "It must be the Liverpool, after all," thought the author. "I can sacrifice a good deal for friendship," said he.—"My kind, generous friend," exclaimed Elliston, "you bind me to you for ever,—know then, that to-morrow night is my benefit at this theatre, and as I know they will cheat me, I have brought you here to *take my money at the door!*"

I will pass over the scene of astonishment and disappointment on the one side, and of excuse and promise on the other,—suffice it to say, the author agreed to the proposal, determining, in

his own mind, however, to turn the tables on the cajoler. In the mean time Elliston took him round to different shops, with all of whom the manager appeared to have an account, and fitted him out, with some things he actually wanted. The author found that his friend the manager had pursued his usual plan, and obtained a place in the recollection of many worthy men with whom he had dealings, by obtaining a place in the easiest filled side of their books.—Even the very fiddlers were looking to the benefit with anxiety.

The eventful evening arrived. A comedy, then popular, was announced. Elliston had been at the theatre during the day to superintend the arrangements, which were then completed.—About an hour before the performance, when the man of letters was about to descend from his pegasus, to occupy the humble post of money-taker, Elliston burst into the room, anxiety portrayed on his countenance. "My dear friend," said he, "you have done much to serve me; I have one thing more to ask you; it will then crown the obligation."—"What is it?" "You know we play——'s piece to-night; the man who plays Scamp is no where to be found—not a soul will undertake it. Now, my dear friend, if you have any regard for me—will you?" "Good heavens!—Mr. Elliston, are you mad? I never *was* on the stage, nor could I ever recite a syllable in my life." "No matter," said the manager, "look over the part, and trust to me." "Impossible!" ejaculated the author. "Then I'm a ruined man!" rejoined the manager, clasping his hands together. "As I have gone so far," returned the good-natured dramatist, seeing his distress. "Only try," said the other, energetically. "There's nothing in it, believe me. Trust to me and the prompter. Here, waiter, bring brandy and water." The author was not proof against such an attack. As the brandy and water diminished, his courage increased, and it was agreed as it was expected the house would be full before the curtain drew up, that the author, after securing the money, should make his first appearance as Scamp.

Shortly after opening the doors, the house was crammed; and at his proper place in the drama, our new aspirant to theatrical fame, having been puffed off as a gentleman from London, made his appearance amidst an enthusiastic welcome. It must be observed that both master and servant had im-

bibed a sufficient quantity of brandy and water to make them quite independent of audience, or, in fact, of any thing else but the object for which they came. The following extraordinary dialogue ensued—"Well, Scamp," said his master (Elliston), "so, after all the years we have been together, you will leave me at last—(aside)—I say, you rogue, how much money have you got?"

Scamp.—"Yes, Sir, I can submit to your temper no longer—I have got sixty good pounds in my pocket."

Master.—"Sixty pounds, you say; hand them to me, good Scamp."

Scamp.—"Harkye, Sir John. For many years have you promised me my wages, but the devil a penny could I get. Have you not likewise trepanned me from a comfortable place to starve in your service? I have now got the money, and I intend to keep it, Sir John"—suing the action to the word by slapping his pocket, where the noise of the coin was distinctly audible. Some of the audience, who knew the play, were in amaze, others thought it capital acting. An appalling fact, however, glanced on the manager's mind. He knew there was a considerable balance due to the author, but this method of payment he was unprepared for.

Master.—"What, would you ruin your generous master, after all he has done for you?" (shewing considerable agitation.)

Scamp.—"My generous master has ruined me, and the least he can do is to pay me what he owes me. Farewell, Sir—I have a conveyance near to take me back to town."

Master.—"Nay, then, if that's the game, here's after you;"—and before the author could make his exit he felt the manager's hand on his collar with such an impetus, that, aided by the potation, down they both tumbled, and literally rolled together on the stage. The pockets of the author, charged as they were with gold and silver, and all unused to such a freight, gave way under the shock, and the glittering coin scattered itself liberally about the stage. The fiddlers' eyes glistened at the sight, and, unable to resist the temptation of paying their own arrears, they scooped the stray half-crowns into the orchestra with their bows, while some jumped on the stage, and began to collect the spoil. In the pit there happened to be a number of worthy tradesmen and others, having bills un-

paid, who, seeing how matters went, and dreading the result, hastily followed the example of the fiddlers, and in another instant the stage became a bear-garden, each intent on himself, swearing, and fighting, and scrambling, like so many Eton-boys, or—devils. The independent part of the house were shrieking with laughter—the original combatants, lying on the stage, panting with their exertion, were hustled about and trampled by the creditors—while, to crown the scene, amidst the Babel-like confusion, some wags extinguished the lights, and—let fall the curtain.

Monthly Mag.

TO THE EAGLE

Caged in a ruined Turret of Dunolly.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

For the Olio.

Fameless sky-wanderer, sunward aspiring,
Where was the eagle that gave thee thy birth?
Who was the sire, undaunted, unshrinking,
Made thee tempt Heaven in scorning the earth?

This is thy punishment—man, whose dominions

One whirl of thy plumes could have proudly o'erthrown.

Whose Babels sublime, thy imperial pinions
Forsook as they soar'd to a world of their own.

Man hath enthral'd thee, oh! lord of the mountains,

That scorn'd in thy sun-slight Ben Cruachan's crest:

And slaked but thy beak in the mist-mantled fountain,

That ne'er had an humbler than thee by its breast.

Ha! chafest thou, great bird, in thy turretted dwelling,

Untamed, though entrammell'd, indignantly grand:

I blush to survey thee, huge feather king, swelling

The triumphs of man, 'mid the wrecks of his hand.

Yet be contented! Dunolly enfolds thee,

The halls of the baron, the lovely one's bowers,

And while with compassion the stranger beholds thee,

Thou'rt heir of M'Dougal, and chief of his towers.

This still is left thee—a prince in thy prison,
Thy golden eye glaring can challenge the skies;

While the lords for whose palace these towers have arisen,

Each nameless and cold in his sepulchre lies.

LORD BURLEIGH'S STATE.

THE magnificence of this great statesman is to be ascribed partly to policy, but more to the manners of the age, which made the expense of the great consist chiefly in a number of retainers. Burleigh had four places of

residence, at each of which he maintained an establishment, his family and suite amounting to nearly a hundred persons. His domestic expenses at his house in London were calculated at forty or fifty pounds a week when he was present, and about thirty in his absence; princely allowances, when we consider the value of money at that period. His stables cost him a thousand marks a year; his servants were remarked for the richness of their liveries. Retaining an appendage of ancient magnificence, which had now been given up, unless by a few noblemen of the first rank and fortune, he kept a regular table, with a certain number of covers for gentlemen, and two others for persons of inferior condition. These, always open, were served alike whether he was present or absent; and, in correspondence with this proud hospitality, he had around him many young persons of distinction, who acted as his retainers, and lived in his family. Promotion was not yet attainable by open competition; the house of a minister was the grand preparatory school; and Burleigh was under Elizabeth what Cardinal Morton had been under Henry VII. Among the retainers of Burleigh, there could, we are told, be reckoned, at one time, twenty young gentlemen, each of whom possessed, or was likely to possess, an income of 1000l.; and among his household officers there were persons who had property to the amount of 10,000l. His houses were not large, but his equipage and furniture were splendid; his plate is reported to have amounted to 14,000 pounds in weight, and about 40,000l. in value. His public entertainments corresponded with this magnificence. It was customary for Elizabeth to receive sumptuous entertainments from her principal nobility and ministers; and, on these instances of condescension, Burleigh omitted nothing which could show his sense of the honour conferred on him by his royal guest. Besides the short private visits which she often paid him, he entertained her in a formal manner twelve different times, with festivities which lasted several weeks, and each occasion cost him 2 or 3,000l. His seat at Theobalds, during her stay, exhibited a succession of plays, sports, and splendid devices; and here she received foreign ambassadors, at the expense of her treasurer, in as royal state as at any of her palaces. This magnificence, doubtless, acquired him a considerable ascendancy both at court and among the people; but it was

attended with much envy, and often brought him vexation. At his death, he left, besides his plate and furniture, 11,000l. in money, and 4000l. a year in lands, of which he had received only a small portion by inheritance.

New Music.

Night's ling'ring shades are wasting.
A Trio. Words by W. Ball. Music by Spohr. London, Goulding & Co.

One of the most delightful concerted pieces in the opera of Azor and Zemira, and wholly worthy of the popularity it has attained. A more harmonious or more scientific production, perhaps, it would be difficult to find. We recommend it as a valuable addition to the musical collections of our fair friends.

Away, away to the mountain's brow.
A Cavatina. London, A. Lee & Co.

At this late hour, we cannot dilate upon the merits of this successful piece. It possesses that sweetness and simplicity which constitute the principal charm of Mr. Lee's productions; and to those who have not heard the Cavatina, it must prove highly gratifying.

Illustrations of History.

A FEW WORDS ON CROWNS.—Whether the original of the crown now used at the solemn inauguration of the sovereign was the eastern fillet, in the tying on of which there was so much ceremony, according to Selden—the Roman or Grecian wreath, a “corruptible crown” of laurel, olive, or bay—or the Jewish diadem of gold—we leave to the research or conjecture of the antiquary. “This high imperial type of England's glory,” has, like the monarchy itself, slowly but steadily advanced to its present commanding size and appearance. From the coins and seals of the respective periods, many of our Anglo-Saxon princes appear to have worn only a fillet of pearl, and others a radiated diadem, with a crescent in front. Athelstan's crown was of a more regular shape, resembling a modern earl's coronet; on King Alfred's there was the singular addition of two little bells; and the identical crown worn by this prince seems to have been long preserved at Westminster, if it were not the same which is described in the Parliamentary inventory of 1642, as King Alfred's “crown of gould wyer worke, set with slight stones.” Sir Henry

Spelman thinks there is some reason to conjecture that "the king fell upon the composing of an imperial crown;" but what could be meant by this accompaniment. By degrees, the crown extended from ear to ear, and then from the back to the forehead; sometimes it is represented as encircling a cap or helm, and sometimes without. William the Conqueror and his successor wore it on a cap adorned with points, and with labels hanging at each ear*; the Plantagenets, a diadem ornamented with fleur-de-lis, or strawberry leaves, between which small globes were raised, or points rather lower than the leaves. Richard III. or Henry IV. introduced the crosses about the same time; on the coins of Henry VII. the arches first appear; and the subsequent varieties of shape are in the elevation or depression of the arches. Queen Elizabeth wore them remarkably high.

The daring exploit of the notorious Blood with the new crown of Charles II. is told to all the visitors at the Tower. What is the most remarkable and surprising belonging to this circumstance is, that, in that age of plots, no political object or accusation was connected with it.

The ancient Saxon monarchs of this country wore helmets, called *Cyne-Helms* (i. e. Kings'-crowns,) when in battle, a custom that was probably continued until armour was disused. After the battle of Bosworth-field, the helmet of Richard III., or crown, as it was called, because ornamented with some regal token, was found among the spoils of the day, and placed on the head of Richmond, who was instantly saluted King.

In the early periods of history it was customary among the northern nations to elevate their king upon his election, on the shoulders of his senators; and the Anglo-Saxons carried their monarch upon a shield when crowned. Priests, too, on being appointed bishops, were elevated in their cathedral.

The Naturalist.

THE ELEPHANT.—In the early periods of the Mogul empire, elephants were armed for battle with preparations

* Taylor, who quotes from the Saxon Chronicle, says of the Conqueror—"he was very worshipful. Thrice he bore his *King-helmet* every year, when he was in England; at Easter, he bore it at Winchester; at Pentecost, at Westminster; in Mid-winter, at Gloucester. And there were with him all the rich men of England.

somewhat similar to the defences of warriors in the ages of chivalry. Dow, describing the elephants of Akbar, says, "they wear plates of iron upon their foreheads." Vincent le Blanc mentions the elephants of the king of Ternassery as "of the largest size of the East, covered to the ground with beeves' hides, and, over them, with divers trappings. Those hides are fastened underneath the belly with iron chains, and are difficult to be got off." The Ayeen Akbery is more minute. "Five plates of iron, each one cubit long and four fingers broad, are joined together by rings, and fastened round the ears of the elephant by four chains, each an ell in length; and betwixt these another chain passes over the head and is fastened in the *kellawah*; and across it are four iron spikes with *katasses* and iron knobs. There are other chains with iron spikes and knobs hung under the throat and over the breast, and others fastened to the trunk; these are for ornament and to frighten horses. *Pakher* is a kind of steel armour that covers the body of the elephant; there are other pieces of it for the head and proboscis. *Gejhemp* is a covering made of three folds, and is laid over the *pakher*." Dow adds, that "a sword is bound to their trunk, and daggers are fastened to their tusks." But the mighty power of the animal, in crushing the ranks of an enemy, was principally relied upon. The armour and the swords were to add to the dismay which an immense troop of elephants were of themselves calculated to produce. The emperor Akbar well knew their power in scattering masses of terrified men. On one occasion when he stormed the fort of Chitar, the garrison retired to the temples. "Akbar, perceiving he must lose a great number of his troops in case of a close attack, ordered a distant fire to be kept up upon the desperate Rajaputs, till he had introduced three hundred elephants of war, which he immediately ordered to advance to tread them to death. The scene became now too shocking to be described. Brave men, rendered more valiant by despair, crowded around the elephants, seized them even by the tusks, and inflicted upon them unavailing wounds. The terrible animals trode the Indians like grasshoppers under their feet, or winding them in their powerful trunks, tossed them aloft into the air, or dashed them against the walls and pavements. Of the garrison, which consisted of eight thousand soldiers and of forty thousand

inhabitants, thirty thousand were slain, and most of the rest taken prisoners."—In the rapid marches of this victorious prince, the elephants suffered greatly. Purchas, speaking of his progress from Kashire, in 1597, says, "This country he left when summer was past, and returned to Lahore, losing many elephants and horses in the way, both by famine, then oppressing the country; and the difficulty of the passages; the elephants sometimes, in the ascent of hills, helping themselves with their trunks, leaning and staying themselves, being burthened, thereon, as on a staff."—The power of the elephant in battle has fallen before the greater power of artillery and of scientific tactics. But it is little more than three centuries ago that the chief in India who possessed the greatest force of elephants was almost sure of victory. The Emperor Baber, in his Memoirs, gives a remarkable illustration of the terror which the animal produced. "The troops who accompanied Alim Khan were dispersed, being busy plundering and pillaging. Sultan Ibrahim's troops perceived that the enemy were not in great force, and immediately moved forward from the station which they had kept, though very few in number, and having only a single elephant; but no sooner had the elephant come up, than Alim Khan's men took to flight, without attempting to keep their ground." Baber himself scarcely employed elephants in war, although descended from Timour, to whom their use was familiar; but he appears to have met their terror with a bold front. His expressions remind us of the quaint language of Bunyan: "I placed my foot in the stirrup of resolution, and my hand on the reins of confidence in God, and marched against Sultan Ibrahim, the son of Sultan Iskander, the son of Sultan Behlul Lodi Afghan, in whose possession the throne of Delhi and the dominions of Hindustan at that time were; whose army in the field was said to amount to a hundred thousand men, and who, including those of his Emirs, had nearly a thousand elephants."

Although from the earliest times ivory was an article of commerce in demand amongst all the people who traded with India, the elephant does not appear to have been employed as an animal of burthen even by the Persians and Assyrians, until a comparatively recent period. The camel was the principal medium of intercourse amongst those nations. Neither is the name of the

elephant (a circumstance which shews that he was unknown to the early Jews) to be found in the Hebrew language.

Lib. of Enter. Know.

Singular Phrases.

WHIPPING THE COCK.—This was a sport practised at wakes, horse-races, and fairs in Leicestershire; a cock being tied or fastened into a hat or basket, half-a-dozen carters, blindfolded, and armed with their cart-whips, are placed round it, who, after being turned round three times, commence to whip the bird, which, if any one strikes so as to make it cry out, it becomes his property. The joke is, that instead of whipping the fowl, they flog each other heartily.

JACK-OF-LEGS was a tall, long-legged man, of gigantic proportions: he is said to have been buried in Weston church-yard, near Baldock, in Hertfordshire, where there are two stones fourteen feet distant, said to be the head and foot-stones of his grave. This giant, says Salmon, as fame goes, lived in a wood here, and was a great robber, but a generous one; for he plundered the rich to feed the needy: he frequently, we are told, took bread from the Baldock bakers, who, catching him at an advantage, put out his eyes, and afterwards hanged him upon a knoll in Baldock field. At his death he made one request, which was, that he might have his bow and arrow put into his hand, and shooting it off, where the arrow fell they would bury him; which being granted, the arrow fell in Weston church-yard. Upwards of a century ago, a very large thigh-bone was taken out of the church chest, where it had lain many years for occasional exhibition, and was sold by the clerk to Sir John Tradescant, who, it is said, placed it among the curiosities at Oxford.

COCKNEY.—The King of the Cockneys is mentioned among the regulations for the sports and shows formerly held in the Middle Temple on Childermas Day, where he had his officers, a marshal, constable, butler, &c.—(See Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*.) Ray says, the interpretation of the word Cockney, is, a young person coaxed or coquetted, made wanton, or a nestle cock, delicately bred and brought up, so as, when arrived at man's estate, to be unable to bear the least hardship. Whatever may be the origin of this appellation, we learn from the following

lines, attributed to Hugh Bigot, Earl of Norfolk, that it was in use in the time of Henry II. :—

“ Was I in my castle at Bungay,
Fast by the river Waveney,
I would not care for the King of Cockney.”
i. e. King of London.

BURNING THE PARADE.—Warning more men for a guard than were necessary, and excusing the superabundance for money. This was a practice resorted to by the soldiery in most garrisons, and was a very considerable perquisite to the adjutant and serjeant major: the pretence for it was, to purchase coal and candle for the guard, whence its derivation—“*Burning the Parade.*”

R. J.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.
— *M.W. of Windsor.*

OLDEN TRADITIONS EXTANT AT ROME.
—The peasantry about Rome are to this day in dread of the sorceress Circe, and would die sooner than set foot within the cavern of *Circeo*; and they, as well as the vulgar in Rome itself, we are told by Niebuhr, believe that the fair and hapless Tarpeia still inhabits the bottom of an old well in the Capitol, where she would be found sitting, with her robes sparkling with diamonds.

SEVERUS'S WALL.—This rampart was, perhaps, the greatest military work ever erected by the Romans in any country; its length was sixty-eight miles; its height being twelve feet, and its breadth eight; it was carried on, over steep hills and through deep valleys, without interruption; it had eighteen stations or large forts, which became the nucleus of as many towns; there were eighty-one castles, sixty-six feet square, the wall forming their northern side, each seven furlongs apart; and three hundred and twenty-four watch-towers, or turrets, twelve feet square. Of the speaking brazen pipes, which were used to communicate sounds from sea to sea, we will say nothing, as they must have proceeded from the same manufactory which produced Friar Bacon's famous head. Beyond the whole was a ditch thirty-six feet wide, and fifteen deep. Of all this magnificence but few vestiges remain, the wall becoming the common quarry out of which the towns and villages of the neighbourhood have been constructed.

BOADICEA, QUEEN OF THE ICENI.—Tacitus relates that she put an end to

her life by poison; Dion, that she died from vexation. She is described as a woman of lofty stature, with a fierce countenance; her hair was bright, and hanging down to her waist: her courage deserved a better fate. Of her cruelty, we must not judge by the example of more polished times; of her incompetency to contend with the discipline of the Roman legion, the fatal result made it too evident.

CÆSAR has left us an anecdote, in his African Commentaries, which strikingly exhibits the mode in which the elephant was accustomed to fight. A wounded elephant, furious with rage, attacked an unarmed follower of the troops, and kneeling upon him crushed the life out of his body. A veteran of the fifth legion rushed forward to attack the beast, who was roaring and lashing with his proboscis. The elephant immediately forsook his victim; and, catching up the soldier in his trunk, whirled him in the air. But the intrepid warrior did not lose his presence of mind; he wounded the elephant in his sensitive proboscis, till, exhausted with pain, he dropped the soldier, and fled in terror to his companions.

THE FIRST NOTICE OF IVORY.—Heyne, speaking of the use of ivory, states that throughout Homer's Iliad the substance is but once mentioned; and that notice occurs in the description of the bit of a horse's bridle belonging to a Trojan. But in the Odyssey, the palace of Menelaus, after his return from his voyages in Egypt and Phœnicia, is enriched with ornaments of gold, and amber, and ivory. From this time, it is probable, that an increasing commerce in ivory was carried on between the Greeks and Phœnicians, who could obtain abundant supplies through their intercourse with Egypt and Ethiopia. Ezekiel, addressing the merchants of Tyre, says, “the men of Dedan were thy merchants: many isles were the merchandize of thy hand. They brought thee for a present, horns of ivory and ebony.” From the period of the Trojan war, the Greeks appear to have employed ivory in the ornaments of their arms and their furniture, in tablets, and, at a later period, in statuary of ordinary dimensions. About two hundred years after the epoch generally assigned as that of the Trojan war, we see the commercial enterprizes of King Solomon introducing the same luxurious material into Judea. “Once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks;” and, thus

supplied with the elephants' teeth of India, "the king made a great throne of ivory, and overlaid it with the best gold." A century after Solomon, the sacred historian speaks of "the ivory house of King Ahab," as a thing so remarkable as to be enumerated in the book of Chronicles with all the cities that he built. "The ivory house of Ahab," and "the ivory palaces" mentioned in the 45th Psalm, doubtless referred to buildings of which ivory constituted a distinguished ornament. Propertius has retained the same mode of expression in a later age. We thus see that the use of ivory, which was probably very general amongst the great monarchies of Asia, had extended into Greece and Judea, several centuries before the age of Phidias.

GIGANTIC REMAINS IN ENGLAND.—England has had its giants, as well as the continent of Europe. Simon Majolus describes one whose bones were disinterred by a river in 1171; but our traditions are not rich in such matters, if we except the Gog and Magog of the City of London. The remains of elephants, however, have been discovered and known as such for a considerable period. It is probable that the bones of the larger quadrupeds were often mistaken for those of fish, being found in conjunction with fossil shells. Verstegan, a writer on English antiquities in the time of Charles II., says, "I have talked with such labouring men as usually have digged wells, and the deep foundations of buildings, and they all agree that they do commonly, in all places, find an innumerable quantity of these shells, some whole, and some broken, and in many places the great bones of fishes; whereof I have seen many." Whether these 'bones of fishes' were really so is not material, as undoubted bones of elephants have been found in all parts of the kingdom. Many of these are indicated in the Map of England, published in 1819 by the Geological Society of London. Sir Hans Sloane possessed a tusk found in Gray's Inn-lane, twelve feet deep in the gravel. Quantities of elephants' bones were discovered in a marsh near the sea to the north of Canterbury; and large collections of such bones, with those of the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the stag, and the ox, were dug up in 1813, in Mr. Trimer's pits of brick earth near Brentford. They are common in the midland counties. At Newnham, near Rugby, in 1815, three large tusks and bones of elephants were found, with

two skulls of the rhinoceros. They are not unfrequent also on the eastern coast, and in the northern counties.—In the cave of Kirkdale in Yorkshire, the bones of elephants were discovered by Professor Buckland, mixed with those of the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the horse, the ox, and especially the hyena. The northern parts of Ireland, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, and even Iceland, have furnished to the geologist the same materials of speculation.

CHOLERA MORBUS.—It may be observed, that it is dangerous, during the prevalence of cholera, to take severe exercise before breakfast with an empty stomach.

Month. Mag.

EXTINCT ANIMALS.—The most extraordinary family of extinct animals whose bones have been discovered, is that of the *Megatherium*. It consists of two species—the *Megatherium*, properly so called, and the *Megalonyx*. They appear to have had something of the formation of the sloth, with the size of the ox. Their stout limbs were terminated by five thick toes; some of which were provided with an enormous claw. Their thick and ossified skin was divided into scales, closely fitted into each other. The form of the teeth shews that these animals fed on vegetables and roots. Cuvier thinks that they were furnished with a short trunk. The remains of these two quadrupeds have only been found in America; but it is considered that an animal of the same order, and of equal size and power, existed in Europe. The proof rests upon a single claw dug up near the Rhine.

THE MYRTLE.—This plant was formerly used in medicine; it was a great favourite with the ancients; and either on account of its beauty, or because it thrives best in the neighbourhood of the sea, it was held sacred to Venus—as the olive to Minerva, the poplar to Hercules, the ivy and the vine to Bacchus, the hyacinth and the bay to Apollo, &c Myrtle was the symbol of authority for magistrates at Athens: bloodless victors were crowned with myrtle, and hence the swords of Harmodius and Aristogiton were wreathed with myrtle when they set forth to free their country from hereditary monarchy.

CURIOUS DECISION OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.—The Amsterdam Gazette of 13th Feb. 1784, records the following decision by the King of Prussia. A soldier of Silesia, being convicted of stealing certain offerings to the Virgin

Mary, was doomed to death as a sacrilegious robber. But he denied the commission of any theft, saying, that the Virgin, from pity to his poverty, had presented him with the offerings. The affair was brought before the king, who asked the Popish divines whether, according to their religion, the miracle was impossible?—who replied, that the case was extraordinary, but not impossible. "Then," said the king, "the culprit cannot be put to death, because he denies the theft, and because the divines of his religion allow the present not to be impossible; but we strictly forbid him, under pain of death, to receive any present henceforward from the Virgin Mary, or any saint whatever." This was answering fools according to their folly, and is an instance of wisdom as well as wit.

Customs of Various Countries.

SUPERSTITIOUS CUSTOMS AND SAYINGS.—The custom of pairing nails at certain times, is a relic of ancient superstition, derived from the Romans, who would never pair their nails upon the Nundinæ, observed every ninth day, and other certain days of the week.

The custom of saying "God bless you," when a person sneezes, is generally derived from a disease which occurred in England about 1450, in which those who sneezed commonly died: but this account must in some measure be devoid of truth, as we are assured by many ancient writers, that this custom was observed in the days of Nero; and it was found by our first navigators in the remotest parts of Africa and the East: therefore the ground of this ancient and extensive custom was, probably, that the ancients held sneezing to be a good or bad sign, and consequently used to congratulate the one, and deprecate the other, by this salutation. According to Plutarch, Aristotle, and other celebrated Grecians, sneezing was at certain times deemed lucky. St. Austin writes, that the ancients were wont to go to bed again, if they sneezed while they put on their shoes.

Perhaps the origin of nailing a horse shoe on the threshold of doors, though now pretended by the credulous to keep out witches, might be from the like custom practised at Bungle House, near Oakham, in Rutlandshire, which lordship was enjoyed with the following privilege:—"That if any nobleman came within the liberty at that lordship,

they should forfeit, as a homage, a shoe from the horse on which they rode, or else redeem it with a sum of money."

H. B. A.

Anecdotes.

JOHNSON and Pinkethman were two actors in the time of George II. Johnson dabbled a little in picture dealing, and wished very much to get possession of a painting of a macaw which he had remarked at a broker's shop near Drury Lane, but for which, from its excellence, he feared a high price would be asked. He accordingly laid a little plot with his friend Pinkethman, which was developed in the following scene.

JOHNSON. (*alone, and seemingly attracted by the picture for the first time—in a careless, off-hand manner.*)—Pray what do you ask for this fish?

BROKER.—Fish, sir! You mistake; that's a bird.

JOHN.—Poh! nonsense, bird—I tell you it's a fish.

BRO.—I say, sir, it's a bird—and if you say it is not, you know nothing of the matter.

JOHN.—It's a fish—

BRO.—It's not, sir; and I believe you know better when you say so.

JOHN.—I know better than you, if you mean that—it's a fish.

BRO. (*enraged.*)—It's false, sir, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

JOHN.—Come, come, man—don't be angry—I want to deal, not to quarrel with you;—what do you ask for the fish?

BRO.—It is *not* a fish, sir—it's a bird—and the price is ten guineas.

JOHN.—You're a very obstinate man, and the price is high; but if you have a mind for a wager, I'll bet you ten guineas against the picture itself, that it is a fish.

BRO.—With all my heart, who shall decide it?

JOHN.—Oh, I don't care—anybody—(*raising his voice that his cue may be heard.*)—the first man who passes by.

BRO.—Agreed; here comes one. (*To Pinkethman, who is seen approaching, with a demure step, and apparently lost in thought.*)—Sir! sir! come here sir, if you please—

JOHN.—Ay, sir, pray do.

PINKETHERMAN. (*with affected astonishment.*)—Good heavens! gentlemen—what can you want with me? Is there anything the matter?

BRO.—No, sir—nothing the matter;

only we want you to be so good as to decide a bet for us. This gentleman says that this is a—

JOHN.—Stop, Mr. Broker! I insist upon it that you don't put words into the gentleman's mouth—it's not fair; ask him simply what it is that picture represents!

BRO.—Well, just as you like—be it so. Pray, sir, what does that picture represent!

PINK. (*Takes out his spectacles—wipes them deliberately, and puts them on; then looks attentively at the object for two or three minutes.*)—Bless my soul! it's very strange, now—I can't, for the life of me, recollect what it is they call it—but I certainly have seen the fish somewhere.

BRO. (*Snatching down the picture in a rage, and throwing it at Johnson's head.*)—D—n you and the fish too—take the picture.

BEN JONSON.—As the great dramatist was walking through a church-yard in Surrey, he saw a company of poor people weeping over a grave. Ben asked one of the women what the occasion should be? She answered, "Ah, alas! sir, we have lost our precious good lawyer, Justice Randal. He kept us all in peace, and from going to law. Certainly he was the best man that ever lived."—"Well," said Ben, "I will send you an epitaph for his tombstone;" which was—

"God works wonders now and then:
Here lies a Lawyer—an honest man."

MUSIC AND MONEY.—A punster, asked by a musician, whether he was not a lover of *harmony*, replied, "Yes, but I prefer it when it is abridged, for then it is *money*; and that, my friend, is the better half of it. I have no objection to *your notes*, but I like those of the Bank of England much better: you may make good tunes, but those make infinitely the best of tunes."—"How so!—that bank notes are good things, I allow; but pray, what tune will they make!"—"The best tune in the world—a *fortune*."

MACKLIN AND THE SEDUCER.—Miss Macklin had but just appeared on the stage, when a noble Lord well known on the turf, called on the morning of her benefit, as her father was sitting at breakfast, and after praising her in the highest terms, his lordship said to Macklin—"After what I have said of your daughter, Mr. Macklin, you may suppose I am not insensible to her merits—I mean to be her friend; not in the article of taking tickets for her benefit,

and such trifling acts of friendship, which mean nothing more than the vanity of patronage. I mean to be her friend for life."

"What do you allude to?" said the actor, roused by the last expression, and staring at his guest.

"Why," replied the other, "I mean as I say, to make her my friend for life: and as you are a man of the world, and it is fit you should be considered in the business, I now make an offer of 400*l.* per annum for your daughter, and 200*l.* in like manner for yourself, to be secured on any of my estates, during both of your natural lives."

Macklin heard him; he was at the time spreading some butter on his roll, and had in his hand a large case-knife, which grasping firmly, and looking at the fellow, desired him instantly to quit the room, telling him how much he was surprised at his attempt at the honour of a child through the medium of a parent. He affected not to heed the reproof, when Macklin springing from his seat, and holding the knife at his throat, bade him make the best of his way down stairs. The noble rascal needed no other admonition, but jumped to the door, and scampered off across the market at full speed.

MAKING A FIGURE.—When a husbandman claimed kinship with Robert Grosthead, Bishop of Lincoln, and thereupon requested from him an office—"Cousin," said the bishop, "if your cart be broken, I'll mend it; if your plough be old, I'll give you a new one, and even send to sow your land: but a husbandman I found you, and a husbandman I'll leave you." The bishop thought it far more beneficial to serve him in his way, than to take him out of it.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.—The name of Barneveldt reminds one of a noble trait of his widow, befitting a Roman matron. When her son, to avenge his father's death, had entered into a conspiracy against the government, was tried and condemned, the mother petitioned for his pardon,—and on being asked why she had not petitioned for her husband, nobly replied, "I would not ask for my husband's pardon, because he was innocent, and needed no pardon; I ask for my son's, because he is guilty."

ON A GAMING HOUSE.

To this dark cave three gates pertain—
Hope, infamy, and death, we know:
'Tis by the first you entrance gain,—
By the last two alone you go.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, August 10.

St. Laurence, Mar. A.D. 258.

High Water, 57m aft 3 Morn—57m after 3 Aftern.

Brooks and watery dykes now display a luxuriance of flowers and verdure. The heat, which withered all else, has cherished them; having a constant supply of moisture. Water flags, bulrushes, and reeds, have attained their full growth; the arrowhead grows in large masses, elegantly interspersed with its delicate flowers. The white and yellow water-lilies still flourish, as do those richly blossoming plants, the crimson loosestrife and flowering rush. Willows are still rich in foliage, and to those who love to take a book into some pleasant sylvan nook, it is very charming to stroll during the warmth of the day amongst the willow holt on the banks of rivers. The ground is dry; you may lounge at your ease. There is a grateful freshness in the wilderness of green boughs and leaves that surround you; no tree, saith the venerable Evelyn, affordeth so cool a shade as the willow, and thus agreeably hidden, you may often catch glimpses of the habits of the shy and smaller animals; traits which yet have escaped the naturalist, and which may tend to eradicate those ignorant prejudices so cruel and oppressive to many of the innocent commoners of nature.

Thursday, August 11.

St. Egonius, abb. A.D. 540.

Sun rises 34m after 4—sets 25m after 7.

August 11, 1786.—To-day a very alarming shock of an earthquake was felt about two o'clock in the morning, in the north of England, viz. Northumberland, Cumberland, and in Scotland, across the island; and as far north as Argyllshire; and in all these places at the same instant of time. This shock extended above 150 miles from south to north, and 100 miles from east to west.

Friday, August 12.

St. Clare, Vir. abbess, A.D. 1253.

High Water 52m aft 4 Morning—10m aft 5 After.

In fine dry summers the sky is often strikingly beautiful at this time, particularly with light easterly breezes. The clouds then exhibit every conceivable variety of whimsical figures, and are richly coloured with the most natural tints by the setting sun. By moonlight, too, the appearance of the summer clouds at this time of year is excessively elegant. Beds of mottled or fleecy sundew-clouds, floating gently along in different altitudes, must have attracted almost every body's notice. The beautiful appearance of these clouds on a moonlight evening has been well described by Bloomfield:

For yet above these wafted clouds are seen,
In a remoter sky still more serene,
Others detached in ranges through the air,
Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair,
Scattered immensely wide, from east to west,
The beautiful semblance of a flock at rest;
Which to the watchful virgin oft proclaim
The mighty Shepherd's everlasting name.

Saturday, August 13.

St. Eusebius, Mar. 3rd Cent.

Sun rises 33m after 4—sets 21m after 7.

August 13, 1792.—Birth-day of her most gracious majesty Queen Adelaide, Adelaide Amelia Louisa Teresa Caroline, sister to the reigning Duke of Saxe Meiningen, was married to his present Majesty on the 11th of July, 1818.

Sunday, August 14.

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lessons for the Day.—2nd book of Kings, 5 ch. Morn.—2nd book of Kings, 9 ch. Evening.

August 14, 1835.—Expired Robert Hamilton, L.L.D. ET. 86.—This scholar was a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburg, and Professor of Mathematics in the Marschal College of Aberdeen, in which University he had been the long term of fifty years. His first chair was that of the Oriental languages, from which he was removed to that of Natural Philosophy in 1782, and finally in 1817, to that of Mathematics.

Monday, August 15.

Assumption of Our Lady.

Moon's First Quarter, 24m after 10 Morn.

It is a traditional belief that the body of the blessed Virgin Mary was raised by God soon after her death, and assumed to glory by a singular privilege, before the general resurrection: the numerous authorities for which holy assumption are recorded by the learned Butler in his Lives.

Barnaby Googe, imitating the churchish and ill-timed railery of Naogeorgus, thus describes the ancient ceremonies of this day:—

"The blessed Virgin Marie's feast hath here his place and time,
Wherein departing from the earth she did the heavens climb;
Great bundels then of hearbes to church, the people fast doe beare,
The which, against all hurtfull things, the priest doth hallow there.
Thus kindle they and nourish still the people's wickedness,
And vainly make them to believe whatsoever they expresse;
For sundrie witchcrafts by these hearbs are wrought, and divers charmes,
And cast into the fire, are thought to drive away all harmes,
And every painefull grieft from man, or beast, for to expell,
Far otherwise than Nature or the worde of God doth tell.

Tuesday, August 16.

St. Hyacinth, conf. A.D. 1257.

High Water 22m after 7 Morn.—47m after 7 After.

As in many parts, the wheat harvest must at this time be completed, a few words upon the custom of suffering "old age and infancy" to "pick up, each straggling ear," may not be ill-timed. Tusser says—

"Corn carried, let such as be poor go and glean,
And after, thy cattle, to mouth it up clean."

GLEANING is a very ancient practice, being founded on the Levitical law; but it has been much perverted from its original design, and has frequently been made an excuse for idleness, or furnished a temptation to pilfering. The poor, however, are very tenacious of their fancied rights; and when the corn is carried off the ground, but not till then, it would be uncharitable and inhuman to turn in cattle, before the aged and the infant paupers have had time "to glean the scattered ears that fall." As for those who are able to work, they ought never to be allowed this privilege, while hands are required.



THE CATHEDRAL OF ANTWERP, FROM THE CANAL AU BEURRE.

ANTWERP.

RECENT political changes having made Antwerp a place of great interest, we this week deviate from our usual line of illustration, to present the readers of the Olio with an Engraving of the Cathedral, &c. as seen from one of the principal streets.

The origin of Antwerp is obscure, and involved in fable: its name is derived from two Flemish words, *Handt*, hand, and *werpen*, to cast—from a legendary tale, that Salvius, a Brabanter, cut off the end of a giant named Antigonous, and

cast it into the river near the place where he dwelt; and certain festivals observed by the common people, in which they carry about the representation of a castle, and the figure of a giant, are by some gravely adduced as evidences of the fact, and still further corroborated by two hands in the armorial achievement of the city.

Antwerp is situate in that part of Brabant named the marquisate of Antwerp, on an extended plain on the eastern side of the Scheldt, which is here of sufficient depth to enable ships of large burden to discharge their car-

goes at the quay; being 360 fathoms wide, 30 feet deep at low water, and rising 15 feet at the height of the flood.

The city owed the commanding position which it long held in the commercial world to the decline of Bruges towards the close of the fifteenth century, and from the English merchants fixing their staple in it. Its commerce and consequent wealth were also increased by other circumstances:—the one, the grant of free fairs for commerce, of which there were two peculiarly remarkable; these lasted for six weeks, and were of such extended celebrity, that merchants from all parts of Christendom carried their goods thither: the other arose from the Portuguese using the town as a kind of emporium or half-way port between the northern and southern parts of Europe, to which they sent the rich produce of India that they had previously imported into Lisbon. At the commencement of the reign of Charles V. it was computed to contain 100,000 inhabitants: and such was that monarch's opinion of its power and influence, that when he had resolved upon establishing the tribunal of the inquisition in it, he was deterred by the information, that if he persisted in his resolution, all the English merchants would leave the country; for, upon enquiry, the emperor found that the English merchant adventurers employed or maintained at least 20,000 souls in Antwerp alone, besides 30,000 throughout the surrounding country.

The union of the Seven United Provinces may be looked on as the era of the commencement of the decline of Antwerp. The persecutions of the merciless Duke of Alva; the siege and sacking of the town by the Spaniards in 1572, when it was given up to plunder for three days and nights, and 7000 citizens were slaughtered; and afterwards its protracted siege of more than a year's duration by the Duke of Parma—forced much of its wealth and independence to seek an asylum in Holland, and more particularly in Amsterdam. The closing up of the river Scheldt completed its commercial ruin. The loss of their trade led the remaining inhabitants to turn their thoughts to manufactures, in many branches of which they have been very successful. Antwerp underwent its full share of the vicissitudes of war during the last two centuries. After the battle of Ramillies, it surrendered to the Duke of Marlborough: it was subsequently taken by the French, but restored to the Austrians by the treaty of Aix-la-

Chapelle. In the revolutionary war, it was twice taken by the French, and retained by them till the termination of the imperial government of that country. One of the first acts of the conquerors, after they had secured the occupation of the town, was to throw open the navigation of the Scheldt, by clearing away the obstructions placed there by the Dutch, and by declaring it to be a free port in future. The project was followed up by extensive preparations for enlarging the harbour, in order to make it a naval arsenal; docks and other extensive works were carried on with great vigour during the whole period of its connection with the French, notwithstanding an attempt made by the English in 1809 to destroy them. In 1814, it was a second time attacked by the English, who met with an obstinate resistance from the commandant, the celebrated Carnot. The docks suffered greatly during this last attack, but have since been repaired and carried on according to the original plan. One of the basins is capable of containing forty ships of the line.

The magistracy of Antwerp is selected out of seven noble families; and consists of two burgomasters, eighteen echevins, and other inferior officers. Among the privileges of the city is one of some singularity, which gives its freedom to every individual born within its precincts, without any regard to the descent or birthplace of the parents.

The city is nearly a semicircle, of about seven miles round. It was defended by the citadel, built by the Duke of Alva to overawe the inhabitants. The whole appearance of its public buildings, streets, and houses, affords the most incontestible evidence of its former splendour. Many instances of the immense wealth of its merchants are recorded: among others, it is said that when Charles V. once dined with one of the chief magistrates, his host immediately after dinner threw into the fire a bond for two millions of ducats, which he had received as security for a loan to that monarch, saying that he was more than repaid by the honour of being permitted to entertain his sovereign.

The most remarkable of the streets is the Place de Mer, said to be unequalled by any in Europe for its great length, its still more unusual breadth, and the extraordinary sumptuousness of its houses. A crucifix, thirty-three feet high, made from a demolished statue of the Duke of Alva, stands at one end of the street; but the eye of taste is offended here and elsewhere by

the great intermixture of dwellings of the lowest description with splendid palaces.—The quays present a noble appearance: they are richly planted, and form one of the most favourite promenades. In the neighbourhood of the basins for shipping, is a square building, 230 feet long each way, intended as a place of merchandize for the Oosterling or Hanseatic towns of Germany.

Besides the canals usual in all Dutch towns, others of an extraordinary construction are to be found here. They are carried on wholly underground, having been excavated at the expense of individuals, in order to convey in small boats, to their storehouses, the goods which had been brought in by the usual conveyance of the open canals. They are now used as sewers.

The town hall, in the great market-place, is a spacious building, having its front adorned with statues. It was rebuilt in 1581, the period of the commercial downfall of the city. This building contains the public library, which is not remarkable for the number or rarity of its books. It also contains a fine collection of paintings. The royal palace in the Place de Mer, which had been fitted up for the residence of Bonaparte, contains also some fine paintings. The Exchange,—a large, but by no means an elegant structure,—has served as a model for those of Amsterdam and London.

Of the places of public worship, the cathedral is by far the most noble. It is 500 feet long, 230 wide, and 360 high: its erection occupied a period of ninety-six years. The spire is 466 feet in height. According to the original design, another of equal dimensions was to have been erected on the other side of the great entrance. But after having been carried up to a certain height, the work was discontinued; yet, notwithstanding this defect in uniformity, it is thought that the want of the second spire adds to the simple grandeur of that which has been completed. This church contains many fine paintings, mostly by Rubens: that of the taking down of our Saviour from the cross, in which the figures are as large as life, is universally considered his masterpiece. It also contains the monuments of Ambrose Capello, seventh bishop of the sea; those of Moretus the printer, the successor of Plantin; of Plantin himself, and of Van Delft. Outside its walls is the tomb of Quinten Matsys, originally a blacksmith, but who, on being refused the daughter of Flors the painter till he had proved

himself a painter also, laboured with incessant assiduity till he overcame the old man's scruples, and ultimately surpassed him in his favourite art. Near the tomb is a pump, the iron-work of which is said to have been wrought by Matsys before his transformation. In this cathedral Henry VIII. of England; together with the then kings of France, Denmark, Portugal, Poland, Bohemia, and the Romans, were made knights of the order of the Golden Fleece, by Philip II. of Spain in the year 1555.

The church of St. James contains the tomb of the great Rubens: it is of black marble, simple in design, but most appropriately adorned with one of that master's own paintings. The windows of this church are much admired.

The church of St. Paul, or of the Dominicans, has in it some works of Rubens and Vandyke; particularly the scourging of Christ, by the former. But it is more frequently visited to see a representation of Mount Calvary near its entrance. On descending into a cavity in the rock, intended to represent the place of our Saviour's sufferings, the body of Christ is seen laid out on a tomb, and covered with a shroud of silk; the walls around are painted to resemble the flames of purgatory, and the figures of those suffering its torments. The whole is executed in a coarse style, almost bordering on the grotesque; yet, situate as it is, it seldom fails to produce a solemn effect.

At the academy of fine arts, upwards of 1000 students receive gratuitous instruction in painting and its kindred arts. The academy is held in some of the departments of the museum, where also there is a fine collection of pictures and of casts. A public annual exhibition is held here alternately with Brussels and Ghent; prizes are distributed; and the successful pictures are purchased by the cities to which the victors belong, to be lodged in their public collections, as rewards to the successful candidates, and as excitements to others.

Antwerp boasts of being the native place of Lionel, the third son of Edward III., as also of Rubens, Vandyke, the two Teniers, father and son, Snijders, the famous landscape painter, Joerdans, the celebrated disciple of Rubens, Ortelius, the able geographer of the 16th century, Gramaye, the historian of the Netherlands, Volterman, the celebrated engraver, who was patronized by our Charles I. and executed many plates for him in England, and Rysbrach the sculptor, who also sought

the congenial soil of England to exercise his genius and talent. Many more facts might be adduced, but sufficient has been said to show that from its earliest state, Antwerp has been a place of first-rate importance, and has produced a long list of characters who have conferred the greatest benefits upon society by their worth, skill, and talents.

Antwerp is 28 miles N. of Brussels, and 30 N.E. of Ghent.

TOPCLIFFE FAIR:
AN IMITATION OF BLOOMFIELD.

For the Ollo.

That time is past, and all its giddy rapture!
Wordsworth.

The blue-bell bright, the cowslip meek,
How do they to my spirit speak
Of times unknown to toil and care,
When folk went laughing to the fair!

Along the road where closely twine
The ivy and the eglantine,
Where sturdy oaks the woodbine bear,
Which scent the path to Topcliffe Fair.

Where shady booths along the swale
Were fill'd with jolly folks and ale;
And many a smiling face was there,
Which forty years had seen the fair.

When Walker's cottage was to me
A paradise of cakes and tea;
As, seated in their elbow-chair,
I laugh'd and talk'd about the fair.

Though Walker's cottage now be gone,
And their sweet garden lost and lone—
Though friends are few, and smiles are rare,
Yet still I'll *think* on Topcliffe Fair.

Years o'er that time their shade may cast,
And mar the picture of the past;
Yet mem'ry shall the rent repair,
And often dwell on Topcliffe Fair!
G. Y. H—n.

FIRST THOUGHTS IN FIELDS.

For the Ollo.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

No dainty flower or herb that grows on
ground,

No arboret, with painted blossomes drest,
And smelling sweete, but there it might be
found

T'e bad od' faire, and throwe her sweete smels
all around.

No tree whose branches did not bravely
spring,

No branch whereon a fine bird did not sitt,
No bird but did her shrill notes sweetly sing,

No song but did containe a lovely ditt,
Trees, branches, birds and songs were
fram'd fitt

For to allure—

Faery Queens, b. 2. c. 6.

In the grand pages of the Hebrew
Froissart, Josephus, you hear for ever
of the vineyards, the gardens, the groves,
the orchards, the terraced hedges, and
parterres, below the towery mounts of
Jerusalem. Herod's monuments, Queen
Helena's pillar, the sepulchral caverns

of the kings of the Scopus or Prospect,
the Tower of Antonia, the Woman's
Gate, &c. but especially the paragoned
magnificence of the white sun-gilded
Temple, are all so repeatedly and so
familiarily brought before the mind's
eye, that to me it is like a dreamy re-
presentation of scenes well-known to
me in a bygone existence,—a recollection
of loved vestiges,—a revisiting of
long-left haunts. Flavius must have
deeply drank in the lamented beauties
of the Royal City:—many a sunrise
must he have watched as it gilded the
groves of the Mount of Olives, trembling
to the morning breeze; many a flaming-
noon, as it hung in breathless glare
over the gorgeous edifices of the glisten-
ing city; and many an evening, while
the red orb laved with tranquil splen-
dour the shrubby precipices of blue-
flowing cedron, or dwelt in ruddy sheets
upon the gigantic towers and gateways
of the walls.

But who can tell the train of chec-
quered and overwhelming thoughts,
that, like a retinue of clouds rolling up
the sky, half lustre with the sun, half
blackness with the tempest, filled the
heart of the historian, patriot and sol-
dier on such occasions? The stern and
dignified chronicle of Salem's siege and
fall had no place for them; yet, doubt-
less, they arose in his soul—they flowed
forth, perhaps, in speech. There is at
all events a gorgeous and pathetic drama
of our own age and country, which ever
and anon *speaks* as we may conceive
he of Jotapata *felt*. Amidst a hundred
passages of similar beauty, I have one
now before me—*one*, which I do not,
at this moment, remember to have seen
equalled.

When yet a laughing child,
It was my sport to thread that broken stair,
That, from our house, leads down to the vale,
By which, in ancient days, the maidens stole,
To bathe in the cool fountain's secret waters;
In each wild olive trunk and twisted root
Of sycamores, with ivy overgrown,
I have nestled, and the flowers would seem to
welcome me.

I loved it with a child's capricious love,
Because none knew it but myself. Its lon-
giness

I loved, for still, my sole companions there,
The doves sat murmuring in the noonday sun.
Ah! now there broods no bird of peace and
love!

Even as I passed, a sullen vulture rose,
And heavily it flapped its huge wings o'er me,
As though o'ergorged with blood of Israel.

How greatly would the sphere of our
pleasures be extended, were we not
ashamed of being *easily pleased*? I,
for one, would thank from my inmost
heart the man who, pleased himself,
(albeit with what the world slights as

insignificant,) shews me so pleasantly *how* and *why* he is pleased, that I catch the contagion.

The lover who, in the zenith of his impassioned feelings, were to divulge their character and effects to the world, would dread to be esteemed little better than a fool; yet to *him* the very extravagances of his adoration are a perpetual source of delight. Even thus it is with many in their admiration of *nature*; they would not, for all its wealth, let the *world* know the sacred, the absorbing passion they have for her. They would expect ridicule, or at least no sympathy, with the enthusiasm which could kindle at the sight of a hawthorn bank in spring, spreading its pale green branches over a tufted bed of ground ivy, or a narrow mosaic mill-stream, or a minute carpet of common meadow flowers. We are but in a fool's paradise, however, if while we babble of green fields, we flatter ourselves fondly upon our superior and exclusive conceptions of rural beauties,—but forget in the meanwhile that they unfold themselves to the humblest eye. The ploughman, the woodcutter, the reaper, more commonly want words to *express* than powers to *apprehend* the marvels and the charms with which they are daily conversant. The peasant whom I heard the other day calling the clouds the most handsomest things in nature, pronounced an enlogium which, in point of *fact*, no poet or rhetorician could have exceeded. And why should not I see how a little patchwork of my rural experiences would look in print. Thousands would do it *better*, but it is pleasure enough for me to do it *at all*.

I passed a delightful night in the old Porch Chamber at WYRLEY GROVE,—the wind sweeping over the chesnut-trees against the projecting lattice, and the rain streaming on the rustling ivy, as I sank to sleep, or occasionally awoke from grandly pictured dreams. I was up and out of doors soon after dawn, for I had business of importance that hurried me away. I was the first to disturb the republic of the rookery;—a vast whirring among the branches, a stormy clangor of wings, a deafening chorus of cawing, and a general upsoaring of myriad negro plumes, took place in the broad tree-top domain. After a few gyrations, away they flew, deserting the mighty ball-crested gables and gates of the old manor hall. Far behind they left the stately porch, in dignified shadow, reserving its huge coat of arms to be emblazoned by noontide; far behind

they left the towery cupola—the great square dial—the row of venerable walnuts, obumbrating the granary and stables; far behind the vast old garden, with its formal citadel of turf walks and turf wall, and yew hedges, and arbours, and the mulberry tree, and the fig-tree, and the fountain, and the old beech-embosomed water tower, and the old pavilion in the grove, grown as green as the boughs above it;—me, too, they left far behind, casting an idle gape after them, as I plodded my unwilling way over Cannock heath.

There the huge reservoir half dry, and weltering, like a disjointed mammoth, on the shingly strand,—the scattered houses, where the horse-chenut shook from its prickly pod the red mahogany-looking nut,—and the wild pear tree disclosed its fruitage of delicate vermilion and amber,—the old straggling homestead on the border of the moor, with its unwieldy chimnies, its moss-furred granary,—its fence of bulky trees, (comfort enhanced by nestling in the howling neighbourhood of the wilderness!) each in turn arrested my vagrant eye; when, lo, the east assumed its glories. First, burnishing the steely horizon of twilight, was seen a general suffusion of orange, with bars of black: these vanished, and a deep and delicate rose colour succeeded; which forthwith was laeod with broad masses of bright pea-green,—when the whole subsided into a dullish yellow. I was now on a hill immediately overlooking Lichfield. There was an old hovel between a leafless ash of snaky bows and an ivied oak, thick rustling in its brown foliage,—beneath them the sun rose!

The effect on the valley as the rising ray caught the countless farms and cottages, as they lay widely scattered in its bosom, was most beautiful, investing their red and white fabrics with form and life from amidst the shadowy purple mists, in which their woods and meads still lay drowned. The Minster steeples, pinnacles and crockets were yellowed over; the pool, as I approached it, lay wide and waveless, enamelled with the blended colouring of temple, mansion, grove and sky; while the great painted window of the Lady's Chapel flashed back the beam with all the colours of the jewelled windows in Aladdin's palace. I turned to the moon, which had hung silvery bright when I commenced my journey—she was become a pallid phantom, dissolving in tearful mists.

The MORNING BELLS produced a sin-

gular and striking effect, for the very instant that the lord giant of day, rending asunder the violet and vermilion curtain of his chamber, rushed forth and reigned, the city clocks struck, and the three principal campaniles swung forth the peals of their corybantine-brass. First, the Cathedral, from her enormous belfry, hurled forth a rangaclang that swelled in solemn grandeur, the pompous tones heavily brooding over her palace and prebendal map-sions. Then from her green hill did merry St. Michael's let her hilarious chimes gush down her tall elm avenue on the wings of the morning. Last of all, St. Mary's, from her white Roman tower, peeled her wild changes over the high Townhall and the steep houses of the market-place; and at last all the three belfries thundered in one sublime diapason. But, oh! how faintly then athwart the sunny air came the crazy chimes from the ivy clusters and gray loopholes of ancient Chadstow's reverend turret!—feebly crooning round the gables of her clattering mill, they gathered silver melody as they swept the blue lake to fill up the pause of the other belfries. The tremulous and uncertain sounds were scarcely louder than the crystal echo of her sainted well, what time the autumnal blast shakes the red apple into its mossy cistern, from the orchards that embower it in rank luxuriance.

One beautiful summer morning, I watched the broad tower and oriel gable of Chadstow from below the last tree in the great alley of chesnuts and flowering lime-trees leading to Curborough hall. A huge maple overhanging the rivulet hid the body of the church, but the large gothic window at one end, and the campanile at the other, were lacquered over by the calm yellow radiance of the matin sun. The smooth and verdant turf, swelling into soft hillocks, and variegated with urns, altartombs, and blue and gold floured tablets, sloped gently from the mossy buttresses to the sparkling brook, on whose brink an intertwining row of lofty elms and planetrees formed a vast screen of shadow. To their massive pomp a pleasant contrast was exhibited by a belt of silver-shafted birch trees, gallantly arrayed by the church-yard wall,—their delicate feathery sprays dancing daintily in the gale, and their pale tinkling leaves sparkling in the sun.

Phalanxes of martlets were wheeling and *skirling* round the ancient mantled

temple-tower, and in the arch of its highest loop-hole that severed the gray sunny masonry with a moulded orifice of blackest gloom, a cooing wood-pigeon newly alighted, stood relieved by its gleamy plumage against the dark interior. After a moment, flying into the belfry, it vanished like a spirit from the lustrous air into the cool deep shadows within.

It is quite a brilliant spectacle (as I peer from the fields into the old Moat-garden) to behold the pageant of butterflies on the great lavender bed. This hot dry summer has called them forth in myriads; and they float over the tall gray spires, or poise themselves on the purple turrets of their city of sweets, in every pattern and colour of magnificence—a rich array of black and yellow, blue and white; proudly conspicuous being the gorgeous raiment of orange, scarlet, brown and purple embroidery, which blazes to the sun on the glorious pinions of their king, the leopard moth. A million soft zephyrs lend purest airs to their brilliant wings; and their noiseless but incessant flutter and wave are strongly contrasted to the sonorous hum and steady persevering business-like movements of the bee, who plods amidst their gallant company like an industrious merchant, plying his gainful trade amidst the damask attire and blazoned bannerets of revelling lords and dames.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.—BY JOHN CLARE.

The sallow catkins, once all downy white,
Rival the sunshine with their golden light:
The rocking clown leans o'er the rustic rail,
Feasting his vacant fancy with the sight:
The white the blackcap doth his ear assail
With such a brack and potent matin-song,
He half begins to think the nightingale
Hath in her monthly reckoning counted wrong.
Sweet "jug—jug—jug"—comes loud upon his
ear,

Those sounds that unto May by right belong,
Yet on the hawthorn bush no flowers appear;
How can it be? spell-struck the brown-cheek'd
boy

Listens again—again the sound he hears—
And mocks it in his song for very joy.

Eng. Mag.

A PASSAGE IN A GAMESTER'S LIFE.

I have somehow got into France, without intending it. I have many recollections of France; but few of them either vivid or pleasing; but as I have no intention of returning to France after having crossed the Pyrenees, I may as well sketch one scene which, although

backneyed both in its locality and its subject, I would not willingly let slip from my memory.

Something—I forget what—had depressed me; and by way of excitement I strolled up the Boulevard Italienne, turned into the Rue de Richelieu, and then into the Court of Frescatia. It was about ten o'clock, a rainy night, and the court was only lighted by the lamps placed under the arcade. The plashing of the rain prevented my footsteps from being heard; and just as I was about to enter the arcade, I saw a young man, with whose countenance and name I was not unacquainted, come down the stair, and pausing under the porch, he emptied his pockets, and counted his money. He stood for a few moments irresolute; he had evidently been a gainer; and was debating with himself, whether he ought to be contented, or might not, by following up his good fortune, perhaps double his gains. The love of excitement prevailed (for I believe it is seldom that the gambler is incited by love of money) and he retraced his steps up stairs; I followed, and entered the room after him. A gambling table is a strange picture of human character, and it is a curious fact that the real anxiety of players is in inverse ratio to the apparent interest they shew in the game. He who sits still, and keeps his eyes upon the dealer, to see the fate of his stake, is less agitated, less anxious than him who affects to have his attention otherwise occupied while the cards are dealing, and seems only to have his attention called by the final announcement. He again is calm in mind, compared with the player who cannot remain upon his seat, but who, throwing down his stake with seeming unconcern, leaves the room, and only returns to see whether it be doubled, or swept away. But to return—my young friend, for such I may call him, again played eagerly with various success—but at length lost his last piece. He asked a loan from the man, who, with powdered hair and hands behind his back, stands at the window ready to advance money to those whom he knows, but being unacquainted with this young man, the loan was refused—and he walked into the garden. I followed him down the dark walk to the lamp at the farther end. I saw him lean for a moment against the wall, and he then drew a pen-knife from his pocket, and was about to open it when I started forward. “Mr. L.” I said.

“Ah!” said he, suddenly putting the

knife in his pocket; “I did not see you in the room.” “Upon one condition,” said I, “I will lend you 500 francs.” He sat down at the foot of the wall and burst into tears. “R—,” said he, after a few moments, “you have saved me from self-murder; ten days ago my father gave me a hundred pounds to come here to pay my medical classes, and to maintain me for four months. I have gambled it all away in two nights—I have not a sous left, and I had resolved —”

“No matter what you resolved,” said I, “here are 500 francs upon condition—that whether you win or lose them, I shall be your banker while you remain in Paris.” I knew that to have endeavoured to exact a promise without giving myself a title to exact it, would have been useless; for the gambler, however he may curse fortune or upbraid himself, never fails to imagine that one stake more would have retrieved his losses. L— gave me the promise I required, and we returned to the room. He threw down his bill upon the red, saying, “*la moitié*,” the black came up, and L— was now worth only twelve louis and a half. We passed into the other room, the ball on the roulette-table had just rested in No. 36. “*Messieurs faites vos jeux*,” said the man; the ball was whirled round, and L— clapped down his money upon No. 36—and the next moment the ball fell a second time into that number, and L— put into his pocket nearly nine thousand francs.

“Let’s go sup at *Riche’s*,” said he, putting my arm within his; and we did sup at *Riche’s*, and there he gave me his gainings, of which, I every week during his residence in Paris, gave him a hundred francs. Upon what trifling circumstances hang the greatest events—even the choice of life and death. If I had not felt depressed that evening, or if I had gone to the opera, as I at one time intended, an excellent father would certainly have lost an amiable son, and society a useful member; for L— now practices medicine with success in his native town.

Monthly Mag.

LOCH ASCOY.

IN THE ISLE OF BUTE, NEAR ROTHSAY.
For the Olio.

Well! thou lone water! have I words for
thee—
Have I a salutation?—have I praise
To sing or say in metric prose, or verse
Unmetrical? Can I extol thy banks
Magnificently mountainous, or rich
In short bright verdure; or the plummy pomp
Of woods; or golden villas or white farms,

Glancing between their waving vistas? No!
 'Tis but a dull and barren shore at best:
 The stubble, though its corn might once have
 waved

In balmy splendour, looks but dreary now;
 And that east hill, with its lone clump of pines
 Tall wavering in the wind, above the burnt
 And grass-enwreathed cabin, only tells
 Of some rude peasant driven from his hearth,
 Where he at night came welcomed by his wife
 And prattling child,—and what are woes like
 these

To sentimental travellers? Yet, stay,
 I will not pass thee, modest rippling lake,
 Without this honest praise:—

Thy waves are free—
 Free from the scribbling or repling tribe,
 Who make the breasts of prouder waters groan
 (Borne in the hireling barge) with their complaints

And disappointments; or, far worse than these,
 Make their majestic echoes sick with strains
 Of maudlin praise, or high-flown eulogy,
 And damn them with exaggerated verse.

H. GUILFORD.

THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

For the Olio.

HOME—we shall soon be home! was the joyful sound which ran through the British army in the South of France, when its successful career was stopped by the cessation of arms, previous to the final arrangement of the terms of peace by the belligerent powers: to none came the word more welcome than to Lieutenant Tremayne; lying on a bed of sickness, severely wounded and tired of the scenes of blood he had witnessed, home had more charms for him than to many other persons. Animated with the enthusiasm which pervaded all classes of society, at the time when the struggle for liberty against the tyranny of France had almost entirely rested with Britain, Arthur Tremayne entered the British army as a volunteer in one of the regiments about to embark for Portugal, he took upon him the profession of arms from the pure motive of resisting tyranny and oppression, and to give his aid to a people striving to repel a foreign invader who sought to banish freedom from the world. With this idea in his mind, he was the foremost in every engagement in which his regiment took a part, and acted on all occasions as became a British soldier; but when he saw the deadly hatred of man against man, the secret murderous attacks, and the demoniac rage which influenced the contending parties, the scathed and ruined villages, and all the horrors of protracted warfare, he sickened at the carnage and misery by which he was surrounded, and sighed once more to behold the peaceful and happy home he had left in his native land.

But he was doomed to have his fill of horrors even to loathing, and though he was not deficient of the desire to win renown, yet to obtain peace, and to see the fine, fertile country, now lying waste, once more cultivated by a contented and cheerful peasantry, he would have given up all worldly glory and honour to accomplish it. Singular as it may appear, he saw the British army enter Lisbon, and pass throughout the whole of Spain—as at Albuera, Badajoz, Salamanca, and Vittoria, without receiving a wound, or suffering anything beyond what the ordinary course of events might have occasioned—but the moment the army entered the French territory, and the peace he wished for was hourly expected to put an end to the war, in almost the last engagement under the walls of Bayonne, a cannon-ball struck him in the leg, and he fell amongst a heap of dead and wounded.

Unable to move from where he lay, and suffering the most acute pain from his wound, he saw the battle raging around, and was exposed to the fire of both parties: as the place where he fell was of importance, the possession of it was warmly contested, and in the continued advance and retreat of the troops he was trampled on without any regard to the anguish inflicted, and expected death every moment from some of those who in wanton cruelty mangled and cut the wounded and helpless soldiers with their sabres. The battle at last ceased. He had remained in this situation the whole day, and now night came on with all the horrors of rapine and murder the field of battle is witness to after the combat; but Arthur Tremayne saw it not, he knew not the fate of many of his comrades in whom life still remained, and who were mercilessly deprived of existence by the marauders, fearful of interruption in their work of plunder; for, faint with the loss of blood, he was not conscious of his situation, and was for some time in the friendly care of one of the neighbouring peasantry, who, forgetting national animosities, had kindly taken him under his roof, and given him every attention and comfort his situation afforded: it was here he heard the joyful intelligence of peace, and the sound of home which echoed from every quarter.

The pleasing anticipation of returning to his home—to the friends he had left, and the scenes of his earliest days, on which his memory delighted to rest, for they brought to recollection the

brightest and happiest season of his life, cheered Tremayne in his anguish, and enabled him to bear his misfortune as a man and a christian; he knew that in his native village he should meet with many friends, and there was one above all he wished to behold—one who had breathed a prayer for his safety when he left England, and whom he still hoped thought of him. The chances of war, the continual change of place, and the difficulty of communication with Britain, had prevented his hearing from her for some time, but the confidence he had in her affection, was a beacon-light which bore him through the stormy path he trod, and pointed out from the darkness which enveloped him the accomplishment of his desires, and the road to happiness.

The month of June, 1814, will be long remembered as the termination of a protracted and ruinous war, and the announcement of a general peace among the nations of Europe. The good people of D— had been celebrating the joyful intelligence; the bells were merrily ringing, the inhabitants were assembled in parties, talking over the blessings of peace, the girls were thinking on the return of their sweet-hearts from the wars, and not a heart but what enjoyed the prospect with pleasurable anticipations,—when a chaise (a rare occurrence at D—,) drove rapidly through the village, and stopped at the door of Goodman Tremayne; speculation and conjecture were instantly on foot to discover who and what were its contents; they were soon set at rest, for in a moment a military officer, by the help of a crutch, descended and entered the house—it was Arthur, their son, returned once more to bless the old couple by his presence; but their hearts sunk within them when they observed the paleness of his countenance, and the weakness of his whole frame. The old dame bustled about, and got a glass of cordial to strengthen him, the pride of her old days,—and the father moved with greater celerity than he had exhibited for many years, to get an easy chair, that he might rest his wounded limb.

That evening was a season of triumph to the old couple; their son was returned from fighting his country's battles, with the honourable badges of distinction, gained in a cause worthy a Briton; even his wound was talked of with proud exultation, and his battles were fought over again in the kitchen, by the old man and some friends who

dropped in to wish him joy. To give the subject more effect, they made an attack on the ale and cyder as firm and determined as ever was attempted by mortal man, inflamed with a desire to show his good will towards his neighbour in marvellous large draughts of good old mellow October, while volumes of smoke issued from a battery of pipes enough to give some idea of the smother arising from the discharge of several pieces of artillery. While this was doing below, the person whose feats were so much talked of lay quietly in a little room over their heads, with a heart overflowing with gratitude to that kind providence which had permitted him to return and be the comfort of those who in childhood watched over his head, and passed many anxious hours on his account; they now stood in need of his support, though even that support was feeble.

The next morning, Tremayne arose refreshed and invigorated by the repose he had enjoyed: once more he took his seat at the little breakfast-table, and though three years had passed since he last occupied that place, it appeared but as a dream, and the troubled scenes of war and desolation he had witnessed were but as the visions of the night; but there was something wanted—something looked for, the want of which rendered him uneasy, and evidently engrossed his whole attentions; it caused him to be inattentive to the questions of the old couple, who were anxious to make him comfortable, and who had discovered that there was a cause of uneasiness, and tried to find it out. Their endeavours were useless; it lay not with them, but from without, for the door never opened, or a foot-step approached, but it could be plainly seen some one was expected. Was it the doctor's daughters, who came full of smiles and empty compliments?—or the parson's niece, languishing, and ready to fall in love with the first hero she could find?—or the sister of the lawyer, grave and solemn, with thoughts soaring to heaven, drinking inspiration from the glorious sun, or the tender moon? No! they all came, and were kindly received, but the restless eye of the soldier showed he was unsatisfied—there was one looked for, who came not.

After breakfast, Tremayne silently took his crutch, and proceeded through the village to see the alterations of three years, and call on those old friends who were unable to leave their

homes to come and welcome him: house after house was visited, yet there was one he appeared afraid to enter, although it seemed to possess the power of attraction, for, spite of opposition and something like reluctance, he found himself at the door without for a moment seeming aware of his proximity. It was the house of the Widow Ross, one of his earliest friends, and the home of some one more than a friend—the being in whom all his hopes centered—her daughter Jane; she had seen his approach, and came to meet him: there was more in the few words she spoke than in all the fine speeches about heroism told him in the morning; and in the full round tear which trembled in her eye, the tear through which a smile beamed in affectionate recognition, there was a tale told which spoke more eloquently to the heart, than the parade of elegant compliment, frequently so liberally bestowed without ever conveying any thing but empty sound. Mutual enquiries and explanations soon renewed the feelings they had formerly felt for each other. Arthur's countenance (a sure index to his mind,) pointed out the tranquillity within, and in a short time, he was exactly on the same footing as in former days, though Jane could not help looking with anxiety on the pale cheek, the effects of his recent illness, and affectionately enquired of him could she at all promote his return to health.

It was evening when the invalid left the cottage to return home, and the next and succeeding mornings he was again an early visitor; the widow, now very weak and infirm, would sit in the warm sunshine in the porch of her little mansion, and listen to the details of engagements in which their visitor had taken a part: the eye of the daughter told the interest she took in them, and the narrator seemed full as eager to give pleasure by the account of his adventures.

In a few months Tremayne entirely recovered his health, and besides this, had made such good use of his time, as to obtain the consent of Jane Ross to unite her fortunes with him—to the manifest dismay of the doctor's daughters, the parson's niece, and the lawyer's sister,—all of whom had marked him as a prize; but in possession of the heart he had gained, the soldier finds more real pleasure than when surrounded with the pomp and panoply of war, and receiving the hollow smiles of heartless flatterers. At D— may

be seen the *Soldier's Home*, where he quietly passes through life, envying and injuring none, but doing good to all. Many a time may the traveller be seen to linger near his dwelling, for, though simple and unadorned with architectural ornament, there is a charm, a quiet feeling of repose about it, that it seems rather the abode of something beyond that of an earthly being, and finely illustrates that sentence of holy writ which says, "How beautiful are the feet of them who bring glad tidings of peace." J. S. C.

THE COINERS OF BRACKENBRUFF.

For the Olio.

Concluded from page 53.

POOR Oliver was now placed in a dilemma in which he knew not how to act. Whether it were best to face his brothers, and confess the discovery he had made, or to abruptly leave his native spot, and seek an engagement in a ship, were with him questions of no solvable quality. By the persuasion of his relative, however, he decided to act upon the former, and to meet Henry and Ploughwell, as though nothing had happened to throw the least suspicion on their conduct. Accordingly, in a few days, Oliver made his appearance again at the farm, with his hand in a sling, which he explained as arising from an accident that had occurred through the bursting of a fowling-piece; but the true origin of which was well known to his brothers, they having discovered the blood spilt around the trap-door of their secret depository. Nevertheless, they studiously adhered to the wily course which they had observed from the beginning, and to Oliver pretended an utter unconsciousness of what had taken place.

The three brothers had dined together, and were seated around the old elm-table of the farm-house kitchen, on which were placed the intoxicating bottles of ardent spirit, which had usurped the place of the foaming can of ale that distinguished the hospitality of their true-hearted father—and the substitution for which was quite in keeping with the depraved habits of Henry and Ploughwell. The conversation reverted to the accident that had befallen Oliver,—Henry giving a facetious and sarcastic turn to the dialogue on the subject.

"Ha, ha! Master Oliver," said he, "so you were training for a marine:

Egad! your first lesson was an unfortunate one; I hope your second may be less so. Did ye fire fore or aft, my boy?"

"Shiver me! but that is the slang of a red-coat, brother Harry," said Oliver, colouring up; "had I had as many pops at the Scotch devils, through the port-holes of an old hulk of a barn, as you, I should know how to tackle a firelock with the best o' ye."

"Whose gun was it?" abruptly asked Ploughwell.

This was a staggering interrogation to Oliver, and one to which he was at a loss to reply—invention, however, befriended him.

"I had it of our cousin Hanley," said he, "who borrowed it of his skipper."

"Well, don't ye mind it, Oliver," said his brother Henry; "they shall not have the laugh against ye any more for not knowing the muzzle-end from the but. I myself will instruct you how to shoot, with a vengeance."

Oliver answered not, but brooded upon the dubious meaning of this reply; whilst Henry and Ploughwell plied him with importunities to empty his glass and re-fill it; but he was cautious, and partook of it sparingly. The evening was far advanced, and the sky was speckled with a few pale stars, heralding the rising of the moon, while the brothers still kept to their glasses around the substantial board. Suddenly Henry pretended to recollect an important engagement which he said he had made with a neighbouring farmer, about a mile on the Brackenbruff side from Kirkby-Wiske. He invited Oliver to call on him there, on his way to the village, directing him to take the path through a certain copse, where he intended to waylay and murder him. Oliver, not suspecting any violence, promised to attend to his directions; and Henry, thus assured, went and selected one of his best fowling-pieces, and, providing himself also with powder and ball, set off for the scene of conflict.

The night was fine, and the wide extent of country visible from the declivities of Brackenbruff was covered, in its slacks and hollows, by the swelling waters of the Wiske, which, owing to the copious rains, had overflowed its banks, forming the grand appearance, in its course, over impeding hills, and its settlement in wood-shadowed dells, of impetuous cascades and extensive lakes,—the unsettled torrent now dash-

ing down the woodland steep, and now subsiding into tranquil repose.

Henry stole into the copse, and climbing a well-clad tree, overhanging Oliver's path, he loaded and primed, and patiently awaited his coming. His motive for effectually ridding himself and Ploughwell of the company of Oliver was two-fold; in the first place, he flattered himself that Oliver's affection was a guarantee for his not immediately communicating the details of what he had seen, and therefore, to silence him in time was safe and politic. In the second place, he vainly thought that the murder of Oliver would secure to them undisturbed possession of the little estate, and stifle all whisperings on the subject.

A long period elapsed before the sailor made his appearance; at last Henry espied him in the pasture skirting the copse, looking for the stile that led into it. Oliver having made the discovery, entered the plantation, and sauntering leisurely along, his feet became entangled in the long grass, which Henry had pulled over from each side the path, and made a noose of in the middle, for the purpose of more effectually obstructing his victim. It had the intended effect—Oliver was tripped up, and lay sprawling on the ground. This was Henry's opportunity—he cocked the fowling-piece, and took aim, but, owing to the dampness of the powder, it missed fire. He cursed his own carelessness for not having better prepared himself, and, with the greatest expedition, re-primed: but Oliver had taken the alarm, and, having disengaged his arm from the sling, was making swift progress to the fields on the opposite side of the copse, two of which intervened between the wood and the highway leading from the neighbouring market-town.

Henry quickly descended the tree, and ran after him; but his murderous career was on the verge of its fatal finish. He climbed the tall edge of the plantation, and in his perturbation and hurry, negligently allowed the piece to drag behind him, which, becoming entangled in the closely-twisted thorns, he pulled at it, the muzzle-end being towards him: this indiscretion cost the fratricide his life—the piece went off, and lodged its mortal contents in his heart. He fell backwards amongst the prickly briars, gave a loud groan, and expired.

Oliver heard the report, and the dying groan of his guilty brother, and re-

traced his steps to the spot. The scene which there presented itself was that of Ploughwell raising the body of his brother. So bitter were the accusations and upbraidings which fell from the lips of Oliver, that they had the effect of rousing the revenge of the fierce and unpolished farmer, and he snatched up Henry's relinquished piece, and, swinging it round, he aimed a sanguine blow at Oliver with the but-end; but the latter, though not equal to Ploughwell in strength, was his superior in activity—he crouched down and evaded the blow intended for him, and closing with Ploughwell, suddenly wrenched the fowling-piece from him, and threw it amongst the brushwood in the copse. They now furiously grappled with each other, and Oliver, terribly incapacitated by his maimed hand, and feeling his inferiority in strength, called out "murder."

Their loud altercation had already attracted from the road an eccentric being named Tom Brown—whose late potatoes were generally the cause of its being midnight ere he returned from market. He was on his way to the fatal copse, and the cry of Oliver quickened his steps. Tom was more remarkable for strength of lungs, and a talent for vapouring, than for courage. He quavered about, with his large thorn stick uplifted, in order to intimidate Ploughwell to desist; whilst his eccentric and puffy figure, bare, hairy chest, and long, red beard, seen by the light of the moon, had a strange effect on the beholder.

"D—n thee, thou thief!" said he to Ploughwell, seeing he was *undermost*, "I'll gi' thee a lick o' the head, if I be hung for't!"—which declaration he made good, by striking him a stunning blow on the scalp, rendering him completely passive.

"We have been yard-arm to yard-arm so long," said Oliver, holding up his mangled hand, "that I was nearly being boarded. But however, good Tom, say no more about this grappling and here's a guinea for ye."

Oliver's good intentions were frustrated: the vociferations of Tom Brown, and the noise of the brothers' struggling, had brought some other persons to the spot, amongst whom were some neighbouring farmers, who had been startled from their pillows by the noise. Ploughwell was secured, and removed in their custody, and the body of Henry was left to be viewed by the coroner and jury, who sat on it next day, and

returned a verdict in accordance with the obvious accident.

The sequel may be soon told; the farm-house of Brackenbruff, in consequence of the disclosures of the brothers' kinsman of Kirkby-Wiske, was searched, and Ploughwell was tried on the capital charge of counterfeiting the king's specie,—convicted, and hanged. Oliver took undisturbed possession of what before had been his partial right, and maintained a good character to the end of his life. The spot on which the body of Ploughwell was gibbeted, is still known by the name of "Busby-Stoup;"—to pass which, after nightfall, appals the most stout-hearted of the peasantry. Even the redoubtable Farmer Rummans, when detained late at market, fortifies himself with an extra glass, ere he dares to venture past "Busby-Stoup." G. Y. H.—N.

Illustrations of History.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF ELEPHANTS BY THE ROMANS IN THEIR TRIUMPHS.—In the triumph of Cæsar for his victories in Gaul, elephants were used as bearers of torches to illuminate the procession, which took place at night. This was in the last day of the triumph, when Cæsar went home after supper, crowned with flowers, and receiving the almost idolatrous incense of a shouting multitude.

"'Twas night: but now
A thousand torches, turning night to day,
Blazed, and the victor, springing from his seat,
Went up, and kneeling, as in fervent prayer,
Entered the Capitol."

In his African triumph, the spoils of war were exhibited upon chariots of ivory; and the whole apparatus of the pomp had reference to elephants. Pompey, upon his return from his victories in Africa, was drawn in a chariot by four elephants to the gates of Rome. But the pride of the conqueror was limited by natural obstacles. The triumphal arch was too narrow to admit the unaccustomed pomp! and the victor was obliged to descend and resort to the humbler exhibitions, with which Rome had been familiar. The ridicule which must have been thrown upon Pompey on account of this remarkable failure, (for a highly luxurious people never fail to cultivate that spirit which makes the satire of the great a very general pleasure,) may have deterred the earlier emperors, prodigal as were the senate and the people of every ostentation that could pamper their bloated

ed pride, from the repetition of such an unfortunate experiment. When, however, more than two centuries after Pompey, the Roman arms were directed against the Persians, the emperors became imitators of oriental splendour in their triumphs; and the elephant-chariot was not unfrequently seen at Rome, bearing the conqueror, who was surrounded by all the magnificence which might command the popular adulation. It is unnecessary to trace these ceremonies with antiquarian minuteness, particularly as we have a description, from the eloquent pen of Gibbon, of the triumph of Aurelian (A. D. 274) after his conquest of Palmyra, which may show the nature of these spectacles, so gratifying to the pride of Rome, and so humiliating to the vanquished nations whom she insulted in the haughty spirit which had so long rendered her supremacy odious:—"The pomp was opened by twenty elephants, four royal tigers, and above two hundred of the most curious animals from every climate of the north, the east, and the south. They were followed by one thousand six hundred gladiators, devoted to the cruel amusement of the amphitheatre. The wealth of Asia, the arms and ensigns of so many conquered nations, and the magnificent plate and wardrobe of the Syrian Queen, were exposed in exact symmetry or artful disorder. The ambassadors of the most remote parts of the earth, of Æthiopia, Arabia, Persia, Bactriana, India, and China, all remarkable by their rich or singular dresses, displayed the fame and power of the Roman emperor, who exposed likewise to the public view the presents that he had received, and particularly a great number of crowns of gold the offerings of grateful cities. The victories of Aurelian were attested by the long train of captives who reluctantly attended his triumph,—Gauls, Vandals, Sarmatians, Alemanni, Franks, Goths, Syrians, and Egyptians. Each people was distinguished by its peculiar inscription, and the title of Amazons was bestowed on ten martial heroines of the Gothic nation, who had been taken in arms. But every eye, disregarding the crowd of captives, was fixed on the Emperor Tetricus, and the Queen of the East. The former, as well as his son, whom he had created Augustus, was dressed in Gallic trowsers, a saffron tunic, and robe of purple. The beauteous figure of Zenobia was confined by fetters of gold; a slave supported the gold chain which encircled her neck, and she al-

most fainted under the intolerable weight of jewels. She preceded on foot the magnificent chariot in which she once hoped to enter the gates of Rome. It was followed by two other chariots, still more sumptuous, of Odenathus and of the Persian monarch. The triumphal car of Aurelian (it had formerly been used by a Gothic king,) was drawn, on this memorable occasion, either by four stags, or by four elephants."

Although the Cæsars abstained from using elephants to bear them in triumphal chariots to the Citadel, the honours of the quadruped were not wanting to these rulers of Rome. Such homage was often paid during their lives, and sometimes it was posthumous. The senate voted Augustus a triumphal arch, a chariot drawn by two elephants, and a statue,—which circumstance may still be seen recorded on some of the medals yet extant. *Lib. of Enter. Know.*

The Naturalist.

THE STORK.—The stork, in its annual visits to Holland, for it is a bird of passage, is never molested. It therefore does not scruple to build its nest on the tops of trees in the midst of towns and villages, on the towers of churches, and even on the chimney-tops. In our rambles through the streets, some of our party happened to observe a flock of these birds wheeling high in the air over our heads, when a Dutch gentleman told us that, on the following day, or the day after, they would certainly take their leave of Holland, being congregated for their departure; he said it had long been remarked that these creatures knew precisely, and strictly kept, their appointed days of arrival and departure in and from Holland, which were about the middle of February and the middle of August, within a very few days more or less. This is, in fact, just what has been said of this bird in days of old, as we learn from the book of Job, "The stork in the heavens hath its appointed times." It is not exactly known to what parts of the world they migrate from the northern portion of Europe; but they are common to Egypt, Palestine, Barbary, and the plains of Northern Africa;—why then, it may be asked, do they leave the food they seem most to delight in—such as snakes, frogs, reptiles, and insects—just at the time when they most abound?—and proceed to these sandy and barren

countries, where, it is true, snakes and lizards, and a few venomous reptiles may be equally plentiful, but are, perhaps, the only kind of food which Holland affords. Perhaps they may be possessed of delicate appetites, similar to our own, and have discovered that, like some of our birds and fishes, these aquatic animals of Holland are out of season in the middle of August. The truth is, we know but little of the real history of migratory animals, or of the cause for their migration.

Fortunately for the stork, it is held as a sacred bird, not only by the Dutch and Danes, but also in Asia and Africa; for different reasons, perhaps, in these different regions. In Holland, not so much for any service it may be supposed to render, in cleaning their dykes and ditches,—for the Dutch have no dislike whatever to frogs,—but on account of the alleged filial affection of the young birds for their parents. This trait was so well known to the ancients, that the stork became an emblem of filial piety.—A Danish author says, that when the storks first make their appearance in early spring, nothing is more common than to see many of the old birds, tired and feeble with their long flight, supported occasionally on the backs of the young ones; and the peasants have no doubt that they are laid carefully in those very nests, in which the year before these young ones had been nurtured. Thus says the poet:

The stork's an emblem of true piety;
Because when age has seized and made his
dam

Unfit for flight, the grateful young one takes
His mother on his back, provides her food,
Repaying thus her tender care of him,
Ere he was fit to fly. *Fam. Lib. vol. 23.*

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.
— *M. W. of Windsor.*

BRUSSELS has its share of both pumps and fountains; and, among others, there is one of the latter in the corner of a street, of a singular kind, well known by the name of the mannikin-pis. It is the statue of a little boy, beautifully sculptured in black marble by Quesnoy, who sends forth, night and day, without intermission, a copious stream of pure water, to which none of the young women in the neighbourhood make any scruple of resorting for a supply when wanted. It is said that Louis XIV., when in Brussels, was so shocked at the indelicacy (*credat Judæus!*) of this exhibition, that he ordered a suit of gold-laced clothes to be made for the

mannikin; an^d report says he is actually clothed in them, with a cocked hat and sword, on certain festival days, for the amusement of the inhabitants. If the fact be so, Louis must have intended to play off a joke on the good people of Brussels. *Fam. Lib. vol. 23.*

ROTTERDAM.—To almost every house in Rotterdam, and sometimes to every window of a house on the first floor, there is fixed a single or double looking-glass or reflector, by means of which a person in the room, sitting before the window, can see by reflection the whole length of the street, the passengers, the trees, the canal, and the shipping.—When two of these reflectors are placed at right angles, and the right angle pointed towards the window, a person within directing the eye to that angle will see the whole street both to the right and to the left. In some of the towns of England one may now and then observe one of these reflecting glasses, which is generally supposed to be intended to put the inhabitant on his guard against unwelcome visitors, and on that account they have been whimsically called *dinner-scopes*. In Rotterdam they are universally adopted for the amusement of the ladies, more especially those of the upper classes, who appear but seldom in the streets. *Ib.*

WINDMILLS IN HOLLAND.—The windmills are remarkable objects on the Boulevards of Amsterdam. There are no less than thirty bastions in the line of fortification on the land side, and on each bastion is a windmill, of a description larger than common, for grinding corn, and other purposes. It is whimsical enough that, surrounded as they are with water on every side, there is not a watermill in the whole country. It suited their purpose better to raise a contention between the elements, by employing the wind to drive out the water. Necessity, indeed, taught the Hollander this; for if it were not for the complete subjection in which the waters are held by this and other means, the city of Amsterdam might, at any one moment, be altogether submerged. The idea of such a calamity happening to a city which is stated to contain near two hundred thousand inhabitants, calls for every precaution that can be put in practice to avert it. *Ib.*

Anecdottiana.

VANITY OF FRENCH POETS.—Santeul, a French canon, was very vain of his

poetical talents. When he had finished any poem, he used to say, "Now, I will go and put chains along all the bridges of the town, to prevent my brother bards from drowning themselves."

PROBITY OF SIR THOMAS MORE.—The scrupulous and delicate integrity of More (for so it must be called in speaking of that age) was more clearly shown after his resignation, than it could have been during his continuance in office. One Parnell complained of him for a decree obtained by his adversary Vanghan, whose wife had bribed the chancellor by a gilt cup. He surprised the counsel at first, by owning that he received the cup as a new year's gift. Lord Wiltshire, a zealous protestant, indecently, but prematurely, exulted. "Did I not tell you, my lords," said he, "that you would find this matter true?"—"But, my lords," replied More, "hear the other part of my tale. After having drank to her of wine with which my butler had filled the cup, and when she had pledged him, he restored it to her, and would listen to no refusal." When Mrs. Croker, for whom he had made a decree against lord Arundel, came to him to request his acceptance of a pair of gloves, in which were contained 40*l.* in angels, he told her, with a smile, that it were ill manners to refuse a lady's present; but though he should keep the gloves, he must return the gold, which he enforced her to receive. Gresham, a suitor, sent him a present of a gilt cup, of which the fashion pleased him. More accepted it; but would not do so till Gresham received from him another cup of greater value, but of which the form and workmanship were less suitable to the chancellor. It would be an indignity to the memory of such a man to quote these facts as proofs of his probity; but they may be mentioned as specimens of the simple and unforced honesty of one who rejected improper offers with all the ease and pleasantry of common courtesy.

A MAN HANGED FOR LEAVING HIS LIQUOR.—Stow mentions a custom which prevailed at the hospital of Matilda, at St. Giles's, by which "the prisoners conveyed from the city of London towards *Teybourne*, there to be executed for treasons, felonies, and other trespasses, were presented with a *great bowl of ale*, thereof to drink at their pleasure, as to be their last refreshment in this life." I believe it was from the circumstance of a malefactor's refusing to partake of this farewell

draught, whereby he reached Tyburn sooner than was usual, and just time enough to get hanged before a reprieve, which had been sent after him, arrived—hence he was said to have been "*hanged for leaving his liquor.*"

THE INTOXICATING QUANTITY.—A late Baron of the Exchequer being of a party where the merits of wine was the subject of discussion, one observed to him, that a *certain quantity* did a person no harm. This his lordship admitted, but added,—"that it was the *uncertain quantity* that did all the mischief."

QUIN'S CRITICISM ON MACKLIN.—When Macklin first performed his great part of Shylock, Quin was so struck with the ability he displayed in it, that he could not help exclaiming, "If God Almighty writes a legible hand, that man must be a villain!"—And when Macklin, without due consideration, performed the character of Pandulph in *King John*, Quin, on being asked what he thought of it, said, "He was a cardinal who had been originally a parish-clerk." But his best joke on Macklin was in reply to some one, who remarked that he might make a good actor, having such strong lines in his face: "Lines, sir," cried Quin, "I see nothing in the fellow's face but a d—ned deal of cordage!" In fact, if we may venture to judge by the freedom with which Quin occasionally treated him, considering that actor's true character, Macklin, with all his eccentricities, must have been a favourite with him.

One of the many squibs in the mouths of the populace of Belgium against the De Potter faction is the following:—

When Orange ruled, as our head,
We butter had to smear our bread:
But since the day we hail'd De Potter,
We've neither tasted bread nor butter.

WHY WIVES CAN MAKE NO WILLS.

Men dying make their wills,—why cannot
wives?
Because wives have their wills during their
lives.

EPITAPH ON AN INNKEEPER AT EXON.

Life's an inn—my house will show it,—
I thought so once, but now I know it.
Man's life is but a winter's day;
Some only *breakfast* and decay;
Others to *dinner* stay, and are full fed;
The oldest man but *supps*, and then to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day;
He who goes *soonest* has the least to pay.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT EIGHT MONTHS OLD.

Since I have been so quickly done for,
I wonder what I was begun for.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, August 17.

St. Mamas, Mar. A.D. 275.

High Water, 15m aft 8 Morn—40m after 8 After.
FAIRY RINGS.—According to Howitt, "these singular appearances in the grass are never more conspicuous than in the Autumn months. Even when all other grass is brown, they exhibit a well-defined and bright green circle. The production of these remarkable circles, and the property which they possess of every year becoming larger, have, of late years, been the subjects of various theories. They have been attributed to lightning, to fungi, which every year grow upon the *outer margin* of the circle, and then perishing, cause, by the rich remains, a fresh circle of vivid green to appear, somewhat wider of course than the former one. They have also been attributed to insects. The least plausible theory is that of lightning; the most plausible that of *fungi*. Insects are a *consequence* of the fungi, rather than a *cause* of the circle; for where there are fungi, there will be insects to devour them. Fungi are also always found more or less about them. I have seen them of so large a species, that in their growth they totally destroyed the grass beneath them, dividing the green ring into two, and leaving one of bare rich mould between them. The origin of these circles, too, which has escaped the eyes of the naturalist, but which is nothing more than a small mushroom-bed, made by the dung of cattle, lying undisturbed in the grass where first deposited, till it becomes completely incorporated with the soil beneath, favours more than all, the theory of the fungi. Every one knows that where this occurs, a tuft of rank grass springs up, in the centre of which a crop of fungi sometimes appears, and again perishes. There then is the nucleus of a fairy-ring. The next year the tuft is found to have left a green spot, of perhaps a-foot and a half diameter, which has already parted in the centre. This expansion goes on from year to year; the area of the circle is occupied by common grass, and successive crops of fungi give a vivid greenness to the ring which bounds it. That only a few tufts are converted into *fairy-rings*, may be owing to their not being sufficiently enriched to become mushroom-beds; but that all fairy-rings which exist have this origin, will be found to admit of little doubt. This, though true, is a humiliating *expose* of the charmed fairy-rings;" but

— Do not all charms fly

At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
 There was an awful rainbow once in Heaven;
 We know her woof, her texture; she is given
 In the dull catalogue of common things:
 Philosophy will clip an angel's wings;
 Conquer all mysteries by rule and line;
 Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine;
 Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made
 The tender-personed Lamia melt into a shade.

Thursday, August 18.

St. Helen, Emprass, A.D. 328.

Sun rises 47m after 4—sets 12m after 7.
August 18, 1793.—Upon this day a remarkable meteor, or ball of fire, was seen to pass from N. to S. about half-past eight in the evening. This meteor was seen all over Britain, and in many places upon the continent of Europe. This phenomenon happened much about the time of the termination of the volcanic eruption in Iceland, and it is remarkable that this meteor was first seen to the north-west of the Slettaur and Orkney islands, in the quarter of Iceland.

Friday, August 19.

St. Cumin, bish. in Ireland, 7th Cent.

High Water 43m after 10 Mor—21m after 11 After.
 The death of Augustus Cæsar, A.D. 14. The death of any great man naturally brings the recollections of his character into one's mind; that of Augustus seems to have been pleasing, affable, and good-humoured. Among other good traits of his character was one in particular worthy the imitation of crowned heads in general. He so disliked prostration and adulation from his subjects, that he ridiculed it, and has been known to ask a beggar, who approached in a humble and trembling manner, whether he thought him an elephant? Louis XVI. of France, Frederick II. of Prussia, Joseph, Emperor of Germany, and Napoleon, forbade their subjects to kneel before them, mindful of the sentiment that Shakespeare has so well expressed—

"Mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence," &c.

Saturday, August 20.

St. Bernard.

Sun rises 50m after 4—Sets 9m after 7.

August 20, 1672.—Torn in pieces by an enraged Dutch mob at the Hague, the famous De Witt and his brother. De Witt was the zealous patron of the glory of his native country; the greatest genius of his time; the ablest politician in war as well as in peace; and the Atlas of the common-wealth.

Sunday, August 21.

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lessons for the Day.—2nd book of Kings, 10 ch. Morn.—2nd book of Kings, 18 ch. Evening.

Birth-day of his Majesty King William the Fourth (born 1765.)

August 21, 1485.—BOSWORTH FIELD.—This was the auspicious moment when the two armies of Richard the Third, the usurper, and Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, encamped upon this common, now three hundred and forty-six years since. The conflict commenced with great fury at the break of morning, and continued until noon, when Richard lost his life, and his crown was placed upon the victor's head in the field of battle. Henry's subsequent marriage with Elizabeth, the only surviving branch of the house of York, united the two roses, and put a final end to those dreadful and sanguinary wars for the succession, which had covered the face of England with blood during five kings' reigns.

Monday, August 22.

St. Hippolytus, Mar. 3rd Cent.

High Water 16m aft 1 Mornng—39m aft 1 After.
August 22, 1350.—Died. Philippe VI., King of France, surnamed *De Valois*. This king who was destitute of judgment or decision of character, yielded himself blindly to the will of treacherous courtiers. By his impolitic conduct, he lighted up a war between England and France, which gave birth to evils that endured for several centuries. In 1343, and the following year, he beheaded or banished many powerful knights, upon the charge of treason, and thereby increased the number of his enemies. In 1356, he engaged in a crusade, and, for the expense of that expedition, levied by the pope's authority, considerable sums upon the property of the clergy; and, although he never set out, the sums were not restored.

E. F. is informed that the Olio may still be had complete. We are compelled to decline Abenhamet and Zoraida—it is too lengthy for our pages.

The Otto ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. VI—Vol. VIII.

Saturday, Aug. 27, 1831.



See page 82.

Illustrated Article.

THE DEATH OF DA VINCI.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE morning sun was breaking brightly over the woods of Fontainebleau; the dew-drops were glittering on the pendant branches, as if each trembling bough was jewelled, like the tiara of a monarch; and the matin-song of the little birds was sounding merrily in the green-wood: but brighter far shone the eyes of the fair maidens of France, and sweeter sang the minstrels who were assembled in the glades of the forest. Francis, the "King of Gentlemen," was holding high festival at Fontainebleau, with the noblest and brightest of his court.

Certes it was a noble and a stirring sight to view the gallant array of warriors and princes, of spearmen and arbalisters, with their banners and their pennons, waving and flashing their many-coloured hues to the full blaze of the morning. All of every degree, from

the proud noble in his furred gown and golden chain, to the shouting peasant with his thrum cap and leathern jerkin, were thronging round their sovereign. Here rode the portly citizen on his sober pacing steed—there ambled the courtly maiden on her playful jennet, jingling the milan bells of her hooded merlin in the ear of the citizen's horse, to the no small discomfiture of his rider. Here stood the veteran cavalier, stiff and straight as the old elm against which he leant, casting a wrathful eye upon the wayward caracolings of the lady's palfrey,—and there the bashful country damsel, half smiling, half pouting at the plumed gallant, who, bending from his pawing Arabian, is whispering the newest romaunt of the troubadours in her ear. The beautiful, the brave were gathering round their king.

Beneath a splendid canopy, erected in the court of the palace, stood Francis, his bright joyous eye glancing with pleasure on the gay scene around him,—not so much distinguished by the richness of his habit as by the beauty of his person and graceful deportment,

which so justly gained him the title of "*Le Roi de Gentil-homme*." He was surrounded by those whose names rank high in the annals of chivalry,—Bonni-
vet, Fleurs, Bolange; and there stood Bayard the good knight, "*sans peur sans reproche*." But there is a sudden silence amongst the multitude,—the shouts of the peasants and the clangor of the trumpets are hushed,—the laughing maiden has stilled the bells of her falcon, and the gallant has turned his palfrey from the side of his blushing companion. And for what? To gaze on an aged man, whose feeble form is hardly supported in his saddle by the men-at-arms, who are leading his sure-paced mule through the throng. He descends, and his trembling steps are guided to where the youthful monarch is standing encircled by chivalry and beauty. He bends his knee and bows his grey hairs before the throne; it is but for an instant—the hand of Francis has raised him from his suppliant posture; and he stands on the right hand of the king. There is no coronet upon his brow, its only covering are the silver locks which wave around his temples; there are neither chains nor jewels on his breast,—the flowing beard, white as the driven snow which descends over his dark robe, is its only ornament:—yet every eye is turned upon him, peer and peasant are pressing forward to look upon that aged form,—the name of *Da Vinci* is whispered among the courtiers—it is carried from mouth to mouth; the cry rises louder and louder, and the shout of "Live Francis! the patron of learning," is joined with "honour to Da Vinci, *le sage chevalier*! Honour to the noble Italian, may his stay be long at the court he has at length visited." It was indeed Da Vinci, the venerable Leonardo, who had left his ungrateful country, to visit the court of one who never failed to respect wisdom and virtue. Da Vinci, the man who united the most wonderful talents with a pure and guileless heart. The accomplished gentleman, the skilful knight, the mathematician, the poet, the artificer, the musician and the painter. Such was the man who stood, like one of the patriarchs of old, stern and simple in his attire, amid the gay and glittering throng.

The scene is changed; it is no longer the busy splendid assemblage of warriors and courtiers without the walls of the abbey,—it is the solemn stillness of the chamber of death! The dark

fretted roof of one of the chambers of the palace spreads its carved work above, in lieu of the clear and cloudless canopy of heaven; and the faint glimmer of a single lamp falls on two figures, the sole inmates of the apartment. The one is Da Vinci; he is dying, but still glorious even in death, like the last bright flash of an expiring flame before it sinks in the socket. Leonardo has raised himself in his bed,—his face is pale, but his eye is still bright, his countenance still calm and serene!—There is a slight quiver on his lips, as if he would have spoken,—it passes away, and his head drooping gently on his bosom, he sinks back in the arms of the person who kneels beside the couch. It is the monarch of France who supports the dying man, on whose bosom Da Vinci has breathed his last sigh.

Thus died the learned, the good Da Vinci, the wonder of his age,—of whom it might be justly said—"take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."
S.R.A.

THE PIRATE.

For the Olio.

Morn on the waters! gladly to the gale
The gallant vessel opens her swelling sail.
Who, as the billows flash'd from off her prow
In furrows form'd by that majestic plough,
Could deem so fair a thing the home or sin,
That souls insured to rapine lay within?
But one above that constrain crew there stood,
Lone, mute, and strange—a man of higher
mood:

Silent and calm;—yet 'neath that placid brow
Beam'dst thou a check'd volume slept below?
Yet they could tell, who saw the upturn'd eye,
"The clenched hand, the pause of agony,"
As on him rush'd the thoughts of other times,
And boyhood's purer days and boyhood's
climes:

How wild the passion there!—how fierce remorse

Wrung his dark bosom with convulsive force.
He knew himself accurst:—from hand and hood
Against him rose the general voice of blood!
Dark were his deeds: far as the billows roar,
His name of fear was heard from shore to shore.

No nation's eye would on his tomb be bent,
No nation's tears would grace his monument,
Though born for better fate than thus to be
An outcast wand'rer on the trackless sea.

But, hark! that sound that bursts upon his ear:

Thrills then his bosom with the thought of fear?
Dark chieftain, they have track'd thee? but
the toll

Is spread around no mean or common spot.
With stern eyes fix'd upon their leader stand
Firm, and resolved on death, the pirate band.
Alas! the wreck that floats along the deep
Above the dead the rushing waters sweep.
Alas! dark spirit, thou art fled! the wave
Rolls, with its sullen marmur, o'er thy grave.

W. A. SMITH.

POPULATION OF SPAIN.

THERE is no country of Europe the population of which has experienced such extreme fluctuations, and upon the whole decreased so much below its amount in former times, as that of Spain. This has been occasioned by the joint operation of a great variety of causes, a few of which probably have been sufficient to produce it. Amongst these may be mentioned the invasion of the country by the Moors, which is justly regarded as the origin of the depopulation that subsequently ensued; the contagious fevers and plagues which have at different times desolated the southern provinces, and other parts of the kingdom; the intestine wars which raged during seven centuries between the Moors and Christians, commencing in the ninth, and terminating only with the capture of Grenada towards the close of the fifteenth century; the proscription and expulsion of three millions of Jews and Moors; the neglect of agriculture, and the misdirection of commercial enterprise, consequent on the discovery of America; the baneful effects of a bad government and of a debasing religion, armed with so powerful an instrument for repressing the expansive energies of the human mind as the Inquisition; the depredations of the Barbary corsairs, which tended materially to accelerate the depopulation of the southern coasts; and, lastly, the institutions of the *mesta*, *mayorazgos*, and *presidios*, which served to consolidate and perpetuate the evils which were sapping the foundations of national industry, and to preclude the possibility of amelioration and improvement. These are a few of the causes which appear to have produced the declension in question. The chief of them still exist; and although their operation has at times been partially counteracted, nothing short of a radical reform in the whole system of law, government, and policy, can prevent Spain from sinking into the lowest depth of misery and degradation to which a nation can possibly fall.—The following details respecting the population of this country in the different periods of the monarchy, will show the extraordinary oscillations which it has experienced; whilst, by comparing these with the causes of depopulation above enumerated, the reader will be enabled to judge for himself as to the method by which it has been effected.

According to the received opinion,

Spain, under the Romans, contained 40,000,000 of inhabitants; but, accounting this a most exaggerated statement, let us assume the population to have been then only half the estimated amount, or 20,000,000. At the close of the fourteenth century, according to several Spanish writers, the population was as follows, viz.—States of Castille, 11,000,000; states of Aragon, 7,700,000; kingdom of Grenada, 3,000,800; total, 21,700,800. But this estimate, like the former, is probably exaggerated; and we therefore agree with Laborde in thinking that the population, at the latter period, cannot have exceeded 16,000,000. Under Ferdinand and Isabella, at the end of the fifteenth century, it amounted, according to the same authorities, to upwards of 20,000,000; but a more probable estimate reduces it to about 15,000,000. In the year 1688 it was 10,000,000; in 1700, at the death of Charles II. 8,000,000; in 1715, under Philip V., 6,000,000; in 1768, under Charles III., 9,307,804; in 1787 and 1788, the last year of the reign of Charles III., 10,143,975. By the census, which was taken in the year 1797 and 1798, it appears that the population then exceeded 12,000,000. It follows, therefore, that from the time of the Romans until the year 1715, the population of Spain had been continually decreasing in the following proportions, viz.—from the time of the Romans until the end of the fourteenth century, a period of about a thousand years, 4,000,000; from the close of the fourteenth century until the end of the fifteenth century, a period of a hundred years, nearly 5,000,000; from the year 1688 to the year 1700, that is, twelve years, 2,000,000; and from the year 1700 to 1715, fifteen years, also 2,000,000. On the other hand, it increased, from the year 1715 to 1768, a space of thirty-three years, 3,307,804; from the year 1768 to 1788, twenty years, 836,171; from the last period to the year 1806, rather more than 2,000,000; making a total increase from 1715 until 1806 of above 6,000,000. In the *Diccionario Geografico* of Minano, the population of Spain in 1826 is estimated at 13,732,172, which would give an increase since 1715, that is, in a hundred and eleven years, of 7,732,172; and even this estimate has been supposed to fall below the truth, although it exceeds that given in the last edition of Antillon. Taking the census of 1826, however, as the closest approximation which has yet been obtained, the population of Spain,

compared with its superficial extent, (145,100 squaremiles) would give about 90½ to the square mile, or little more than half the number upon an equal space in France and England, countries far inferior to Spain in fertility of soil, advantages of climate, and all the other bounties of nature. *For. Quar. Rev.*

A WEEPING WILLOW-ISM.

My heart, that was moulded in mirth,
Hath been washed by the waters of earth;
And thus every curl of the stream
Hath ruin'd some innocent dream.

Some fancy, once fed by a ray
That melted like starlight away;
Some joy, that depended unblest,
As it gazed on the graves of the rest.

That heart, by the cold waters worn,
Though forsaken, is scarcely forlorn;
Hope came, and departed as fleet,
But left there the print of her feet.

And is it a glance or a tone
Whose enchantment about me hath grown?
'Tis the light of thy heart, in the eye;
And the voice of thy soul, like a sigh.

For I looked on the world and its wiles,
And a multitude met me with smiles—
But I came unto thee, and have gain'd
The tears that have never been feign'd.

Men. Mag.

BUTTERFLY PURSUERS.

For the Olio.

"I'd be a butterfly."

THE quixotic phantasm of fighting castles in the air is certainly indigenous, or why does every urchin, scarcely escaped from the trammels of his leading strings, leap into new stature, run into new altitude, and instinctively start with heroism at the very flapping of a butterfly? It matters not what is the covering for his head,—new and costly, old and shattered—bonnet, o'shanter, cantab, cap or hat, forth it is borne over ditch, across field, down hill, up the copse, through briars, furze, water and rushes, in the vain pursuit of captivating the tender winged insect, truant like new hopes in pleasure's delusions from its supine sarcophagus shell. In many an idle evolution this butterfly enjoys its summer of life—resting for a second on the damask cheek of the carnation—penetrating the recesses of the tiger lily—scrutinizing the soft leaves of the peony—dividing the flaxy sheaths of the Scotch-emblematised thistle; then upward, downward, forward and away!—the boy still pursuing, pleased, vexed, heated tired—now quite certain of success with his stealthy pace and marksman attitude—now stung with

remorse and nettles,—the butterfly tempts him over a bean field, invites him through a potatoe field, and just as he thinks of pinching the wings of his enchanted innamorata, she mounts the aerial way—he flings his cap in utter madness at her—he thinks she is safely 'brought to.' On his knees, he presses his cap to the ground with one hand, and puts the other creepingly under it—alas! the delusion—he looks round him and beholds the tantalising invitress easily fluttering on the higher zephyr, out of his reach, as if unconscious of having led him a wild goose chase. Cast down though not dismayed, he eyes another more beautifully marked; with dread vengeance for the past disappointment and hopes of retaliation for the future, he commences his career, and like Alexander at his feast, fights o'er his battles with redoubled zeal; after persevering even beyond comparison, some lucky event gives him more success—the pane of glass is broken, his hand is cut, his clothes are torn, the geraniums and pots are shivered, the rod is applied to his back—but what of these! He has triumphed. The butterfly is caught, mangled and dead! What a conquest! What a journey in life closed! Yet by comparison, are not nine-tenths of mankind pursuing happiness, like the boy pursues the butterfly? And are not the means which the nine-tenths use the most unlikely to attain it!—They pursue pleasure as their chief good, but do not exercise good feelings as their chief means. Riches, like butterflies, 'take to themselves wings and flee away.' Few follow the right objects so as to obtain the blessings arising out of them, but are cheated by the delusive flight of floating images which are constantly glaring before them; and having spent health, strength, affiances, and passions, find their labours lost, and their follies unrewarded by their stopping short in the chasm of disappointment. P.

THE HODMAN.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF CHARACTER.

For the Olio.

'As for this fellow, we know not whence he is.'

ENGLISHMEN may boast with satisfaction of their knowledge in art and science, of their foreign travels and domestic inventions, their scenic powers, ship buildings, dockyards, sawmills and patents; but, to the

young, sturdy, poor Irishman, must be conceded the triumphant and indisputable honour of representing the unvarnished and genuine 'hodman.' I do not allude to the sapient tyro that goes with his modicum of free grammar learning and a presentation to college; not that he is not, to a certain degree, in search of a living, by climbing the ladder 'some other way' with proportionate speed; but that while there is a disparited likeness in the pursuit, a verisimilitude is in his purpose; the one raising an edifice of mental structure, the other, effecting a domicile for corporeal and family convenience. The latter of the two is the subject of the present delineature.

That the 'hodman' may be seen in his active glory and altitude, discover him from 'among the sons of men' early in a fine breezy morning, when the master builder is in the fulfilment of a contract of time, and the walls are already wrought to a third story. His cap is a cap of liberty and indulgence, not worn by the greatest judge in the land for criminal jurisprudence and administration, nor converted into the poetical use of directing his imagination, but abstractedly for its 'wear,' and then its 'tear.' His pigtail is twisted in his mouth for a '*quid repetis.*' His mortar, like that of an apothecary, is a mean for his bread, and his spade acts like a pestle in mixing component qualities. He knows but little of the architect pointing here and directing there, with the unrolled plan of the structure, yet he pretty well guesses what is meant to be done, by a kind of instinctive anticipation. The bricklayer is on the topmost height with his trowel in his hand, ready for the fray. The foremost hodman leads a line of battle mortars, and assists in forming the square. The signal for warfare is given by the General Bricklayer in a 'cough,' understood only by the hodman, for supplies. Quick in laboured succession the 'rank and file' quit the 'lime and hair mixture,' slaked from the liquid flush, and laden with the *possa comitatis* of bricks, ascend like Jacob and his angels, with the pilgrim's burden. In this journey, like Fielding's, from 'this world to the next,' the 'hodman' possesses an unique knack of holding his hodful on his shoulder, by an equipoise with the pole untouched, and each hand alternately holds each ascending bar of the ladder with certainty and despatch. A *quantum sufficit* thrown out of the hod

on the working scaffold, the hodman, in train, trots down a swinging plank, taking in his descent every other bar of the ladder, by one foot, then the other, his hands sliding down the sides till, in almost imperceptible velocity, he reaches *terra firma*, and fills his hod *de novo*. But, with his ear attentive to his appetite, he no sooner hears the strike of eight o'clock, than the hod is thrown aside and left 'stuck in the mud.' 'Off, away and away' he runs, two or three miles for his breakfast, with his jacket on his arm. Ere he seems to have time to swallow it, he is returned to the post of his labours with the last fragment of a consoling shock acting like electricity to his nerves, and lending a whiff to a friend, ready and willing in the resumption of his employ, to ascend the scaffold *bare-headed*, but not in danger of being *be-headed*. When the edifice is raised, he ties a handkerchief to a stick, and vociferates *hurrah* with heart and soul. Or, it sometimes happens, that Pat obliges his 'Kate' to appear just at the nick of time with the substantially agreeable meal in a basin and bottle. In this exercise they retire to a heap and partake of the banquet in undivided peace, unless the flavour of the thing is not quite suited to Pat's taste. Then, he sits sullenly, or grumbles in no measured threats of future punishment in the purlieus of St. Giles, or the classic garrets in Chick Lane. Kate aware of the dangers of contradiction, keeps at a respectful distance. When the meal is finished, however, she gives her helpmate an inuendo which insures her an extra pair of diamonds in the night time with a '*nate and thundering* blow,' for which he atones at the shrine *en masse*. Yet, in his better mood, the 'hodman' is a frank and well meaning fellow, with a good share of drollery and low wit. He enjoys his annual combat on Kennington Common at 'hurly,' with a good deal of 'burly' added to it; spends a Sunday noon at football; fights on St. Patrick's Day with shamrock and shillelah; wrestles on Good Friday; loves a shock without an earthquake; feels proud of his country, but rarely rises above the 'hod station,' except recommended for his nerve and good behaviour to throw his party-coloured trappings aside, for the more uniform suit of a Metropolitan Policeman.

P.

FIRST THOUGHTS IN FIELDS.

For the Ollio.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

This is the very golden time of harvest; corn waving on the fields, corn turreted in sheaves, corn reddening on the dusty wain, and corn rustling in the wealthy rick-yards. Such a walk have I had over those sun-baked and chalked roads.

'Tis raging noon, and, vertical, the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays,
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns, and all
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze;
In vain the sight directed to the ground
Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending steams
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawns an arid hue disclose;
Blast fancy's bloom, and wither e'en the soul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythes; the mower, sinking,
heaps
O'er him the humid hay with flow'rs perfume'd,
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead.

On such a day, what Elysium to find myself in a new-mown hay-field, under a large row of old elm-trees, through whose sun-flecked vistas the belfry windows and crows' top gable of old Saxon St. Peter's appear—together with the gray-battled wall overplumed by a monstrous mulberry-tree, which denotes the garden of that old hall whose towery chimnies are alone permitted to be seen amidst the deep, thick, airless chaos of foliage! As I lie on the sweet turf, I can see, to the north, the broad breast of the brown gilded Humber lighted up by many a silvery sail, as they appear and glide by between the vistas of the trees; beyond it is a long and lancy enfilade of church-steeple and wind-mills, and above them all, the fine town of Hull and the majestic tower of the Holy Trinity.

Talk no more of the innocence of the lamb, the elegance of the fawn, the graceful antics of the kitten! Come this way into this deep lane, walled with red rock, tapestried by fern, large and stately as the coronal of a Mexican Cacique, foxgloves towering like pagodas, blue hare-bells, which, if fadeless, I would compare with Amelia's eyes,—ivy running under the roots of the tangled hawthorns, the dark traceried leaves laced with veins of white,—see, how high, high enough for the ceiling of a Kaiser's feasting-hall, those athletic oaks over-vault the hollow lane; not a spot of azure, not a sun-spark, can be seen through the green-matted canopies of their wide horizontal

boughs; a few ancient pines start up here and there, whose scarred trunks, composed of patches of bark, purple, reddish, yellow, and white, are laved with sun-gold, like the scale armour of some knight, and through whose cluttered, hearse-like plumage, and extravagant boughs, the soft summer wind sounds like the rushing waterfall.—Shelves of rich daisied turf are piled up over the red scaur, and more than one soft-spoken fountlet gushes, in a thin crystal stream, from under these grinning, writhing oak-roots, as if so rich a gallery of nature should not want a voice to tell the visitant he is no intruder. But, methinks, the grunt of "*Madam herself, the sow,*" yonder, speaks another language. Behold her litter of ten pigs!—saw ye ever such perfect beauties?

Oh! for the pencil of a Morland or a Gainsborough! Look at the old lady herself—at least, as much as she deigns to show you, for with three young ones hanging at her teats, (and which she regards as little as if they grew to her,) she has thrust her head and half her body under the arching streamers of briony and eglantine that gemmed with white flowers, or clusters faintly flushed with golden eyes from a complete net over her back: what is she searching for—I cannot guess, unless it be the sweet crisp pig-nut, that field dainty, the rarely found feast of my school-days, but now as unknown to me as if it grew in the tropics. You may perceive, by the rich aromatic odour, that her snout has disturbed a thick bed of spicy gill. See, the red-furred filchet darts from before her; and, ah! a large snake, beautiful and harmless creature—brown, green, and gilded, glides swiftly but quietly away over the tawny leaves thick strewn at the bottom of that ditch—a tapestry to the cells of the lizard and the field-mouse. Hold, madam! you are too near the large velvet leaves of that towering mullein, and its stately stem shakes, and its tufted capital of yellow flowers trembles. See if she have not, with her poking and thrusting, and tossing, shaken down half the faded wilding roses, till their delicate petals strew her nasty hide all colours.

Croak! croak!—'tis the raven in the old maple. You little think, old lady, who is eying you, and counting on your bristles for his next year's nest! As for the young ones,—find me, if you can, ten handsomer or happier porkets!—they seem to have no other business

than wanton enjoyment. Here is one—a black and white rogue, muzzling a pretty plat of wood sorrel and wild cress; but it is that little mound, covered with wild strawberries, that he has fixed upon,—the crimson berries gleam no longer amidst their green net-work—nay, some of the dark, crimped, fringed, fillagree leaves are munched and mumbled too.

Two yonder are evidently at logger-heads; they butt and jolt with their snouts, like two perverse children, elbowing each other over their porridge—bloodless strife, but not the less spiteful for that! What on earth is this one doing—

———— on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate.

He has turned his back on all his companions, and stands, as you would think, fixed in profound contemplation,—snout, legs, tail, breathlessly still! Have they sent him to Coventry!—or is he destined to be the sapient Toby of his day? A ring! a ring! for the snout of yonder black face!—'s life, but he's turning up the turf like a ploughshare. You fellow with a curly tail, why is that gimlet eye of yours turned up so knowingly to the dark oak boughs above ye!—is it to listen to the gushing flights of the parded throstle, that makes the very sun-light linger on the bower of his song? Oh, no! 'tis the large cluster of acorns, smooth, pale, and polished, bourgeoning from their gray chased cups! You may look up—they won't fall for this month to come. Ha! ha! ha! the ridiculous animal! (the black and red one, I mean,) see how comfortably, how philosophically he is rubbing his little rump up and down against that old block of a trunk mottled with fungi and mosses—what an admirable mixture of enjoyment and sang froid in his countenance; he decidedly belongs to "Epicurus' sty!"

Lovely, interesting family! sleek, glossy, striped like the zebra, spotted like the panther,—who would think, as the song says,—

"That ybur father is a hog,
And your mother is a sow!"

What a pity that you must either grow up to be as ugly and as dirty as your grumpy mamma in the ditch yonder, or else, cut off in your tender bloom, be destined to be produced in a Delft dish, with a slit in your little throats, your dainty bodies stripped naked of your mottled coats, pallid and lifeless,—while old Bridget announces you to her

master, as sent with Mrs. —'s compliments.

I never mourned over the departure of old mansions as I did this afternoon in the beauteous sylvan confines of Wolsley Bridge. Alas! I beheld Oakedge Hall no more! There was still the soft velvet lawn swelling up to the woody hill behind, studded with silver birch and polished beech,—still the blue, the regal Trent, "lord of the thirty channels," flowed in front a glittering crescent; and the broad and emeraldine expanse of savannas, with their rustling borders of yellow-flowered flags and feathery reeds, and bossy velvet bulrushes, and haughty swans;—and you saw the village of Colwich, red and white, skirting the farther rim of the green table-lands, with its bowered porches and diamond lattices, and gray steeple, all basking in the silent noon-gleam; all were still there as I had seen them from a child. But old Oakedge Hall was no more! its very foundation was as placidly and contentedly green as if it had never been fattened with the crimson vintage of Tokay, Bourdeaux, and Oporto, or with the imprisoned Pactolus of Madeira and Champagne! If there had been but a wreck of haggard wall to contrast with the sun-gilt verdure of tree and turf, it would have been something to remind one, that such a thing had there existed, as an *old fashioned hall, in whose chambers hospitality presided, and Charity sate the portress at its gate.*

But this trim, dapper, pert-looking grass plat!—oh, I could find in my heart to plough it up for looking so indolently forgetful of the structure that once embellished it. The sisters of the late Lord A——n's father were its last tenants. Their apparitions come strongly to my mind's eye in the costume of eighty years ago; issuing forth stately in tissue and taffeta, with amber-headed canes (the Abacus of the ancient manorial Dame), to visit the neighbouring poor, or traversing the sunny upland, amidst the grazing hart and hind, or conveyed by a ponderous coach, gorgeously blazoned and mantled, ponderous long tailed pieballs, and pondrous coachman, to the dignified mansions of Wolsley, Shugborough, or Blithfield. Oh, how I miss the venerable hall, that great square mass of yellow stone—its sashes, its pediments, its cornices! The very sun himself, that used, throughout its wide window-pane, to visit its tapestry-glooming gal-

leries, its saloons of pictures and cabinets, its polished oaken floors, and dark carved wainscots, must surely fall reluctantly on the smooth dull turf! Yon windy ridge of Scotch firs, summer and winter, sound its requiem!

The evening is calm, gray, and airless. The gauze-winged dragon-fly waves and flutters in the soft gloom of the green holloway, as chartered a charioteer of the summer air as the thunder-plumed eagle himself. I have passed the pellucid well with its chaplet of blue veronica, and pink crane's-bill, and its red basin starred with landcress. To the right of this narrow lane, a large meadow, newly shorn, and brilliantly contrasted in its yellowish green carpet with the dusky verdure of the old trees with which it is rarely studded, lies in broad tranquil beauty. From its farthest thicket you perceive a brown full brook, hastening hither and thither with wanton circuits, by many a huge alder, to the two arches of the moss-mantled and ivy-broidered brick bridge on which I sit. Through the middle of this great, bright meadow, the rivulet twines like a silken ribband, kissing, in brimful, silent joy, its un-fleeced margent all in light, and then whirls itself with silvery tuned complainings, through the arches that usher it into long and dark arcades of willows and poplars.

Through a vista in the tall ash-trees, column-trunked and feather-capitaled, the tower of Shenstone Church peers over its woods from its picturesque hill. No other object is visible—and I should deem myself remote from all the haunts of men, were I not startled by the clear sonorous clock, that, suddenly pealing from among the fitches and kitchen-stuff of a grange hard by, proclaims the hour of eight, and is speedily answered by the jangling curfew of the village bellry.

I will see the sun-set this Sabbath evening by the Suicide's Grave. There is a soft purple sky above me, with a calm moon that, when my dazzled eye turns from the flaming sun, seems tinged with a delightful rose-colour. A delicate gale, fresh from the distant Cannock, floats around me. Crisp, juicy tufts of young turf mantle at my feet, and herbs of a hundred figures, all awake to new-born joy, diversify the hedge-banks. The pink and white crab blooms are mingled with the snowy flowers of the black-thorn, and weave a tapestry of dainty tissue over the bursting green of the old fences.

Westward, the dark violet mass and fringed coppice of Cannock Heath, with the hilly woods of Beaudesart, are strongly pencilled on the burnished horizon; the sun, like a lamp, hanging over them. To the north, reposes a large sleepy retinue of woods; amidst whose gloom the tall and ample windows, flaming in the level sun, like sheets of heated copper or roddy gold, alone declare the site of old Curborough Hall, whose square walls, steep, time-hallowed roof, and bulky chimneys, are lost in the dazzling glitter. And, in front, shine forth the blue lake—the tower of Chadstow, lustre-laved, the old reddish-looking street, with sparkling lattices—the hilly turf, white tombs, brown spire, and avenue of green hill, with its brocade of gardens, and tiers of silver-flowered orchards.

From such a spot, how could one take a last, a *voluntary* farewell of life?—Storms and clouds—winter itself—could never make this magic landscape unlovely. Alas! what storms shall we compare to a betrayed affection?—what clouds shall we liken to the dawnless night of shame?—what winter to the *unreviving* desolation of a broken heart? She had all these, who *died here!*

To be concluded in our next.

BUSINESS OF THE COURT OF CHANCERY.

DURING Sir Thomas More's administration of the important office of Lord Chancellor, from the 25th of October, 1529, to the 16th of May, 1532, four hundred bills and answers are still preserved, which afford an average of about a hundred and sixty suits annually. Though this average may by no means adequately represent the whole occupations of a court which had many other duties to perform, it supplies us with some means of comparing the extent of its business under him with the number of similar proceedings in succeeding times. The whole amount of bills and answers in the reign of James I. was 32,000. How far the number may have differed at different parts of that reign, the unarranged state of the records does not yet enable us to ascertain. But supposing it, by a rough estimate, to have continued the same, the annual average of bills and answers during the four years of Lord Bacon's administration was 1461, being an increase of nearly ten-fold in somewhat less than a cen-

tury. Though causes connected with the progress of the jurisdiction and the character of the chancellor must have contributed to this remarkable increase, yet it must be ascribed principally to the extraordinary impulse given to daring enterprise and national wealth by the splendid administration of Elizabeth, which multiplied alike the occasions of litigation and the means of carrying it on.* In a century and a half after, when equitable jurisdiction was completed in its foundations and most necessary parts by lord chancellor Nottingham, the whole number of equity suits was about fifteen thousand, which yields an average of sixteen hundred and fifty to every year of his chancellorship.†

Under Lord Hardwicke, the chancellor of most professional celebrity, the yearly average of bills and answers appears to have been about two thousand; probably in part because more questions had been finally determined, and partly also because the delays were so aggravated by the multiplicity of business, that parties aggrieved chose rather to submit to wrong than to be ruined in pursuit of right. This last mischief arose in a great measure from the variety of affairs added to the original duties of a chancellor, of which the principal were bankruptcy and parliamentary appeals. Both these causes continued to act with increasing force; so that, in spite of a vast increase of the property and dealings of the kingdom, the average number of bills and answers was considerably less from 1800 to 1809 than it had been from 1745 to 1754. *Cabinet Cyc.*

Snatches from Oblivion.

Out of the old fields cometh the new corn.
SIR E. COKE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BY-GONE WRITERS.—In looking over the life and errors of that singular and eccentric writer, John Dunton, we find the subjoined remarks upon the following literary characters:

“TOM BROWN is a good scholar, and knows how to translate either the Latin or the French incomparably well. He

is enriched with a noble genius, and understands our own tongue as well, if not better, than any man of the age. The poems he has written are very beautiful and fine, but the urgency of his circumstances will not allow him time enough to lay out his talent that way. After all, I cannot but say that his morals are wretchedly out of order; and it is extreme pity that a man of so fine parts, and so well accomplished every other way, should spend his time upon a few romantic letters, that seem purely to debauch the age, and overthrow the foundation of religion and virtue.”

“MR. D'URFEY has but a low genius, and yet some of his farces would make a body laugh. He has written considerably in his time, and there are few authors have been more diverting. Yes, D'Urfev,

Thou canst play, thou canst sing,
To a mayor, or a king,
Tho' thy luck on the stage is so scurvy;
Such a bean, such a face,
Such a voice to disgrace,
Such a mien—'tis the de'll, Mr. D'Urfev.”

“DANIEL DE FOE is a man of good parts, and very clear sense. His conversation is ingenious and brisk enough. The world is well satisfied that he is enterprising and bold; but, alas! had his prudence only weighed a few grains more, he would certainly have wrote his ‘Shortest Way’* a little more at length.

There have been some men in all ages, who have taken that of Juvenal for their motto:

* *Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, et carcere dignum,
Sic vis esse aliquis.*

Had he written no more than his ‘True born Englishman,’ and spared some particular characters that are too vicious for their very originals, he had certainly deserved applause; but it is hard to leave off, when not only the itch and the inclination, but the necessity of writing, lies so heavy upon a man. Should I defend his good-nature and his honesty, and the world would not believe me, it would be labour in vain.”

Illustrations of History.

TRIALS BY DUEL.—Contests of this nature were antecedent to Christianity, and the savage ordinances even Christianity could not abolish. This we see

* The ‘Shortest Way’ with the Dissenters, 1789 which being complained of in the House of Commons, was ordered to be burnt by the hands of the *common hangman*.

* From a letter of Lord Bacon (Lord's Journals, 20th March, 1680), it appears that he made 2000 decrees and orders in a year; so that in his time the bills and answers amounted to about two-thirds of the whole business.

† The numbers have been obligingly supplied by the gentlemen of the Record Office in the Tower.

in Sir Henry Spelman, who speaks of a king of the Lombards, called Laitprandus, who says,—“We are uncertain about the *judgment of God*, and have heard of many persons who have unjustly lost their causes in trials by battle; but we are not able to abrogate this impious law of the Lombards, which the custom of our nation has established.” Not only in criminal, but in civil causes, was this trial used: William I. granted full liberty to any Englishman to appeal any Frenchman, by duel, of theft, homicide, or any thing for which ordeals by fire ought to be granted. If the English appellants should choose to proceed by the latter, the Frenchman was not bound to that method of proof, but was to clear himself by the oaths of witnesses, according to the law of Normandy. If a Frenchman appealed an Englishman of the same crimes, the Englishman was to have the option of defending himself, either by combat or the fire ordeal; and if either party could not, or was unwilling to maintain his cause by combat, he might procure himself a legal champion. If the French appellant was vanquished, he was to pay the king sixty shillings; and if the English could not defend himself by combat or witnesses, he was to be tried by the *judgment of God*—that is, fire ordeal.

Singular Phrases, Sports, &c.

PLAYING THE AMBASSADOR.—A trick to duck some ignorant fellow or landsman, frequently played on board ships in the warm latitudes. It is thus managed:—A large tub is filled with water, and two stools placed on each side of it. Over the whole is thrown a tarpaulin, or old sail: this is kept tight by two persons, who are to represent the king and queen of a foreign country, and are seated on the stools. The person intended to be ducked plays the ambassador, and after repeating a ridiculous speech dictated to him, is led in great form up to the throne, and seated between the king and queen, who rising as soon as he is seated, he falls backward in the tub of water.

KING ARTHUR.—This is another game used at sea, when near the line, or in a hot latitude. It is performed as follows. A man, who is to represent King Arthur, ridiculously dressed, having a large wig made out of oakum, or of some old swabs, is seated on the side, or over a large vessel of water. Every person in his turn is to be ceremoniously intro-

duced to him, and to pour a bucket of water over him, crying, “Hail, King Arthur!” If during this ceremony the person introduced laughs or smiles, (to which his majesty endeavours to excite him, by all sorts of ridiculous gesticulations), he changes place with, and then becomes, King Arthur, till relieved by some brother tar, who has as little command over his muscles as himself.

LICKING THE BLARNEY STONE.—This phrase is often used towards those who deal out the marvellous too freely. The Blarney Stone is a triangular stone on the very top of an ancient castle of that name, in the county of Cork in Ireland, extremely difficult of access; so that to have ascended to it was considered as a proof of perseverance, courage and agility, whereof many are supposed to claim the honour who never achieved the adventure; and to tip the blarney, is figuratively used for telling a marvellous story, or falsity; but more generally to express flattery.

DOWDYING.—A local joke formerly practised at Salisbury on large companies, or persons boasting of their courage. It was performed by one Pearce, who had the knack of personating madness, and who, by the direction of some of the company, would burst into a room, in a most furious manner, as if just broke loose from his keeper, to the great terror of those not in the secret. Dowdying for many years was so much the fashion of the place, that it was exhibited before the Prince of Wales (father of George III.) Pearce, with whom the sport originated, obtained the name of Dowdy, from a song he used to sing, which had for its burden the words—*dow, de, dow, dow.*

New Publications.

A Professional Survey of the Old and New London Bridges. Pp. 46. London, Salmon.

A clear, concise, and ably written pamphlet; one that cannot fail to please every person who takes an interest in the progressive improvements of the metropolis. The author has done ample justice to his subject, and has bestowed no inconsiderable labour in collecting a vast quantity of really valuable and curious material; the arranging of which, in so able and talented a manner, must have been the work of much patient industry. The numerous cuts illustrating the survey are really worth possessing for their own merit alone.

Step Music.

A Selection of the most Popular Atrs, Duets, Trios, &c. from Spohr's Opera of Azor and Zemira, arranged by J. C. Nightingale. Luff, London.

These delightful compositions could not have been placed in better hands than Mr. Nightingale's, who possesses great taste and judgment. To arrange music like Spohr's is no ordinary task, and difficult as it must have been, we find it performed well by Mr. N. whose labours we earnestly recommend to all lovers of good music. In looking through the collection, we perceive that he has rendered the most difficult passages perfectly familiar to amateur players. To conclude, we cannot forbear mentioning that very seldom have we seen so much music for so little money—a great desideratum in these days of economy.

I looked on the Waters; a Duett. Music by H. R. Phillips. Arranged, with Variations, for the Piano Forte, by J. C. Nightingale. Luff, London.

A very beautiful duett: the variations, which present no vast difficulties, are so cleverly managed, that the player will be able to trace the subject throughout. This is just what variations should be.

The Naturalist.

ANECDOTES OF THE IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER.—“In looking over the accounts given of the ivory-billed woodpecker,” says Wilson, “by the naturalists of Europe, I find it asserted, that it inhabits from New Jersey to Mexico. I believe, however, that few of them are ever seen to the north of Virginia, and very few of them even in that state.—The first place I observed this bird at, when on my way to the south, was about twelve miles north of Wilmington in North Carolina. Having wounded it slightly in the wing, on being caught, it uttered a loudly reiterated, and most piteous note, exactly resembling the violent crying of a young child; which terrified my horse so, as nearly to have cost me my life. It was distressing to hear it. I carried it with me in the chair, under cover, to Wilmington. In passing through the streets, its affecting cries surprised every one within hearing, particularly

the females, who hurried to the doors and windows with looks of alarm and anxiety. I drove on, and, on arriving at the piazza of the hotel, where I intended to put up, the landlord came forward, and a number of other persons who happened to be there, all equally alarmed at what they heard; this was greatly increased by my asking, whether he could furnish me with accommodations for myself and my baby. The man looked blank and foolish, while the others stared with still greater astonishment. After diverting myself for a minute or two at their expense, I drew my woodpecker from under the cover, and a general laugh took place. I took him up stairs and locked him up in my room, while I went to see my horse taken care of. In less than an hour I returned, and, on opening the door, he set up the same distressing shout, which now appeared to proceed from grief that he had been discovered in his attempts at escape. He had mounted along the side of the window, nearly as high as the ceiling, a little below which he had begun to break through. The bed was covered with large pieces of plaster; the lath was exposed for at least fifteen inches square, and a hole, large enough to admit the fist, opened to the weather-boards; so that in less than another hour he would certainly have succeeded in making his way through. I now tied a string round his leg, and, fastening it to the table, again left him. I wished to preserve his life, and had gone off in search of suitable food for him. As I reascended the stairs, I heard him again hard at work, and on entering had the mortification to perceive that he had almost entirely ruined the mahogany table to which he was fastened, and on which he had wreaked his whole vengeance. While engaged in taking a drawing, he cut me severely in several places, and, on the whole, displayed such a noble and unconquerable spirit, that I was frequently tempted to restore him to his native woods. He lived with me nearly three days, but refused all sustenance, and I witnessed his death with regret. The head and bill of this bird is in great esteem among the southern Indians, who wear them by way of amulet or charm, as well as ornament; and, it is said, dispose of them to the northern tribes at considerable prices. An Indian believes that the head, skin, or even feathers of certain birds, confer on the wearer all the virtues or ex-

cellencies of those birds. Thus I have seen a coat made of the skins, heads, and claws of the raven; caps stuck round with heads of butcher-birds, hawks, and eagles; and as the disposition and courage of the ivory-billed woodpecker are well known to the savages, no wonder they should attach great value to it, having both beauty, and, in their estimation, distinguished merit to recommend it."

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.

— *M. W. of Windsor,*

COSTUME OF THE BELGIANS.—The dress of the people of the Netherlands is not the most becoming, particularly that of the women. Except those who move in the higher sphere of life, and who imitate French and English fashions, the generality of citizens' wives and daughters wear, even in the warmest weather, long black cloaks, reaching to their heels, with deep hoods, which the old ladies generally draw over the head, to exhibit a neat cap, bordered with lace, always clean and as white as snow. The men wear almost universally the common blue frock and cap which prevails throughout Germany; the frock among the better class being used only as a covering, to preserve the regular suit of clothes beneath it. The Spanish character of olive complexions, black hair, and dark eyes, are very obvious among the Belgians; but not a remnant of the Spanish language remains, and very little French is spoken, except at Antwerp and Brussels. Their language, which is called Flemish, is a corrupt jargon of German and Dutch, partaking of both, but not much resembling either; so that, although it is possible to make yourself understood by either language, yet the true Flemish is quite unintelligible.

Fam Lib. vol 23.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE—In the town-hall of this ancient city, two several treaties of peace were signed, that of 1668, and that of 1748; and in the ancient chapel of Charlemagne, the ceremony of coronation of many emperors has been held. This old cathedral or dom church had the honour, for so it was considered, of receiving a visit from Napoleon and Josephine; and after their fall in 1818, a Congress of sovereigns was held in Aix-la-Chapelle, at which, among other important matters, it was determined to withdraw the allied armies from the occupation of France. On this occasion the late Sir Thomas Lawrence was commissioned by his late majesty George

the Fourth, to paint the portraits of the sovereigns of Europe, and other distinguished personages there assembled. He had a room allotted to him for this purpose in the town-hall, which is carefully pointed out to strangers, and considered as a great honour that was done to the town.—The dom church or cathedral, or, at least, the central part of it, was built by Charlemagne, under the direction of Eginhard, his biographer, in honour of Notre Dame. There is a legend concerning its dedication by Pope Leo III., in 804, the truth of which in those days was not called in question, though we of later times may be disposed to feel incredulous. It is merely this, that three hundred and sixty-five bishops, one for every day in the year, were summoned to assist at the consecration, but as two were wanting to complete that number, their places were supplied by two others, who had the complaisance to leave their tombs on so solemn an occasion, and returned to their earthly abode as soon as the ceremony had been duly performed.

"LOGIC," says Lord Bacon, "is usually taught too early in life. That minds, raw and unfurnished with matter, should begin their cultivation from such a science, is just like learning to weigh or measure the wind. Hence, what in young men should be manly reasoning, often degenerates into ridiculous affectations and childish sophistry. Certainly, where materials are wanting, the dispute must turn altogether upon words, and the whole will be conducted with the sleight and legerdemain of sophistry. We have a pleasant instance upon record of this school-errantry; when in reality you prove nothing. A countryman, for the entertainment of his son, when returned from the university, ordered six eggs to be boiled; two for him, two for his mother, and two for himself: but the son, itching to give a specimen of his newly acquired science, boiled only three. To the father, asking the reason of this, "Why," says the son, "there are six." "How so?" says the father, "I can make but three."—"No!" replies the young sophister, "is not here one?—(counting them out)—is not there two? and is not there three? and do not one, two, and three make six?"—"Well, then," says the father, "I'll take two, your mother shall have one, and you shall have the other three."

SPANISH PRODUCE—The productions of Spain are rich and various. The gold and silver mines, which supplied the

ancients with the precious metals, are now, it is true, with the exception of the silver mine of Guadalcanal, either exhausted or abandoned; but iron of the best quality, lead, tin, copper, quick-silver, and indeed every valuable mineral, abound in different parts of the peninsula. Coal and salt mines are wrought in the Asturias, in Aragon, and in La Mancha, though by no means to the extent which might be done under a better government and a more rational system of law; precious stones are found in various parts of the kingdom; granite, jasper, alabaster, and marbles of the greatest beauty and variety may be quarried from almost every mountain. Wheat of the finest quality is produced in most of the provinces, and all who have tasted it will be ready to acknowledge the superior excellence of Spanish bread. In some provinces the quantity grown is not sufficient for their own consumption, but the deficiency is made up from the surplus produce of others, or by importation. Wine is raised in great abundance all over Spain; and of the produce of the crops that grow on the coasts large quantities are exported to different parts of the world.

For. Quar Rev.

STATE OF THE CRIMINAL LAW IN SPAIN.—There is little protection for property in Spain, but for life and limb there is absolutely none at all; and so desperate have the abominations of the system become, that the greatest and most daring criminal is less an object of terror to the people than the officers of justice, as by a horrid irony they are called. The cry of *justicia* freezes the very blood in the veins of every Spaniard who hears it, and he instantly flies, if he can, as he would from a wild beast or a cannibal ready to devour him. These fellows are not only inconceivable villains themselves, but they are the allies and protectors of all the other villains in the country; and there is not one of them who has not qualified for his office by committing innumerable crimes, any one of which ought to have placed him on the ladder with the hangman on his shoulders. All of them originally were robbers or assassins, most probably both. Need it be wondered then that crimes are multiplied in Spain to an extent frightful and unexampled?—that impunity may be safely calculated upon by all who can afford to pay the necessary price!—that the greater the magnitude of the crime, the more certain is the escape of the criminal!—and that the direct encouragement thus

held out to the commission of the blackest atrocities should have its full effect! There is no country in Europe, accordingly, where, of the total number of crimes perpetrated in the course of a year, so few are brought under the cognizance of the courts; yet we learn from official returns, which do not embrace the whole of Spain, that in 1826 there were 1233 men convicted of murder, 1773 of attempts to commit murder, and 1620 of robbery, chiefly on the king's highway—a statement which seems to be entirely borne out by several authors of credit. If we assume that one-half of the gross number of crimes committed in Spain escape detection, or at least exposure, which we have some reason to believe is an assumption rather below than above the truth, it will follow that in the above year, 9253 capital crimes were committed within the territory of Spain proper, including nearly *two thousand five hundred* murders or assassinations! This presents a picture of the demoralization produced by a bad government and corrupt institutions, at the contemplation of which the heart sickens.—Unhappy Spain, how long will the hour of thy deliverance and regeneration be deferred! *lb.*

COALS.—We learn from Stow, that in the time of Edward I. the nobility and gentry, who resorted to London, made a remonstrance to the king against what they called 'the sore annoyance and danger of contagion growing by reason of the stench of burning sea-cole.'

North Amer. Rev.

THE INVENTION OF SHOES.—Sandals were most common among the orientals. As they were mere soles of wood or leather fastened to the foot with strings, they were no protection from the dust: hence arose the hospitable practice of washing the visitor's feet—a practice so much insisted upon by public opinion, that if any one passing out of a house beat the dust from his feet, it showed that they had not been washed, and left on the house the reproach of inhospitality, which was the deepest of all dishonour.—The Greeks and Romans added the moccasin or buskin to the sandal—the former was worn by tragic actors. The shoe makes quite a figure in English history. In the time of Richard I., says Stow, "began the detestable use of piked shoes, the toes being tied up to the knee with chains of silver or guilt." Edward IV., says the same historian, ordained "that no man wear shoes or boots having toes

passing two inches long; no peakes of boots or shoes to pass that length on pain of cursing by the clergie." *Ib.*

STOCKINGS.—As soon as stockings were invented, they began to make them of silk. Howell says, "that great and expensive prince, Henry VIII. wore ordinarily cloth hose, except when there came from Spain, by great chance, a pair of silk stockings. King Edward, his son, was presented with a pair of long Spanish silk stockings by Thomas Gresham, his merchant, and the present was much taken notice of." Stow says, that "in the third year of Elizabeth, Mistress Montague having presented the queen with a pair of silk stockings, she was so delighted with them, that she never would weare cloth hose after." How valuable such a possession was in that day, appears from a letter of James L. written while he was king of Scotland. It was addressed to the Earl of Mar, telling that nobleman, that the Spanish ambassador was to be presented at court, and begging the loan of his stockings for the occasion. It contains this touching appeal: "Ye would na sure that your king should appear as a scrub before strangers." *Ib.*

MANNERS OF THE PIEDMONTSE.—The manners of the better sort of the Piedmontese are genteel and dignified; there is much solidity in their character; they are sensible and studious; magnificent and rather ostentatious in their taste, and fond of good living. The lower classes are cheerful and open, and industrious. There is an appearance of ease and comfort in the looks of the Piedmontese peasantry, which is not to be found anywhere south of the Apennines; except, perhaps, in Tuscany. The females of the lower classes are fond of show in their ornaments: they wear necklaces of large beads of gold in five or six rows; they have a peculiar kind of high cap of white muslin, somewhat resembling in shape the helmet of a cavalry soldier. The *bourgeoises* of Turin dress in coloured gowns, black silk aprons, and caps, quite *a la Francoise*. This class of females, consisting in Turin of shopkeepers' wives and daughters, milliners and dress-makers, are very free in their manners and address, and have a good deal of French coquetry about them. The Piedmontese ladies dress generally after the French fashion, but of late many have adopted the English style.

SIR THOMAS MORE AND CARDINAL WOLSEY CONTRASTED.—When Sir Thomas More was seated in his court

of Chancery, his father, Sir John More, who was nearly of the age of ninety, was the most ancient judge of the King's Bench. "What a grateful spectacle was it," says their descendant, "to see the son ask the blessing of the father every day upon his knees before he sat upon his own seat?" Even in a more unceremonious age, the simple character of More would have protected these daily rites of filial reverence from the suspicions of affectation, which could alone destroy their charm. But at that time it must have borrowed its chief power from the conspicuous excellence of the father and son. For if inward worth had then borne any proportion to the grave and reverend ceremonial of the age, we might be well warranted in regarding our forefathers as a race of superior beings. The contrast of the humble and affable More with the haughty cardinal, astonished and delighted the suitors. No application could be made to Wolsey, which did not pass through many hands; and no man could apply, whose fingers were not tipped with gold. But More sat daily in an open hall, that he might receive in person the petitions of the poor. If any reader should blame his conduct in this respect, as a breach of an ancient and venerable precept, "Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment; thou shalt not respect the person of the poor, nor honour the person of the mighty; but in righteousness shalt thou judge thy neighbour;" let it be remembered, that there still clung to the equitable jurisdiction some remains of that precarious and eleemosynary nature from which it originally sprung; which, in the eyes of the compassionate chancellor, might warrant more preference for the helpless poor than could be justified in proceedings more rigorously legal. *Cab. Cyc.*

CORONATION SWORDS.—There are three swords carried before the king at his coronation, besides the sword of state; the first of which, named *Curtain*, or *Curtana*, belonged to Edward the Confessor, and has been used at the public inauguration of our sovereigns ever since. The length of the blade is now thirty-two inches; originally it was much longer; but it has been broken off at the point to betoken *Mercy*, justly reckoned the brightest jewel in the crown. Edward III. when he was crowned, Feb. 1, 1327, was the first of our kings who, in the exertion of the prerogative of mercy, proclaimed a general pardon, which has since been

practised by succeeding monarchs. The second sword is pointed, though somewhat obtuse, and is denominated the *Sword of Justice* to the spirituality; its blade is forty inches long, and one and a half broad. The *third*, or *Sword of Justice to the temporality*, is sharp at the point, of the same length as the former; and one and three-quarters in breadth.

Customs of Various Countries.

GENOISE MATCH-MAKING—Marriage is, at Genoa, a matter of calculation, perhaps more so than any where else; it is generally settled between the relations, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another; and it is only when every thing else is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to his intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her figure, or her manners, he may break up the match, on condition of defraying the expences incurred. But this is seldom the case; the principal object, that of interest, being once settled, the bride follows the portion as a matter of course, and is often scarcely minded. There are in Genoa marriage brokers, who have pocket-books filled with the names of marriage girls of different classes, with notes descriptive of their figures and their fortunes. These people go about endeavouring to arrange connections; if they succeed, they get a commission of two or three per cent. upon the portion. The contents of their memorandums are often very curious.

Anecdotes.

BATH AND WELLS—There is a whimsical account of the circumstance that occasioned these cities to be united under one bishop. It is said that Charles the Second, wishing to raise Dean Chrichton, a native of Scotland, to the episcopal dignity, gave him the choice of either Bath or Wells. The honest Scotsman replied, that he should like to have "Bauth;" which being mistaken by his majesty for "both," the two bishoprics were forthwith granted him.

OLD MOTHER WHISTLECAP THE BOATSWAIN.—A lodging-house is kept at Wapping by a female who served as boatswain thirty years in the navy. She enjoys a pension, and is commonly known as "Old Mother Whistlecap,"

—she possesses health,—enjoys a good character,—and, what is rather singular, is not of a masculine make, nor given to gossiping. P. J. R.

FIDDLER'S GREEN.—Few persons are more superstitious than sailors. They have an idea that there is a place nine miles beyond the dwelling of his Satanic Majesty, called "*Fiddlers' Green*," in which there is plenty of grog and merriment—and here safely convoyed, that none can ever more disturb them. P. J. R.

BENSERADE THE POET was a man of great wit, and a priest. He used to dine abroad in company every day. Some one wrote these lines upon him.

What makes our lively bard to-day
Look so sad and sad a way?
Does aught portend his fatal doom?—
No; he's obliged to dine at home.

He had satirized a knight of the order of St. Michael, in some of his verses, and was well thrashed by the knight himself. Some witling of the day wrote—

Our bard is in a wretched way,
And destined to each horrid evil;
St. Michael met him t'other day,
And beat him like the very Devil.

A CONSTITUTIONAL THRONE is an elbow-chair; but an absolute monarchy is a stool without a back. Princes are by nature, as well as from the principle on which they are placed, liable to dizziness of the head; and a constitution provides equally for the security of the governed and the governors. Had Napoleon, instead of Lewis the Eighteenth, bestowed a charter on the French, he would not have fallen when he became dizzy, but have remained emperor of the French to the present hour.

NAPOLEON was the high priest of the revolution, but being impolitic enough to overthrow the worship men paid to it, the sacerdotal garment fell from off his shoulders, and his power set for ever.

A SLUT DESCRIBED.

Unlaced her stays, her night-gown is untied,
And what she has of head-dress is aside;
She draws her words, and waddles in her pace,
Unwash'd her hands, and much besuff'd her face.
A nail uncut, a head uncomb'd; she loves,
And would draw on jack-boots as soon as gloves;
Women were made to give our eyes delight—
A female sloven is an odious sight.

ON JOHN TROLLOP,

The Builder of Thornton Church, Yorksh.
Here lies John Trollop,
Who made these stones to roll up:
When God Almighty took his soul up,
His body went to fill this hole up.

Diary and Chronology.

Tuesday, August 23.

St. Tydvill in Wales.

Full Moon 5m after 10 Morn.

August 23, 1303.—To-day was murdered, in accordance with the sentence passed on him by King Edward I. the renowned Scottish hero, Sir William Wallace, who was basely betrayed into the hands of the English by his treacherous countrymen. His disgraceful trial and death is thus related by Matthew of Westminster:—"After innumerable crimes, he was brought by the king's officers before himself, attended by the nobles of the kingdom of England, on the Vigil of St. Bartholemew, where he was condemned to a most cruel, yet most worthy death. Firstly, he was drawn at the tail of a horse through the fields of London, to a very lofty gibbet erected for him, upon which he was hung; afterwards, he was taken down half-dead, embowelled, and his intestines burned by fire; lastly, his head was cut off, and set upon a pole on London Bridge, whilst the trunk was cut into four quarters. His body, thus divided, was sent into four parts of Scotland.—Behold, such was the unpitied end of this man, whom want of pity brought to such a death."

Wednesday, August 24.

St. Bartholomew.

High Water 36m aft 2 Morn.—55m aft 2 After.

If the twenty-fourth of August be fair and clear, Then hope for a prosperous harvest that year.

„Dry August and warm does harvest no harm.

St. Bartholemew brings the cold dew.

Ray's Proverbs.

This is about the time when the watery spell of a weeping St. Swithin has nearly ceased to draw down the tears of Cælum, the forty days of lamentation ending yesterday. The proverb, therefore, relates to the speedy clearing up and settling of the weather to-day. Another saying will explain well the above adage:—

All the tears that St. Swithin can cry,
St. Barthemy's dusty mantle wipes dry.

Thursday, August 25.

St. Gregory of Utrecht, abb. A.D. 776.

Sun rises 59m after 4—Sets 5m after 7.

August 25, 1270.—St. Louis, King of France, died in Africa, in a battle with the Moors. This unfortunate expedition was the sixth and last crusade. The misfortunes of this prince extinguished the religious enthusiasm which greatly reduced the population of Europe during two centuries.

Friday, August 26.

St. Genesius of Arles, Mar. 4th Cent.

High Water 40m after 3 Morn.—6m after 4 Aftern.

Aug. 26, 1316—Fought the Battle of Cressy, where King Philip de Valois was defeated in an attack of Edward III. King of England. Some historians have attributed the defeat of the French, on that glorious day, to several pieces of cannon which the English used for the first time. A Benedictine German Monk, named Schwartz, about ten or twelve years previous, had discovered the invention of gunpowder. Roger Bacon, another English friar, had also, about the same time, written on the great explosion which salt-petre, confined, could produce. In the battle of Cressy, not less than 30,000 French perished. Fróissart relates, that the English agreed, previous to the battle, to take no ransom. Among the dead they found the King of Bohemia, Count Alencon, bro-

ther of the king, and the flower of the French nobility. Philip, having received two wounds, one on the neck, the other on the thigh, rode, in the dread of being made prisoner, to the walls of Ambroie. "Open your gates," said he, "it is the unfortunate King of France." After the victory, Edward laid siege to Calais, which was taken, and retained by the English 210 years after.

Saturday, August 27.

St. Casarius, Bish. and Conf. A.D. 542.

Sun rises 3m after 5—sets 56m after 6.

August 27, 1830.—Expired Count Lewis Segur, æt. 77. He was one of the most elegant and popular writers of the present day, as his works, which are very numerous, bear evidence. M. de Segur served in the American war of Independence under La Fayette, was afterwards sent ambassador to Russia, and subsequently to Prussia, at the beginning of the Revolution; he contrived to escape the Guillotine, although he was proscribed, and retired into complete seclusion, from which he was drawn by Napoleon when he assumed the helm of affairs. He enjoyed the favour and confidence of the Emperor to the last. After the restoration, he again went into retirement, but in 1818, was called to the Chamber of Peers by M. de Cazes. He has left a son, General Philip de Segur, the heir of his talents and his liberal opinions, and whose literary merits have already obtained him a seat in the French Academy.

Sunday, August 28.

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lessons for the Day.—2nd book of Kings, 19 ch.

Morn.—2nd book of Kings, 23 ch. Evening.

August 28, 1645.—Died Grotius. This wise Hollander was the friend of the famous Barneveldt, and took part with him in the Arminian disputes. Implicated in the disgrace of Barneveldt, he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment in the castle of Louvestein, from which he was released by the ingenious contrivance of his wife. She sent him a chest full of books, and he was afterwards carried in the chest from his prison. He went to London, and there wrote his famous treatise on War and Peace; but as he did not flatter Cardinal Richelieu, he found himself neglected, and was obliged to quit France for Sweden, where he was honoured by the Queen with the title of Ambassador. It is a question among historians, whether Grotius was a Catholic or Protestant. In addition to his treatise *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, he wrote a religious work called "The Christian's Vade Mecum." His Latin history of the Republic, from the death of Philip the Second to 1690, is generally esteemed.

Monday, August 29.

St. Marri, abb.

High Water, 42m aft 5 Morn—6m after 6 Aftern.

August 29, 1526.—Louis the Second, King of Bohemia and Hungary, defeated at the Battle of Mohats, by Sultan Soliman the Second. Louis, endeavouring to save himself after the defeat, fell into a marsh, where he was drowned. Soliman then overran the whole of Hungary, with more than 200,000 men. His soldiers returned, loaded with spoil, to Adrianople. As Louis left no issue, the Emperor Ferdinand the First, his brother-in-law, became master of the two kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary, which have since been vested in the House of Austria.

Part 48, enlarged to six numbers, will be ready on Magazine Day—Atb, No 5 of the ILLUSTRATIONS FOR SHAP BOOKS.



See page 98

Illustrated Article.

NARRATION OF A PINT BOTTLE.

For the Olio.

I could tell many a tale
Since first I had my birth :
But it might turn your features pale,
And check your mirth.

It was not always my lot to be a body without a spirit ; and though I am now thrown aside as useless, I may, in some hereafter state, be resuscitated, and pass through an ordeal of usefulness, subservient to generations that will succeed those which are, like shadows, passing away. Without arrogating to myself a singular presumption in narrating parts of my history, and without violating the rules of necrological tale-bearers, I select those portions only which I consider will justify my appearance, since I confidently assert, that I have been held up to many a friendly notice for a sight of the "bee's wing," with unusual pleasure. If I may claim the privilege of having a poetical taste, I might say, that, like a flower, I

Vol. VIII. G

was blown into existence. Whether by a "bottle conjuror," or not, it is unnecessary to say. But it is pretty clear that, even in my earliest transitions, I partook something of the nature of a "bottle imp ;" and I was, therefore, removed from the glass-house in which I first obtained an embryo, and destined, like Hamlet's ghost, "for a term," to make my appearance in the character of a slender *Pint*,—empty as a vapour, possessing rather a long neck, a thick bottom, and an unalterable strait stomach, capable of retaining many "drops of comfort" in measurable liquid. The first moist element I tasted was water,—fire, air and earth I had passed through. Others, it might be anticipated, of the same family were united in common fellowship with me on my first adventure from the glass-house to the wine cellar ; but let them speak for themselves, if so disposed, inasmuch as their experience differs from mine. I dictate only in the first person singular, and hope to avoid any reflections having a tendency to bring me, or my contemporaneous associates into disrepute.

By the busy hum of "wine! wine! wine!" I discovered that I was intended to be bottled off, filled, corked down, and laid on side in silent, cool and dark pressure, choked up to my neck, with a dash of whitening on my breast, and placed in a layer of sawdust in a dark-some bin. Oh! what a wine vault was this under-treasured place! And I was surprised to hear my superiors laugh and chat by the influence which the wine they drank out of large, long glasses, produced. They were merry indeed, and very sly in their regality, as they sate on the upturned yats and smoked each other; and I was reconciled to my doom, when I learnt that I was filled with port wine of the same quality which kept them so cheerful.—Thus, in company with many dozens of the like kindred, I was destined to lie, till, like an old coin, I should become incrusted,—and this happened to exceed the space of seven years.

Surely, it was a happy release of apprenticeship when I was, one morning, raised out of the civic cellar, by a notorious wine-taster that frequently swallowed more than he purchased. As a little one of the "very particular," without being then opened, I was conveyed to his house, for the good of a love-sick young lady visiting there, and a mixture of bark was suggested, but abandoned. The corkscrew, like that of an inquisitor, or a twinge of the gout, pierced my cork-head, and forth the life-blood bubbled into a decanter held gingerly by an elderly, abstemious looking maiden aunt, that kept the cellar keys and her brother's bachelor house in trim order. "Now, my dear Letty!" said she, as she gurgled the beads round the surface of the wine-glass, and giving it her niece to drink, she took another herself, with a prudish sip. At this interim, the young huzzar officer who had made such an impression on Letitia's heart entered, and joined in the draught. I was removed, and, *sans ceremonie*, turned heels uppermost, and suspended by my neck in a gloomy bottle-rack, with quarts and pints and other "fragments dire."

To be brief in detail, I suffered many ups and downs—shaken even to the rattles with noisy shot, and drenched to the skin with filtering water, and rubbed to my vitals with a bristling brush—filled with coffin-oil—at another with sand. Sold at one time to a bottle-merchant—found at another time with a candle in a chum-room in the Bench. Like a lying-in lady, I was often *haw-*

pered in the straw, and made a great litter about me. Strung by the neck, and carried by a charity boy into the fields for holding *tittlebats*,—then exchanged for marbles, and riding in an old woman's pocket into jail, to administer comfort to her condemned son. Indeed I had many hairbreadth escapes, changes and chances—"one bottle, in his time, plays many parts." I was picked up in haste at "Wapping Old Stairs," and a jolly captain, for want of a better, made me his temporary pocket-pistol, with a pint of what he called the "real." When arrived in the "Gulf of Florida," and my last drop was shed into *his gulf*, he stopped me with the latitude and longitude, and dropped me into the gigantic arms of the ocean—"May we ne'er want a friend, nor a *bottle* to give him."

After having been driven by wind and wave, and passing, like Jonah, three days and nights in the carcase of a whale, I was relieved by a Greenlander, who discovering me in his anatomical process, and considering me a supernatural water spirit of the blue bottle genera, flung me, fearfully, into the sea again; where I wandered to and fro till picked up on the Sussex coast by a smuggler. Taking a fancy to me, he withdrew my paper contents, and singing "All's well!" on perusing them, buoyed me even to chocking with "pure spirit," which ever and anon he drank. By my assistance, in the dark seas, he felt an enthusiastic vein of fortitude. Becoming a companion with him, I was no sooner emptied than replenished. Even his wife and children sought his jerkin pocket to take a draught, when seated jollily smoking by the evening fire—the blast assailing every reachable object very uncourtously. I well remember the hollow night, as I lay dozing with this family, that the preventive service men entered the illicit hut, and drawing their cutlasses terrified the indwellers, but captured them not without the sternest resistance, for their surly and lion-like mastiff took the largest share in the conflict: he strode to one of the officers' necks, and gnarling his throat, pinned him down till he ceased to breathe. Another officer drew his pistol and shot the dog.

The smuggler was brought to justice. With other things about his person, I was condemned, but afterwards given to a poor Irish woman travelling to London. Like Mount Etna, or Vesuvius, I held the *crater*—and was left, in part

for lodging, at St. Giles's. Being in another's employ, I ran a varied muck,—often under a washing-woman's apron to the "corner house"—for geneva, rum, whiskey, peppermint, or shrub. More than once I held eye-water, vinegar, table-beer, capers. Once I witnessed a fight in a prize ring, and was the Fidas Ascatas of the bottle-holder, a famous fellow for "black strap;"—and many a drop did I shed on the champion's puffed eyelid, after the lance had slit it into *steaked slices*.

This brought me into the society of a Tattersall better—a good natured soul, with a bottle nose, and I rested for a long period. Falling off his favourite filly when coursing, he came in *first* at the death. His stock was submitted to the hammer; I was purchased, with others, by a clergyman, and received another respite in his cellar. His lady, as all ladies should be, was very benevolent, and spent much of her time and money in usefulness. A poor woman in the village lay sick of a fever; the medical attendant prescribed wine to her succour. This was for me an opportune visit. I recollect the kind-hearted lady, with tears of compassion, laid me gently in a basket, and like a ministering angel stepped into the room of the dying woman. This was an affecting scene. The spectre-looking, but mild creature was bolstered recumbently in her bed; her weeping children, of both sexes, were sitting and kneeling round her; her husband, old and grey, in a retired part of the room, leaned on the table, with a book before him, in an anxious praying attitude. The good Samaritan lady, after half filling the glass, offered to the patient's lips the liquid,—but, alas! the blessing arrived too late,—strength departed—peace was at hand, and silence crowned the corpse in solemn radiancy. What portion that remained in me was drank at the funeral. Put into the cupboard as an evidence of kindness, I was shortly filled with cream and presented at the vicarage; then, forwarded to town with "mixed pickle," accompanied by a relation with a much larger mouth, in whose society I nearly lost my life by the carelessness of a cat.—My rare delicacies were soon devoured—and a youth appointed me his bottle companion to hold his horse-leeches. But, on his returning to college, they were released. I was once more racked and chosen with the rest of my tribe to pass the "cork harbour," and with "Old Port," I retired into quiet dark-

ness. The wine merchant sent me with an appearance of age (and it is true, I did begin to be really old in some respects,) to an innkeeper's in Woolwich, which drew my end nearer than any of my former employments. A party of watermen met to celebrate a Regatta. Drinking several bottles dry—the last—a little one—was called up for a parting. It was *my turn*—I obeyed—and like a youth in the militia, I was *drawn* up for a substitute. On the intoxicated party leaving the house, one of them in bravado, tossed me in the air. I fell on a glass conservatory with a tremendous crash. My career was thus abruptly and dishonourably closed, not having wilfully offended any one. To many I gave the Elixir of Life—the Balm of Gilead. To others, I contributed, unconsciously, to hasten their ruin, representing too truly, Farquhar's Comedy of "Love in a Bottle." But as I was only glass, and to glass I am returned, may all gather a "Mysterie and Moralitie" by my bitterness, and be assured that I shall, like them, be gathered to my fathers; and, whatever liquors my successors may contain, let it be remembered, they will be for the use, and not abuse, of the living. At this moment, an ingenious urchin is imitating the voice of a jackdaw with horsehair drawn across my "neck," and my "extremities" are stuck on a high wall, surrounding the very spot in which my beauty was slain, to ward off the limbs of climbing marauders, with the following notice placed just above me on a board,—
"Steel traps and spring guns set here."
Would this not be a practical motto for a *bottle*, by way of caution to "Dram Drinkers!" P.

THE FATE OF SERJEANT THIN.

A new original Ballad, founded on Fact.

Weep for the fate of Serjeant Thin,
A man of a desperate courage was he,
More he rejoiced in the battle's din,
Than in all the mess-room revelry;
But he died at last of no ugly gash,—
He choked on a hair of his own mustache!

Serjeant Thin was stern and tall,
And he carried his head with a wonderful air;
He looked like a man who could never fall,
For devil or don he did not care;
But death soon settled the serjeant's hash—
He choked on a hair of his own mustache!

He did not die as a soldier should,
Smiting a foe with sword in hand—
He died when he was not the least in the mood,
When his temper was more than usually bland;
He just had fasten'd his sabre tash,
When he choked on a hair of his own mustache.

Sorely surprised was he to find
 That his life thus hung on a single hair;
 Had he been drinking until he grew blind,
 It would have been something more easy to
 bear;
 Or had he been eating a cartload of trash,—
 But he choked on a hair of his own mustache!

The news flew quickly along the ranks,
 And the whisker'd and bearded grew pale
 with fright;
 It seem'd the oddest of all Death's pranks.
 To murder a serjeant by means so slight,—
 And vain were a *general's* state and cash.
 If he choked on a hair of his own mustache!

They buried poor Thin when the sun went
 down,
 His cap and his sword on the coffin lay;
 But many a one from the neighbouring town
 Came smilingly up to the sad array,—
 For they said with a laughter they could not
 quash,
 That he choked on a hair of his own mustache!

Now every gallant and gay hussar,
 Take warning by this most mournful tale,—
 It is not only bullet or scar
 That may your elegant form assail,—
 Be not too bold—he not too rash—
 You may choke on a hair of your own mustache.
Edin. Lit. Jour.

THE CORONATION OF QUEENS.

As to the title *Queen*, it may be observed that the word signifies merely a wife or woman, yet it hath come by eminency to denote the wife only of a king. Thus in old authorities we find this expression—"the king's queen;" though the title hath long been used absolutely in its present sense, and as synonymous with the Latin *regina*, the customary designation of our queens in that language. The Teutonic tribes from whom we descend entertained a laudable respect for the character of their women, and the wife of the chieftain shared the rank and honours of her husband. But the primitive form of the creation of kings was too much devoid of "gentle usage and soft delicacy" to be participated by their consorts; and it was not till after the ceremonies of unction and coronation were adopted that these could be publicly initiated in the honours of royalty. The coronation of queens, however, though performed with the same solemnity as that of kings, is not to be regarded in the same political view, or to be considered as of the same importance. Its object is to confer a sanctity of character on her who is the wife and the mother of kings, and to admit her to the honours of her exalted station. An attempt hath been made in a late anonymous pamphlet, which abounds more in gratuitous reasoning than his-

torical deduction, to represent the coronation of the English queen as an acknowledgement of a right of succession in her issue, and as "a recognition of her constitutional character *as essential* as that of the monarch himself." Of these doctrines, however, a sufficient refutation may be derived from the following obvious considerations: 1st, that the observance or omission of this coronation never was or could be held to influence the right of inheritance of the legitimate issue of a royal marriage. 2dly, the coronation of the king is essential inasmuch as it is a political act. In that of the queen, however, no such character can be discovered: no consent is asked from the people as to the person to be crowned; no conditions are required from her; no oath is administered; no homage or allegiance is offered. The queen's coronation, though performed at the same place, and usually on the same day with that of the sovereign, is a subsequent and distinct solemnity; it proceeds from the king, and is granted to his consort for the honour of the kingly office.

Among the Romans the wife of their emperor had the title *Augusta*, which was always conferred with some ceremonies, and latterly by that of coronation. In Germany the empress is both crowned and anointed. The same honour is now common to the wives of European sovereigns. Those of France are not crowned with the kings, but at the abbey of St. Denis, near Paris.

The consorts of our English princes have been graced with "all the royal makings of a queen" from very early times. Before the Conquest they were anointed and crowned, and sat with the kings in seats of state.

Æthelwulf, king of the West-Saxons, returning from Rome in the year 856, received in marriage Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald, king of France, who was at the same time crowned and anointed as his queen by Hincmar, archbishop of Rheims. These ceremonies, as applied to the royal consort, were probably unknown at that time to the court of Wessex; and the performance of them has been thought to have increased the displeasure which arose on the marriage. She was also placed on the royal seat, by the king's side, and received the title of queen; honours which had been withheld from the wives of the West-Saxon kings on account of the demerits of Eadburga, wife of King Brightric.

THE BATTLE FIELD;
A NIGHT SKETCH OF WATERLOO.

For the *Olio*.

BY HENRY JAMES HELLER, ESQ.

'Twas midnight!—all hush'd was the sound of
the battle,

No longer there broke on the stillness afar.
The clarion's shrill blast and the cannon's
death-rattle,

In hollow tones sounding of bloodshed and
war.

Thro' fast scudding clouds the moon shed her
mild lustre,

Still gleaming so faint on the gash'd mangled
slain,

Dim lighting their faces, so palely that cluster,
The wounded and dead, on the red battle
plain.

In youth and in beauty, the gay and light-
hearted

Came bounding to battle the noble and brave;
Away o'er the billow with hops as they started,
To light them to conquest, or fame in their
grave.

They came!—while the tears of affection be-
hind them,

Were shed by their kindred far over the
wave;

They came!—for the laurels of glory to bind
them;

They came, and they found them—though
cold in the grave.

Peace! peace! to the brave, sound and sweet
be their slumbers!

The morning beheld them prepared for the
strife;

The sun brightly flash'd on their martial gay
numbers—

The moonbeams shone pale on their forms
without life.

Yet round the bright brows of surviving gay
heroes,

Have the laurels of glory there circling grew;
And from beauty's soft eye the tear silently
flows,

When Fame names the slain at the red
Waterloo.

STORIES OF LIVING MUSICIANS.

If an exaggerated degree of veneration was accorded, by the ancient Greeks, to musicians as men, we, perhaps, are too prone to consider them more in their professional than their personal character. No son of song ever yet acquired fame or honour in his art, without possessing an enthusiasm which, though chiefly directed to musical science, could not fail to tinge his thoughts and actions on points unconnected with harmony. Braham rather regales his mind upon the recollections of royalty than the reminiscences of popular applause; Catalini muses less on her miracles of voice than on the compliments of the soldier Swede; and poor Charley Dignum's glee was but the consequence and product of mock-turtle and malmsey-madeira. It might be difficult to define in what manner "the concord of sweet sounds" operates on the moral character of him

whom they inspire; yet it will be assented to, that musical taste often wars with the ordinary pursuits of life, and induces apathy in the common concerns of active society:—and it is a freedom from the cares and anxieties of the world, thus produced, which has assured longevity to singers in a number of remarkable instances, little as their avocations would seem favourable to advanced age.

It is but a few years since Madame Mara, after the interval of half a century, re-appeared upon the London boards, undoubtedly with diminished powers of execution, but with all the taste and enthusiasm for the art that she possessed when she enchanted a by-gone generation. She was then more aged than the oldest of her admirers;—on the scene of her early glories, where once the proud and the influential struggled for her notice, and with all the deceitful reminiscences of her former fame alive in her mind, she found herself alone—a stranger in the assembly; the walls had lost their echo, and the mute respect with which the audience listened to her later accents, eloquently told her what she had been, and what she was. She wept bitterly at the wholesome but humbling lesson.

Barbarini, once so celebrated as a singer, was discovered but last year, by a traveller, still living, in a retired town of Russia; where, at the age of 106, he was in the active performance of the homely duties of a lowly inkeeper at Voronage, and notwithstanding his weight of years, walked daily a league and a half for the benefit of his health; each evening reverting to his guitar, and singing the songs of his fair Italy with a feeble voice. Court-favour failed him, and, reduced to poverty, he was obliged to seek subsistence by manual labour in that distasteful clime.

Catarina Gabrieli, who had been in her infant years the companion of poor Barbarini, who had shared with him the best of his fame (being his junior by five years only), and whose musical talent was the boast of her native Italy, also still survives. She is upwards of 100. But, two years since, she could delight her friends by evidence of yet extraordinary powers. In the meridian of her renown the most splendid offers were made her to proceed to foreign shores, and from London golden arguments were profusely lavished to induce her to visit us. "I can never do there as I like," was the honest answer of the celebrated cantatrice. "If I do not chuse to sing I shall be insulted.—No!

no! I would rather live in my own Italy, were it a jail." The Empress Catherine, about the year 1765, exerted all her influence to have Gabrieli at Saint Petersburg, until, wearied by the assiduous persuasion of the autocrat's ambassador, she consented to sing at the Russian court for two short months, on condition of having five thousand ducats, and all the expences of her residence in the northern capital, with those of her voyage thither and return, fully paid. "Tell the Italian," replied the Empress to her minister, "that I do not pay my field-m Marshals so much."—"Tell your mistress," answered Gabrieli, on the message being conveyed to her, "that she may set her field-m Marshals to sing." Unused as she was to concession, the haughty empress acceded to the terms of the Roman, and so delighted was she by her performance, that jewels, far exceeding the amount of her salary, were presented to the enchantress. Yet Gabrieli was anything but covetous: indeed, she was munificently generous on occasions, and ever charitable; but sometimes, as we have seen, she indulged in freaks of independence which were not always so happy in their results as that practised upon Catherine. Invited to visit Palermo, she reached the shores of Sicily, when her fame was at its acme, and her arrival caused as great a "sensation in the capital of the island, as Paganini's has created among us. For once, in Neapolitan government, the feelings of the Viceroy ran parallel with the enthusiasm of the people. A splendid repast was furnished by him to the nobility of Palermo, on the day of her first appearance—the proudest of the land were in attendance, and the banquet waited—yet she came not. Messengers were despatched to remind the prima-donna of her promise, and her host's expectation.—"La Signora sends to say that she had entirely forgotten the invitation—is in bed, and desires not to be disturbed,"—was the easy answer which he bore; and it was much—as my Lord Pembroke, or any of our countrymen cognizant of the sweetnesses of Sicilian rule, will admit. The promised airs of the evening, however, would, it was thought, recompense the disappointed Viceroy for the less grateful ones thus exhibited, and he repaired to the theatre, followed by an illustrious cortege. Those who have endured long hours of suffocation in the gallery of the House of Commons to hear the motion of some celebrated orator postponed—those who

have read a fashionable novel to the end, in the hope of extracting some little particle of pleasure—may appreciate the horror of his Highness, to hear the shrew-like songstress perversely setting all harmony and measure at defiance—stultifying the laborious efforts of the astonished orchestra, and giving her "native wood-notes wild" with a generous disdain of rule, that would have startled the classical ears of the Master of the Rolls, and thrown my Lord Mount-Edgecombe into a swoon. This was really too much for vice-regal forbearance; the contempt of authority was construed into a crime of the deepest dye, and the intractable syren was, on the termination of her performance, safely consigned to a prison, to pay the penalty of the insult. Handsome apartments were however afforded her; she adopted a sumptuous table; was "at home" to all, and at all times, and the prison became a scene of attraction perfectly unprecedented. As the term of the audacious culprit's confinement approached, she ordered a list of those detained for debt to be laid before her, and discharged all claims upon them! A vessel was prepared to bear her to her beloved Italy; and as she issued from her prison-walls, she was borne in procession by the congregated inhabitants of Palermo, past the Viceroy's palace, to the Marina, where she embarked amid shouts of triumph from the grateful multitude. *Mon. Mag.*

OYSTERS—OYSTER EATERS AND OYSTER-ROOMS.

For the Olio.

Oysters, like ourselves, are often in a *stew*—like martyrs, often brought to the *stake*—but, like impudent persons, very *sawcy* at times.

TURN which way we will, do we not see the oyster buttress inviting our taste? Are not the clean-scoured tubs put on an elevation more than breast high, even almost reaching to our mouths, purposely to arrest our attention! Is not the greedy eye already fixed on its prey; and do not the lips smack when the shells have undergone a severe chastisement of strength and birch in water, and are neatly shelved with a modicum of new salt, that the oysters may feed, and after opening their dislocated jaws be doomed to feed the open sepulchres of the land sharks that loiter about, not seeking whom, but what, they may devour!

By the heap of shells beside the dealer's door, it is evident no "home

consumption" can last without supply. But here are sacksful lying in the corner, and the operator is ready in his blue apron to show his agility in splitting the ears of these groundlings with his glazier-looking knife. See, how he holds the victim in the "hollow of his hand." It is plunged—the wrench is effectual—the shining blade slides over the slain—the beard is destined to be shorn at one fell swoop—the useless cover is thrown aside for a tally—the treat is presented to our appetites—the pepper-box and vinegar cruet are at hand for a sprinkle for flavour, and the thrifty operator is ready with a successive supply from a dozen to a peck, or bushel, if the stomach is not satisfied. That there are unconscionable oyster eaters, there can be no doubt. But, without trusting ourselves in the street angles, to have our feasts in these dusty times sprinkled with granite, or to be delayed beside the tub by the jaunty greengrocer's daughter—we prefer the more retired apertures of the many very accommodating and snug oyster-rooms, with which, among the thousand and one conveniences, this metropolis abounds. In these cool grotts, the repast is certain—the fruition manifest. A seat, anywhere, is acceptable to the weary; here it is doubly so, for the meal is also ready—the incentive to coax the little slippery salted morsel down, is offered in patties of butter and crusted rolls—

As free of alum as the finest flour.

Here, before us, is the man who, in the very nick of time, dextrously seduces the natives down our throats, with such rapidity of tide, that we are soon convinced what rapacious monsters we are in human shape, ere we are aware of the gluttony and capacity of our stomachs. But "we eat to live,"—and, if we can check our inordinance, we "live to eat again." Properly conducted, oyster-rooms are the most useful "preserves" we can conscientiously patronise. As nature has given us licence to make free with the "barrels" in proportion to "the shot in our lockers," if we cannot throw a "tub to the whale," we are at liberty to deal with shell-fish, at least, to our personal satisfaction, as not having violated the game laws, or the laws of nature.

We have sometimes lived on vegetable matter, in the idea of evading cannibalism, but have been compelled to return to our callipash and callipeé; and, on the principle of necessity, are reconciled to gulp oysters in all their

wholesome states with a superhuman zest. That the strong make common war with the weak—witness spiders with flies, and every class and grade of being, even to the strongest, who is Death, that engulphs us all. In this consideration, then, we sit and smile, with watery mouths, and receive the round dozens, without even surmising that the little pretty, bearded dears ever possessed the consciousness of feeling, and cry with comfortable emphasis—"Open a couple of dozen more!" The opener gives us a sudden glance of congratulation—bristles nearer with his convenient tripod, laden with the best, and sets sail again till the sixth dozen are demolished,—owners changed—fees discharged—stomach oysterised—the room is still an "oyster-room" for others, and trade prospers in the shell line. P.

THE REGALIA OF ENGLAND.

The Regalia, at present, consists of five crowns, five sceptres, four swords, two very ugly and inconvenient rings, one golden globe or orb, one pair of golden spurs, and a golden spoon and chalice.

Next to the principal crown, that of St. Edward, with which the monarch is invested at the coronation in Westminster Abbey, is what is called the Crown of State; it is so termed because the sovereign wears it on state occasions, such as going to the House of Peers, &c. This crown is magnificent, and it has several peculiarities distinguishing it from the others. The mound, instead of being of gold, is one solid beryl stone, of a sea green colour, and called *aqua-marina*. There are few instances of so large or pure a specimen of beryl, or *aqua-marina*, upon record. But another distinguishing mark of this crown of state is a peculiarly large ruby, set in one of the crosses (worn immediately over the forehead), and it has also several immensely large and valuable rose and table diamonds, and some peculiarly large pearls.

Of the five crowns, the queen may be said to have three appropriated to herself. The first is termed the circlet, and is a purple velvet cap, perfectly flat at top, whilst at the bottom there is an immensely broad and deep gold circular frame resting on ermine, whilst the top of the frame is terminated by a ring of very precious pearls. Between these beautiful pearls and the rim of ermine

(powdered in two rows) the golden frame is thickly set with rosettes, circlets and crosslets of diamonds. In the centre of this frame, and coming immediately over the forehead, is a rosette of nine immense diamonds, whilst one prodigious diamond stands singly over this, and forms a most magnificent object. This circlet was last worn by Queen Charlotte, in her way to the Abbey, at the coronation of 1761.

The crown which the queen wears at the coronation differs very little from the Crown of State, worn by his majesty, except that it is smaller, and the jewels are not so numerous nor so large. The mound is of gold, instead of aquamarina.

The crown in which the queen returns from the Abbey to Westminster Hall, is made to eclipse all others. It is of the form of the preceding, but so thickly covered with immensely large pearls, and diamonds, and other invaluable jewels, that not a particle of the gold can be seen. The mound and arches are an entire mass of pearls. The value of these jewels is 111,900*l.*, and though they are so numerous and large, the whole crown weighs only 19 ounces, 10 dwts. The following are the values respectively of the jewels in this most resplendent of diadems:—

Twenty diamonds round the circle,	1500 <i>l.</i> each	£30,000
Two large centre diamonds, 20 <i>ct.</i> each		4,000
Fifty-four smaller diamonds, placed at the angles of the former		100
Four crosses, each composed of 25 diamonds		12,000
Four large diamonds, of the tops of the crosses		40,000
Twelve diamonds contained in the fleur-de-lis		10,000
Eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same		2,000
Pearls, diamonds, &c. on the arches and crosses		10,000
One hundred and forty-one diamonds on the mound		500
Twenty-six diamonds on the upper cross		3,000
Two circles of pearls about the rim		300
		£111,900

THE STORM.—By Mrs KENTISH.

For the *Olio*.

'Twas midnight deep, nor aught around
Disturb'd the scene's repose profound;
The fainting zephyr sank to rest
Upon the lily's silvery breast;
The fragrant rose embalm'd the gale,
Nor serenading nightingale
Awoke the echoes in her praise,
To mingle with his plaintive lays.
All nature round appear'd to sleep—
Bird, fish, and insect, man and beast—
In one eternal—dreamless rest—
The silence was so deep!

When, lo! the moon's bright face obscured—
The madly rushing torrent roar'd,
The rolling thunder raved on high,
The livid-fork'd lightnings fly!
Cloud over cloud, by tempest hurl'd,
Which seem'd to shake the very world!
The forests bend—the opening sky
Seems rent,—disclosing to the eye
That dares such awful sight sustain,
Within one universal plain,
Magnificent and wild and high,
Through regions of immensity!

Mysterious, yet dreadful scene!
Yet, can no feeling intervene
To check thy rage, great Nature, say!
And turn thy chast'ning arm away?
Where is thy soul of tenderness—
Thy sunny smile—thy bland caress?—
Say! will thy desolating power
Heap ruin o'er this fateful hour?

The forests fire! the flames arise
In sparkling columns to the skies;
The clouds their bre and hallostons weep,
The torrent rushes down the steep!
And now one universal veil
Obscurely shadows hill and dale,
Amidst whose chaos wildly rise
A mingled din of various cries:
The crashing forest—wailing blast,
The hissing snake, whose volumes twined,
And with some fated branch entwined,
I' the fiery ruin cast!

The jackalls cry—the mingled howl
Of beasts that through the forests prow!
Or sudden frighted from their den,
Despair to find their young again,
The sound of thunderbolts, that hiss,
Plunged in the water's deep abyss,
Extinguish'd in their fall,
Till nature's rage subsides to sighs,
And into gradual silence dies,
While darkness covers all!

FIRST THOUGHTS IN FIELDS.

For the *Olio*.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

Concluded from page 53.

Who has ever watched the swallows
on a September evening, from about six
to seven o'clock? You who have not,
descend to the broad walk by the great
osiery, and observe them. Look up!
the sun is gone, but the arch of heaven
is deeply blue, and the paucity of col-
our gives its vaulted dome the sem-
blance of infinite height; yet, appar-
ently at its highest, what moving
millions, in size no more than moles,
wheel, 'soar, and sink? Yonder, over
the tall old lime-grove, just richly moul-
dering into autumnal gaudiness, a sable
globe of countless numbers is disap-
pearing in the lofty distance:—and
there! from the pool, a serried phalanx
comes sweeping along—and a deep
battalion sails over the old church-
tower. Hark! is it a rain cloud burst-
ing over our heads?—or is it possible
that those ten thousand times ten thou-
sand black objects, which, streaming
round, seem *flung* rather than *flying*

down into the osieries, can be *birds*—in number like the insect-plagues of Egypt—in appearance like the black cinder-showers tossed by the wind from a scarcely quenched fire-wreck? Yes, birds they are! those wonderful birds, that, rising from the painted flower-beds, and careering on the sunny airs of Spring, depart amidst the gilded woods and pallid mists of Autumn,—their approach and their disappearance as mysterious and unsearchable as the zephyrs that invited them, or the gusts that warned them away! Behold, every twig of that osier wilderness, blackening and bending beneath the numberless congregation! Listen to the little Babel of their myriad throats!—it is something like what you may have heard in the crash of distant waterfalls, or have fancied in the hissing of a desert of snakes. And thus they lull themselves to rest for the few lingering days of Summer, till the time appointed, and then vanish,—*whither*, that Great Power, who “*bindeth the sweet influences of the Pleiades, and looseth the bands of Orion,*” is alone able to declare.

It was a delicious twilight of July, 1824, glowing, rich, serene, succeeding to a flaming dog-star day—like one of Ossian's phantoms, the *likeness*, but only the *shadowy likeness*, of the *fierce departed*—his eye a decayed meteor—his voice a lurking tempest, as he hovers over his streamy hill, rustles through his dusky oak, or broods upon his dark red cloud, the chamber of the thunder. I climbed, with free and joyous foot, the broad and beautiful uplands that form the field-path between Pipe Redware and Hamstal. This pleasant road was skirted by the over-arching trees and embowering wood-bines of a grassy lane. Meandering through meadows piled with hay-wagons, and grouped with kirtles and jerkins of scarlet, blue, or brown, that deranged with toil or heat, displayed the snowy bosom or the nervous arm,—it led me up to slopes of corn, waving wealthily in gorgeous hues to the fresh coming airs; at length I stood on the brow of the hill from whence Hamstal Church and Manor Hall revealed themselves, sedate in the solemnity of time past, beneath a coloured canopy of sky, as the old clock was striking seven. Twenty years have elapsed since last mine eyes beheld that ancient temple, those bowery walls, that tall watch-tower, and that stately gateway. I was then a child, six years old,—yet now,

while I tread the graves of the church-yard,—open that creaking postern,—pace the broad turf walks of the garden, whose brilliant green is well set off by the austere verdure of that thrice-loved yew-hedge,—look up towards the heavily sculptured balcony before the lattices,—disturb, with profane steps, the martlet from her jutting frieze and coign of vantage in the porch,—lift with trembling hand the latch of the hall-door,—gaze breathlessly, amidst the gloom, on the withered tales of the tattered arras, and the shattered achievements of the painted casements,—cross the ample and ruinous court, under the portentous shadow of the beacon tower,—and shake in vain those jarring valves, still hanging between their octagonal turrets, still surmounted by that elliptical arch, and its rich pierced ornament of scroll-work,—all this while my mind leaps

“The deep backward and abysme of time,”

and luxuriates in the recollections of that pure and budding age. Bishop Hall's lines, in his Fifth Satire, might have been written here—

Beat the broad gates, a goodly hollow sound,
With double echoes, doth again rebound;
But not a dog doth bark to welcome thee,
Nor churlish porter canst thou chafing see:
All dumb and silent, like the dead of night,
Or dwelling of some sleepy Nybarite!
The marble pavement hid with desert weed,
With houseleek, thistle, dock, and hemlock-
seed:

Look to the tower'd chimnies, which should be
The wind-pipe of good hospitality,
Through which it breatheth to the open air,
Betokening life and liberal welfare;
Lo! there th'unthankful swallow takes her
rest.

And fills the tarret with her circled nest.

This venerable Saxon Homestall, even at the period when I first remember it, had lost much of its original magnificence, and its pristine dimensions were greatly curtailed. The long and pillared colonnade in the quadrangle, the pondrous banquet-room with its music-gallery, and the adjoining chamber for dancing, lighted with circular windows of rich stone-work, were all gone before my time. I recollect it only as a many-gabled house, muffled up to its very chimnies with fruit-trees and parasitical plants, that permitted an occasional glimpse of a carved pediment, or an heraldic oriel, to proclaim it the relique of a stately abode—but *now*, it was crumbling, I may say, before my very eyes; like Dyer's Pilgrim, I almost seemed, in that dreary hour of approaching night, to hear

"Aghast, the voice of time-disporting towers,
Tumbling all precipitate, down dashed,
Battling around, loud thund'ring to the moon."

and, while the night-wind, which was growing unusually wild, came brushing the ivy of the isolated watch-tower, and sweeping round the tottering bartizan over the portico, it seemed to me the angry menace of the household gods, offended that any adventurous foot had violated the melancholy wreck of their deserted sanctuary. It was in my night-walk home from this affecting ruin, that Dryden's majestic opening to the "Religio Laici" burst upon me, in all its truth and grandeur—

"Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars,

To lonely, weary, wand'ring travellers
Is Reason to the soul: and, as on high,
Those rolling fires discover but the sky—
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering

ray
Was lost, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upwards to a better day.
And, as those nightly tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends his hemisphere,
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light!"

By the way, I have seen the Abbey of Melrose by moonlight. Now, after Sir Walter's witchery, it would be idle in me to dilate on its delicious effect—and after all, its *best* effect, perhaps, is, that it enables you to appreciate the fidelity, and luxuriate in the beauty, of the *Second Canto*. It may be forgiven me, however, if I mention one or two picturesque features which he has not. I particularly remarked the brilliant picturing of the window tracery, as the moonlight engraved it on the opposite wall, till their long array of sculptured chasms seemed to fade in pallid lustre; the view into the interior from without the western porch, the pillared checker-work of gleam and gloom in the chapels and aisles, where the darkness broken only by the vast eastern window, with wild flakes of moon-gold, flooding through unseem arches, represent to you the choir and nave, as of an entire and perfect building: and particularly the extraordinary appearance of the flying buttresses, striding, in light and ample arcs, from the body of the church, as if viewless spirits were wafting away a portion of its desecrated edifice. Nor must I omit the air of guardian grandeur imparted to these moon-silvered shrines by old Eildon, whose huge form seemed to close round the glimmering windows. The mellow moon was nearly at the full, yet myriads of stars sparkled in the heavens;

and as I looked up westward from King David's tomb, and noticed the fantastic night-colours, rolling their blazonry over pier and window-frame, while the broad mass of the campanile arose, hollow, high, and dark, above the glistening transepts, and the starry sky stretched over them like a jewelled pall, and filled up the gracile tracery of the windows with purple and gold, as if the painted glass were still there,—I felt that moonlight was a wonderful restorer, making ruin itself an accessory to her exquisite and affecting decorations, stealing sweetly and delicately in, like religious consolation, by avenues that were closed against her, in prosperity, into the soul which affliction has lacerated and laid open;—investing at the same time the softened mourner with a reverential dignity, which, in his highest fortunes, he had never known; all eloquent in its liquid language, all healing in its balmy illumination,—imparting grace to desolation, light to gloom, and life to decay!

One October night, in 1824, the planets and constellations were more than a match for the dark red and sullen moon, when silently and reverently I passed under the swarthy shadows of the ancient plane-trees to the terrace that extends below the western front of the palace of Linlithgow. The heavy melancholy character of this enormous fabric was admirably in accordance with the complexion of the night. There was magnificence in the heavens. A gloomy crescent, like the ineffectual leader of an ardent host, lurked among a million stars, shedding disastrous dun-red gleams abroad. Umbered beneath this 'darkness visible,' the colossal carcase of the palace lay, corpse-like, weltering many a rood. It looked at once the sepulchre and the chronicle of royalty. All sad thoughts and tragic images of kingly calamity—

How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossessed,
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed;
All murdered,—

seem to haunt, like spectres, the confines of this ominous old pile. The emblazoned and castellated porches,—the deeply cernelled cornices and broad battlements,—the wide high walls connecting its four quadrangular towers,—the spangled night-wave of the lake,—the empyrean vault that canopies these regal buildings,—the fret-work of frosty gold stars, broken only by the

sable figures of the Abbey-spire, or the castle turrets, or, perhaps, the dusky plumage of some tall tree—

“The wan-red crescent of the infant moon,” gleaming with a shy and lurid light,—the crashing of my feet among the windy spoils of the Autumnal grove,—the silent burst of an owl from the shrubby ramparts—

“The garland forest which the gray walls wear,”

—and the faint dull lowing of a heifer I had disturbed in the glistering holme,—all these appliances of time and circumstance, might well invest a ruin less illustrious than a Stuart palace with attributes of sublimity and awe. But the most pathetic night-scene is to be found in the second chapter of Nehemiah, where the prophet, newly arrived in his beloved city, from the royal court of Artaxerxes at Susa, quits, at midnight, his anxious couch, and proceeds to visit the devastations in the walls of Jerusalem.

“And I arose in the night, I and some few men with me; neither told I any man what my God had put in my heart to do at Jerusalem; neither was there any beast with me, save the beast that I rode upon. And I went out by night by the gate of the valley, even before the Dragon-well, and to the dung-port, and viewed the walls of Jerusalem, which were broken down, and the gates thereof were consumed with fire. Then I went on to the Gate of the Fountain, and to the King's Pool; but there was no place for the beast that was under me to pass. Then went I up, in the night, by the brook, and viewed the wall, and turned back, and entered by the gate of the valley, and so returned.”

Undoubtedly, both in its language, and in its associations, this passage is of the very highest order of poetry. You can identify yourself with the feelings of the prophet, as he paces by night the wasted precincts of the *City of his Father's Sepulchres*. You can accompany him, step by step, through the profound and pathetic solemnity of a night in Palestine. You descend with him from the steep portal; you pass under the princely palm-trees and shadowy cedars waving against the sombre sky; there the flowery fountain of Siloa reflects its troubled and cloudy hues; hark! how sweetly mourns the bubbling brook of Kidron; you can scarcely distinguish the hushy darkling tread of the sad and secret visitants, for

the low, fitful dings, wailing through the tangled shrubs, and sighing amidst chasms of ruin! Their reverend robes, severing the ebon dullness of night, stream on the wind, and their noble countenances, imperfectly revealed in the moonless hollows, as they gaze sorrowfully on shattered walls, and down-fallen towers, and fire-blackened gateways, and terraces defaced and despoiled,—all appear to the mind's eye with the distinctness of a picture; and you may fancy you see the wild grapes and olive-bushes twining in beautiful luxuriance over the sculptured fragments of turrets, tombs, and battlements, whose huge masses are strewn so thickly below the rock-built ramparts, that they afford no room for the mule of Nehemiah to pass. Night, with her gaes and clouds, was alone suited to such a melancholy scene!

Oh majestic night!

Nature's great ancestor—day's elder born,
And fated to survive the transient sun
By mortals and immortals seen with awe;
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist. Clouds in heav'n's
loom,

Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form; and heav'n through-
out,

Voluminously pours thy pompous train.
Thy gloomy grandeur (Nature's most august
Inspiring aspect,) claims a grateful verse,
And, like a sable curtain starred with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the
scene. *Night Thoughts.*

Illustrations of History.

HISTORY OF SILK.

In the island of Kos, situated in the Archipelago, silk was manufactured at a very early period. Aristotle relates, that *bombykia*, or the stuff produced from the *bombyx* (the silkworm,) was re-spun and re-wove by the industrious women of this island. Pamphila is celebrated as the inventress of this process. She unwove the precious material to recompose it in her loom into fabrics of a more extended texture; thus converting the substantial silks of the Seres into thin transparent gauze, obtaining in measure what was lost in substance. Attempts have been made to rob the inventress of all the merit belonging to this process, by identifying the *bombykia* with the raw material, which, it is said, Pamphila and her nymphs procured from Seres, and spun and wove into sericum or silk. But the fact of the reweaving rests upon too good authority to be doubted. It will be seen that the Roman ladies

subsequently adopted this Pamphilian process.

Pliny asserts that the bombyx was a native of Kos; but it is not probable that the women of that island would, in such case, have recourse to the laborious operation of converting foreign finished goods into threads for their own weaving. It is, therefore, only reasonable to suppose, that whatever manufacture was carried on from the raw material, was, like that of Tyre or Berytus, composed of unwrought silk imported from the East. It is mentioned both by Theophanes and Zonaras, the Byzantine historians, that before silkworms were brought to Constantinople in the middle of the sixth century, no person in that capital knew that silk was produced by a worm; a tolerably strong evidence that none were reared so near to Constantinople as Kos.

Among all the rich materials gathered from various countries for the embellishment of the celebrated temple of Solomon, no mention is made of silk. The costly cloths used at its dedication, and appropriated to the service of the priesthood, are described as being of the finest linen. In Jerome's translation of the Bible, we find *sericum* enumerated among other articles of commerce sent to Tyre from Syria, 588 years before Christ. The supply must, however, have been exceedingly scanty, since, on the rebuilding of the temple, which was completed sixty-four years after the last-mentioned period, the records of the Jews make no mention of the substitution of silken for linen fabrics, as might reasonably be expected among a people who introduced so much magnificence into their religious rites.

The victorious army of Alexander the Great brought home, among other eastern luxuries, wrought silks from Persia. This ambitious conqueror, while eagerly intent upon adding to his dominions, was desirous also of extending the boundaries of knowledge; not forgetting, amid his insatiable lust of empire, the more rational counsels of his learned preceptor, Aristotle, that he should explore the arcana of nature. To facilitate this object, Alexander took with him, in his Asiatic expedition, 1000 men, whose sole employment it was to collect animals, either by fishing, hunting, or hawking: these were, from time to time, carefully transmitted for the inspection of the philosopher; and for his further encouragement in

the prosecution of his enquiries, Alexander presented him with the sum of 800 talents. So well did Aristotle avail himself of these opportunities afforded by his royal pupil, that although his writings on natural history are not the most eminent extant, they are yet found to be more correct than those of many who wrote at later periods on that branch of science.

Aristotle certainly gives the best account of the silk-worm that is to be found in any ancient author, describing it as a horned worm, which passes through several transformations, and produces bombykia. It is remarkable, however, that, although minute in his description of the worm, he yet fails to indicate the country of its origin.

Pliny, whose writings afford evidence of so much erudition, has given an account of the silkworm which greatly varies from that of the Grecian philosopher. Assyria is assigned by the Roman naturalist as the native country of the bombyx; and he transplants Pamphila and her manufacture to Ceos, an island on the opposite side of the Ægean Sea, near to the coast of Attica. He tells us, that the stuff which the women of Rome unravelled and wove anew, was made from a woolly substance, combed by the Seres from the leaves of trees, and that draperies formed of this material were imported from the country of the Seres.

Cap. Cyc.

Snatthes from Obilbian.

Out of the old fields cometh the new corn.

Sir E. COKE.

THE CHARACTER OF A WORTHY KING.

By Nicholas Breton, 1616.

A worthy king is a figure of God in the nature of government: he is the chief of men, and the church's champion; nature's honour, and earth's majesty: is the director of law, and the strength of the same, the sword of justice, and the sceptre of mercy, the glass of grace, and the eye of honour, the terror of treason, and the life of loyalty. His command is general, and his power absolute, his frown a death, and his favour a life, his charge is his subjects, his care their safety, his pleasure their peace, and his joy their love; he is not to be paralleled, because he is without equality, and the prerogative of his crown must not be contradicted: he is the Lord's anointed, and therefore must not be touched; and the head of a public body, and therefore must be preserved. He is a scourge of sin, and a

blessing of grace; God's viceregent over his people, and under him supreme governor; his safety must be his council's care, his health his subjects' prayer, his pleasure his peers' comfort, and his content his kingdom's gladness: his presence must be revered, his person attended, his court adorned, and his state maintained: his bosom must not be searched, his will not disobeyed, his wants not unsupplied, nor his place not unregarded. In sum, he is more than a man, though not a God, and next under God to be honoured above man.

The Naturalist.

THE MULBERRY TREE.—The mulberry tree is readily raised, either by cuttings, by layers, or by seed. In countries where the seed must be saved until the favourable season for sowing it shall come round, the process is both troublesome and difficult. Pullein, who wrote in the year 1758, gives very elaborate directions, which he considers necessary for properly saving and preparing the seed. In climates where this delay in sowing is not necessary, the operation is more simple. The plan pursued in France is curious: it is thus described:—"Take the ripe berries when they are full of juice and seeds. Next take a rough horse-hair line, or rope such as we dry linen on, and with a good handful of ripe mulberries, run your hand along the line, bruising the berries and mashing them as much as possible as your hand runs along, so that the pulp and seed of the berries may adhere in great abundance to the rope or hair line. Next dig a trench in the ground where you wish to plant them, much like what is practised in kitchen gardens in England for crops of various kinds. Next cut the rope or hair line into lengths, according to the length of the trench you think fit to make, and plunge the line full of mashed berries into the trench; then cover it well over with earth, always remembering afterwards to water it well, which is essential to success. The seeds of the berries thus sown will grow, and soon shoot out suckers, which will bear young leaves, which are the best food for the silkworm. The facility and rapidity with which young leaves may by this means be produced, is evident; for as many rows of trenches can thus be filled as can be wished; and it can never be necessary to have mulberry trees higher than our

raspberry, currant, or gooseberry bushes. Whenever they get beyond that, they lose their value: and if these branches succeed, you may have a supply coming fresh up day after day, or any quantity you please." Snails and slugs are found to be very destructive to the young mulberry shoots, committing great devastations in a short period. In moist seasons a whole nursery is sometimes threatened by them with ruin. To protect the tender plant from this evil, it is recommended to surround the beds or trenches with dry soot or ashes, sprinkling it afresh after rain. This protection might be advantageously adopted with other plantations, as slugs will not pass over such a fence, especially while it is dry.
Cabinet Cyc.

Fine Arts.

New London Bridge. Colnaghi, London.

We beg to call the attention of the public to a lithographic print, just put forth from the hands of a young artist, Mr. Joseph Nash. For correctness of design—architectural proportion in all its bearings—a faithful display of the water gala, and shipping scenery—the countless multitudes of his majesty's lieges congregated—and, above all, for the chaste and accurate drawing of the Bridge (the principal feature in the work,) we venture to pronounce this print not to have been surpassed, if equalled by any of the numerous delineations of the grand spectacle of the 1st of August, 1831. We, of course, refer to the coloured print.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.

M. W. of Windsor.

At the Coronation, his Majesty, it is said, will robe in the Jerusalem chamber, contiguous to the House of Lords, and the only procession will be from thence by the Poet's Corner into Westminster Abbey. The exit will be by the Great Gate, from whence the nobility and all persons engaged in the ceremony will depart to their respective residences.

THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER.—This chamber is noted for having been the place where Henry the Fourth breathed his last. Shakspeare, in one of his plays, notes it thus,—

"Laud be to God! even then my life must end;

It hath been prophesied to me many years, I should not die, but in Jerusalem, Which, vainly, I supposed the Holy Land."

The devil is said to have practised such a delusion on Pope Silvester II.; having, on consultation, assured his holiness he should die in Jerusalem, and kept his word by taking him off as he was saying mass, in 1003, in a church of that name, in Rome.

IN ANCIENT GREECE, when a person was prosecuted for any crime however heinous, even that of murder, he had full liberty, even after having made his address to the judges, to make his escape, and to avoid, by expatriating himself, the consequences of a capital condemnation. Demosthenes gives the following reason for a lenity which in modern times appears so singular:—"Those original institutors of our laws," says the orator, "whosoever they were, whether men, or heroes, or gods, superadded not to the misfortunes of human aberrations the inflictions of a severe legislation, but humanely, so far as they could, alleviated the misfortunes of mankind by the gentleness of their legal forbearance."

ON the hill of the Areopagus at Athens, stood an altar to Minerva, near which the judicial proceedings took place, whereto the place was, from the days of Orestes, dedicated. Beside this altar lay two large stones cased over with silver, upon which stood the accusing and accused persons; the one stone was called the *Stone of Inquiry*, the other, *The Stone of Impudence*; two most emphatic titles, characteristic of the dispositions and passions that lead men to litigations.

THE FIRST INTRODUCTION OF SILK INTO FRANCE.—It is said that the first introduction of silk into France was accomplished by Louis XI., who obtained workmen from Genoa, Venice, and Florence, and established them at Tours in the year 1480, under very extensive privileges. It does not, however, appear that much progress was made in the manufacture until the reign of Francis I. During the time that the French possessed the duchy of Milan (1521,) artisans were thence procured, who introduced the manufacture into Lyons under the fostering protection of the monarch. The people of France made a rapid progress in this pursuit; and, in addition to those of Lyons, many manufactories were speedily established in others of the southern provinces, supplying sufficient for their own consumption, and soon afterwards even a superabundance for competition in foreign markets, furnishing many parts of Europe with the

fruits of their newly cultivated art. In particular, France for many years derived considerable wealth from prosecuting this branch of trade with England. *Cas. Cyc.*

KAMSCHATKA HOSPITALITY.—When the Kamschatdale is in a peculiarly hospitable humour, or is anxious to conciliate a fellow-countryman, whose hostility he dreads, he heats his subterraneous dwelling until the temperature becomes almost past endurance; then, undressing both his guest and himself, he sets a profuse supply of food before him, and during the regale, takes special care that the heat be nowise slackened. Succumbing under the double assault of roasting and gourmandizing, the visitor at length avows that nature can no longer withstand either the one assailant or the other; "mine host" is admitted to have done all that the most punctilious civility can exact; and he then proceeds to levy a contribution on his honoured guest in retaliation of the hospitable greeting which he has enjoyed.

THE KNOT.—This instrument of torture is composed of a piece of leather about eighteen inches in length, rather thicker than a man's finger at one end, from which it tapers to a very small point; this leather is fixed by a cord about twice its length, to a wooden handle. The man who inflicts the punishment is called the "Knot Master," and as it requires great skill and dexterity to use this instrument with proper effect, considerable practice is required to render him capable of filling this important post. When the punishment is about to be inflicted, the culprit is placed in a sort of frame, which, bending down the head and back, draws the skin tight. The Knot Master then retreats about thirty paces, and having leisurely measured his distance, rushes, brandishing his weapon over his head, towards his victim, upon whom he inflicts a blow with all his force, drawing the knot down the back, so that it presents an appearance of having been as it were cut by a knife: this sort of advance and retreat is kept up with every blow. The severity of this mode of punishment, unlike our flogging, does not depend upon the number of stripes inflicted, but the method of the stroke; as a man may be able to bear above 100 blows, and again by striking near the *heart*, six are sufficient to cause immediate death. A person receiving the punishment of the

knout, is invariably marked by having a piece of flesh cut from each nostril.

W. S. C.

Anecdotes.

BEN JONSON AND RALPH THE WAITER.—This great dramatist, being solicited to say grace before "gude King Jamie," gave the following extempore,

Our King and Queen the Lord God blesse,
The Palgrave and the Lady Besse;
And God blesse ev'ry living thing,
That lives, and breathes, and loves the King;
God blesse the Council of Estate,
And Buckingham the fortunate;
God blesse them all, and keep them safe—
And God blesse me, and my friend Ralph.

His majesty requested to know who his friend Ralph was, and was told by Ben, that he was the *drawer* at the *Swanne* tavern, at Charing Cross, who drew him good *Canarie*. Upon hearing which, the king laughed heartily, and for the above piece of spontaneous drollery, presented rare Ben with £100.

THE WAY TO TREAT LIBELS.—James I. with all his faults, had good-nature. A lampoon, in which there were reflections upon the court, was read by him once with some indignation; but as it concluded with

"God bless the King, the Queen, the Prince,
the Peers,
And grant the author long may wear his ears,"
his features relaxed into a smile, and he said, with his usual good humour, "By my faith, and so he shall for me; for though he be an impudent, he is a witty and a pleasant rogue."

FORTUNE FAVORS THE BOLD.—When Sir John Owen, who fought for Charles I. was tried by the parliamentary judges, he told them, that he was a plain gentleman of Wales, who had been taught to obey the king; that he had served him honestly during the war; and that, finding that many honest men endeavoured to raise forces, whereby he might get out of prison, he did the like, and concluded like a man who did not much care what they resolved concerning him. In the end, he was condemned to lose his head; for which, with a humorous intrepidity, he made the court a low reverence, and gave his humble thanks. A by-stander asked what he meant: he replied, aloud, "It was a great honour to a poor gentleman of Wales to lose his head with such noble lords; for, by God, he was afraid they would have hanged him."—Sir John, by some good fortune, was disappointed of the honour he was flattered with, being as his epitaph says, *Famæ plusquam*

vitis sollicito. He neither solicited for a pardon, nor was any petition offered to parliament in his favour; which was strongly importuned in behalf of his fellow-prisoners. Ireton proved his advocate, and told the house, "that there was one person for whom no one spoke a word, and therefore requested that he might be saved by the motive and goodness of the house." In consequence, mercy was extended to him; and, after a few months' imprisonment, he was, on his petition, set at liberty. He retired again into his country, where he died in 1666, and was interred in the church of Penmorva, in Caernarvonshire, where a small monument was erected to his memory.

SEEING NOT ALWAYS BELIEVING.—In making a collection at the French Academy, a dollar of six francs was found wanting. One of the members, a great miser, was suspected of not having contributed. He maintained he had. The person who had made the collection said, "That he had not *seen* him, but he *believed* he had."—M. Fontenelle settled the discussion, by saying, "I *saw* it, but I did not *believe* it."

POPE'S INSENSIBILITY TO MUSIC.—Handel used frequently to meet Pope at the Earl of Burlington's. The poet one day asked his friend Arbuthnot, of whose knowledge in music he had a high opinion, what he really thought of Handel as a musician? Arbuthnot replied, "Conceive the highest you can of his abilities, and they are far beyond any thing you can conceive." Pope, nevertheless, declared, that "Handel's finest performances gave him no more pleasure than the airs of an itinerant ballad-singer."

A LITTLE ABSURDITY.—Tintoret, in a picture portraying the Israelites gathering manna in the Desert, has armed the Hebrews with guns; and a modern Neapolitan artist has represented the Holy Family during their journey to Egypt, as passing the Nile in a barge as richly ornamented as that of Cleopatra.

CONUNDRUM.—Why is a man going to be married like the principal agitator in a mob?—Because he's a *Ring-leader*.

EARLY ADVICE TO A SON.

Be good with spirit, and with parts be just;
Be kind to all; love few, and fewer trust;
Let prudence seize what'er is learning's boast,
But oh! for learning be not virtue lost.
Let mild humanity her aid extend;
God will repay what to men's wants you lend;
And thou shalt travel to those bless'd abodes,
Where virtuous men are only less than Gods.

Diary and Chronology.

Tuesday, August 30.

*St. Pannuchius, Conf. A.D. 410.
Moon's Last Quarter, 40m after 10 Morn.*

The Harvest.—The end of August is generally the usual time of Harvest, and hence the beginning of sporting has, from time immemorial, been fixed for September. In fine weather the Harvest Home, as it is called, is a scene of great cheerfulness, and it is peculiarly pleasing to see the wheat carried, accompanied by the cheerful sounds of the Harvest-horn, an emblem of the horn of Plenty. But the many rustic ceremonies formerly belonging to the carrying of the Harvest, are fast going out of use.

Brand observes, that the Harvest Home is called Mell Supper, Kern, Churn Supper, or Feast of In-gathering; and quotes Macrobius, who tells us that, among the Heathens, the masters of families, when they had got in their Harvest, were wont to feast with their servants, who had laboured for them in tilling the ground. In exact conformity to this it is common among us, when the fruits of the earth are gathered in and laid in their proper repositories, to provide a plentiful supper for the harvest-men and the servants of the family. At this entertainment, all are, in the modern revolutionary idea of the word, perfectly equal. Here is no distinction of persons, but master and servant sit at the same table, converse freely together, and spend the remainder of the night in dancing, and singing, in the most easy familiarity.

Bourne thinks the original of both these customs is Jewish, and cites Hospinian, who tells us that the Heathens copied after this custom of the Jews, and at the end of their Harvest, offered up their first fruits to the Gods. For the Jews rejoiced and feasted at the getting in of the harvest.

Wednesday, August 31.

*St. Cuthbert, Queen, Vir. & Abbess, 6th Cent.
High Water 25m after 7 Morn—57m after 7 After.
August 31, 1422.*—Expired at or near Rouen, in France, *M.R.* 34, Henry V. the celebrated conqueror of France. His remains were conveyed to England, and interred in Westminster Abbey.—Henry was a native of Monmouth, which at that period belonged to Wales; a country which also gave birth to two other Kings of England, namely, Edward II. and Henry VII. The former was born at Caernarvon; the latter at Pembroke.

Thursday, Sept. 1.

*St. Giles, Abbot, 1st Century.
Sun rises 13m after 5—sets 46m after 6.
Sept. 1, 1503.*—Return of Vasco de Gama to Lisbon. Vasco de Gama immortalized himself by a discovery of a passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope. Don Emanuel, King of Portugal, sent him to India in the year 1493, upon a voyage of discovery. He first ran down the eastern coast of Africa, and landed in various parts, with intention to make treaties with the chiefs. He also sailed upon the eastern coast of India. On his return, he was made Admiral of the Indian, Persian, and Arabian seas, a title which his descendants preserved to the latest period. Gama sailed on a second voyage on the 10th of February, 1502, and, after having revenged the insults he had received in his first voyage, by destroying the vessels of several barbarous princes, he returned with thirteen ships, richly laden. To distinguish his happy expedition, Don Emanuel built the fort of Bellemo, honoured Gama with the title of Don for himself and his posterity, and created him a Grande of Portugal.

This day is published, Part 48, with Six Fine Engravings. Also No. 5, of the Scrap Book Illustrations, containing a Series of Splendid Designs to illustrate Sir Walter Scott's St. Valentine's Day and Anne of Cleves.

Friday, Sept. 2.

*St. William; Bishop of Roschild, A.D. 1067.
High Water 1m aft 10 Morn—46m after 10 After.*

Sept. 2, 1666.—Fire of London.—There is a description of this tremendous fire in a rare tract, published in the year 1667, entitled, "Vincent's God's Terrible Voice in the City," which begins as follows:—

"It was the end of September, 1666, that the anger of the Lord was kindled against London, and the fire began: it began in a baker's house, in Pudding Lane, by Fish Street Hill; and now the Lord is making London like a fiery oven in the time of his anger, and in his wrath doth devour and swallow up our habitations. It was in the depth and dead of the night, when most doors and fences were locked up in the city, that the fire did break forth, and appear abroad like a mighty giant refreshed with wine."

Saturday, Sept. 3.

*St. Veps, in Cornwall.
Sun rises 16m after 5—sets 43m after 6.*

Charles Lamb, in his *Mirror of the Months*, says, "The apple-harvest of the cider counties, takes place this month, and though I must not represent it as very fertile in the elegant and picturesque, let me not neglect to do justice to its produce, as the only one deserving the name of British wines; all other liquors so called being, the reader may rest assured, worse than poisons, in the exact proportion that specious hypocrites are worse than open, bold-faced villains."

Sunday, Sept. 4.

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
*Lessons for the Day.—Jeremiah, 5 chapter Morn.
Jeremiah, 22 ch. Evening.*

The first week in September is more often calm on an average than the last of August: hence the well-known proverb—

"September blows soft till the fruit's in the loft."
In an early volume of Blackwood's Magazine, we find the following beautiful sonnet, entitled—

Autumnal Twilight.

I stood at sunset on a little hill,
O'erhung and garlanded with tall beech trees,
The west was clothed in gold and not a breeze
Disturbed the scene—all was unearthly still;
And pleasant was the air, though somewhat chill,
As wout upon a clear September eve,
Methought 'twas then impossible to grieve,
For placid thought o'ercame the sense of ill,
And a deep Lethe o'er the senses brought.
I gazed upon the waters—on the flowers—
The sky—the stirless woods—the silent leaves,
Flashed back departed boyhood on my thought,
And all the joys that then, loved friend, were ours.

Monday, Sept. 5.

*St. Lawrence Justinian, Pat. of Venice, A.D. 455.
High Water 7m aft 1 Morn—32m aft 1 After.*

Sept. 5, 1638.—Born at St. Germain-en-Laye, Louis XIV. King of France, surnamed *Dien-donne*. A modern historian says that this monarch "Had all common virtues and talents in perfection, without any of those striking and salient attributes which constitute the hero, or in history's eye, the great. There are few mortals to whom a more glorious epitaph might be inscribed; but his career was neither of that astonishing or interesting class which claims and wins apotheosis."



See page 117

Illustrated Article.

THE FORCE OF CONSCIENCE.

AN EPISODE OF REAL LIFE.

Jul.—As little by such toys as may be possible,

But sing it to the tune of *light o' love*.

Luc.—It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

I am sure, Cleveland, you have been astonished at my silence, and I cannot say that either amusement or occupation has withheld me from performing the chief duty and pleasure of my existence. One entire and absorbing interest has lately taken possession of my whole soul, and drawn, as it were, all my powers into itself. It has been said that love is the business of woman's life—but only an *EPISODE* in that of man. Though my youth has sobered into manhood, and manhood is gliding imperceptibly into old age, yet one "episode" of my early days has been treasured up with but too faithful a remembrance. Judge then, my chosen

Vol. VIII. H

friend, my second self in all, except the weakness of my nature, what my feelings must have been some weeks ago, when in a ghastly and attenuated being, who leaned his head languidly on the velvet lining of a splendid landau, as it crept along Pall-mall, I recognized the once handsome and animated B—. An uncontrollable impulse led me to remain near the door of the United Service Club, which he was about to enter. His trembling frame was supported at either side, by two footmen as he ascended the steps,—Good God! how painfully altered he appeared!—his cheeks yellow and wrinkled—his teeth were broken and decayed—his eyes, once so brilliant, black and penetrating, darting and catching light, now were sunken and changed both in colour and size, and unmeaningly strayed from object to object. It was only when their dullness rested upon me, that any thing like a feeling of life passed over his countenance—then he paused, pressed the servants' arms with his gloved hands, and raised himself to his full

height as he peered into my face, with a wandering, undefined expression of dread and uncertainty. This was the action of a moment, his grasp relaxed, and he proceeded up the staircase, with the same restless and bewildered air. My heart ached within me, at the full tide of recollections that rushed upon it; I literally gasped for breath, and involuntarily hastened towards the Park, eager to escape from the vision that you will readily believe my imagination conjured up at this strange meeting. I walked rapidly onward, as if memory could be obliterated by violence of motion. I had scarcely turned the corner of St. James's, when a powdered menial arrested my steps and politely inquired if my name were not Leyden. I replied in the affirmative, and he requested that I would accompany him back to the United Service Club, as his master wished particularly to see me. I retraced my path, and was shown into a private room, at the upper end of which B—— sat, or rather reclined, upon a sofa. On entering I felt a chilliness steal over my frame, as if the atmosphere I breathed was tainted. As I approached, he endeavoured to stand up, but the effort was unavailing, and while extending his hand he buried his face in the cushions that supported him. For many minutes we were both silent, but when he did speak, his delivery was slow and broken, yet he was the first who acquired self-possession enough to articulate.

"Years have passed, Mr. Leyden," he commenced, "since we have looked upon each other.—Years, sir, yes, years have passed—years of worldly prosperity—of mental anguish—anguish—anguish," he repeated, in a low and monotonous voice that sounded like a death wail; "anguish—more than *that*—years of feelings, that have rendered this bosom," and he struck it with his clenched hand, "a living, an eternal hell!"

What could I say, Cleveland? had you seen him at that moment, as I did, you would have forgotten the injuries he heaped upon your friend, in witnessing the misery he endured. You could not have looked upon, and not have pitied him.

"Tell me," he continued, reading, doubtless, the softened expression of my countenance, for you must remember how fatally skilled he was in every movement of the human face, as well as in every winding of the human heart,—“tell me, *where* they have buried

her?" Little as I had anticipated such a question, I *felt* it was one that he ought to ask, and without faltering, replied:—

"A small black marble urn, supported on a slight pedestal, in the south corner of Old Windsor church-yard, marks the spot; it is near the vault of her ancestors."

"Who," he inquired, "who raised the tablet?"

"I did." He gazed, Cleveland, as if into my very soul, and then muttered in an under tone, "Black, why made you it of black marble? She was pure as God's own light; I ought to know it best, and I say it; and why did they exclude her from the vault!—was her flesh less fair than theirs?" After one of those distressing pauses, which come when the mind is too full for utterance, he continued:—"Leyden, you are not changed as I expected; your brow is smoother than mine, though you are an older man, and there is a look of peace—forward peace—about you. Strange that, after an absence of twenty years, you were the first of my old acquaintances to meet me,—you, whom I would have most avoided, and yet most wished to see:—there is only one other—"

"There is no other," I interrupted; "her father died broken-hearted within a year after her fatal act was known."

Cleveland, I cannot describe to you the shudder that passed through his frame, as I uttered these words; it was a positive convulsion, and, sensible of the hideous effect it produced, he covered his face with his hands, while his limbs quivered as if in mortal agony; when the paroxysm had subsided, I collected myself sufficiently to say, that having communicated the information he seemed so anxious to obtain I would now leave him, sincerely hoping that he might experience a return of the tranquillity he had lost; he raised his eyes to mine, and though they instantly sank to the earth, in that one look there was more of despair, more of hopelessness, than I ever beheld conveyed by human expression; there is something like it in a fine picture I once saw, but cannot remember where, that represented with fearful reality the betrayer of his Saviour flinging back to its purchasers the price of his Master's blood.

He then rang the bell, and with forced composure inquired my address; I presented my card, and he bowed with somewhat of his once courtly air, as the servant conducted me to the door.

During the remainder of that day,

London was to me as a peopled solitude; and I longed to escape from the multitude that pressed me on every side. I was out of tune with all things, and night itself brought no repose. A few days afterwards, I resolved upon a strange expedient, suggested doubtless by a secret wish to ascertain if B—— had visited poor Cicely's grave. I resolved to go to Old Windsor, to look upon her mourning tomb, and see if the clematis and flowers I had planted with my own hands, were flourishing there still.

Full of those feelings, I took my way in solitude and silence to the church-yard, so retired, and, as I have sometimes thought, so picturesque. I stood for a moment by the little white turnstile, looking down that solemn avenue of stately trees, the Thames gliding

“At its own sweet will,”

a broad and polished mirror, reflecting every passing cloud, and numbering the stars as they betokened the coming night. All was deeply, beautifully still; for the occasional shout of noisy children, brought upon the breeze from the sweet village of Datchet, accompanied, at intervals, by the deep bark, or querulous yelping of the household dogs, rendered more intense the silence that succeeded. It was an hour and a place fitted for deep meditation—for self-examination; and (dare I confess it, even to you?) for communion with the invisible spirits that draw nearer to our world, when the bustle and business of life yield to that repose which the soul delights in. I lingered where I had first stayed, until the beams of the early moon silvered the clustering ivy that climbs the church-yard wall: this partial light, while it deepened the darkness of the avenue, warned me that the night was come. A single beam, like a thread of silver, rested on the urn when I knelt upon her grave. I could hardly distinguish the flowers from the grass; but all was soft and green; and I confess that it afforded me a melancholy pleasure to think that no rank weeds violated the little mound which——But I weary my friend with the recital of feelings, that, if the world knew, they would scoff at, in a man whose hair is grey.

I thought I heard an approaching footstep; the little ray vanished; and, looking up, I beheld B—— himself, resting against the monument, while his eyes were fixed upon me with an expression I cannot attempt to describe. I started from the grave; but he seized

my hand with a strong grasp, and, throwing himself upon the spot I had just quitted, almost dragged me to the earth.

“The time is fitting—the place is fitting,” he murmured; “bear with me for a little, and you shall know all—more, ay, much more than you anticipate.”

After the first or second sentence, his manner was calm and collected; but then, his mind was so evidently wound up for the exertion, that a fearful reaction might well have been looked for.

“Strange I should meet you here, Leyden; but there is a fate in all things, and a cruel one has been mine! There are those; I know, who disbelieve this; but you shall hear. I need not ask if you remember *Aer*, or the anxiety with which I strove to win affections that, at the very time, were comparatively worthless in my eyes. You seem astonished; but so it was. I was not half as eager to possess *Aer*, as I was to rival you. You had boasted of your security; you had openly defied me; you had baffled me, in more ways than one; you had preserved your temper, your equanimity in all our differences. In all essential things you were *more* than my superior; but the peculiar *tact* that can call forth all the fascinating littlenesses of everyday existence, and mould them to the best advantage, was fatally awarded to me. To mortify you, and show forth my own power as best I might, I resolved to try my success with the innocent Cicely. At first, I trifled in mere, but wicked wantonness, as I had done with others; but gradually I felt her acquiring a powerful ascendancy. Her innocence, her purity, her full and perfect simplicity, and the celestial character of her beauty, which gained instead of losing by more intimate acquaintance, overpowered me. I might well be compared to a second Satan, tempting a second Eve, who dwelt in the paradise of pure and holy imaginings. For a length of time the untaught girl of eighteen baffled the practised libertine of five-and-twenty. But, in the end, a secret *marriage*, as I called it, gratified my passion, and gave me nothing more to woo for. The rified flower withered at my touch. Cicely was too holy, too refined, to enchain a wandering profligate. Her silent but visible virtues rose up in judgment against me. Fresh beauties led captive a heart laden with divers lusts; and the being that, but a little month before, I had strained to my throbbing bosom,

as if to make it her everlasting resting-place, I now loathed—Yes, Leyden, loathed as if she had been a poisonous serpent! Her voice—Leyden, you remember *her* voice—its very tones gave me positive pain; her small white hand, when resting on my bosom, felt heavy and cold as lead; and all those little offices of kindness, which woman only can bestow, became absolutely disgusting to me. When, with blushes and many tears, she told me that she must, in time, become a mother, and begged me, *for my infant's sake*, to confess our marriage, I thrust her from me so rudely, that she fell even at my feet!—When again we met, she did *not* curse, but blessed me! I urged my uncle to procure for me the situation in India, I had once offended him by refusing to accept. He seemed pleased, as he expressed it, 'at my recovering my senses;' and, much sooner than I anticipated, I was informed that my departure was immediately required. I wrote to Cicely, whom, under various pretexts, I had declined to see from time to time, and whom I now sought most particularly to avoid; for, as I said to one of my companions in iniquity, 'I hated scenes.' I enclosed her a sum of money, scathed with the intelligence that she was *not* my wife; but (wretch that I was!) containing the cold assurance of my friendship and good wishes. This I sent from ship-board, where we were under sailing orders, waiting only for a fair wind. While I was lounging the next evening on deck, and longing for the moment when the sails should fill, and we should go rejoicing over the clear blue waves, a note was presented to me from Cicely, returning my money, containing no word of reproach, but adjuring me, in the most solemn manner, to meet her for five minutes, for the last time. The simple appeal concluded by naming a little creek, where, she said, she waited for me. My spirit revolted at seeing that the note was signed 'C. B.' I felt irritated that she should presume to use a name to which I had said she was unentitled. You cannot conceive how that small circumstance rankled in my bosom. I had caroused, more than usual, with my shipmates—my brain was fevered and confused—my resolves bewildered and changing. From the deck I could discern the trysting-place, and distinguish the fluttering of a white robe. I determined, at last, not to shrink from a meeting with a *woman*, and asked the captain if he would lend me a boat, adding, with a bravo's tone, and

a bravo's feeling, that an affair of gallantry called me on shore for about an hour. As I rowed towards the creek, the spire of Milton Church stood coldly, and I thought reproachfully, out against the sky,—there was nothing else which indicated the proximity of human habitation; for the little town of Graveend, then only a straggling village, was concealed by a sudden winding of the river. Amid this solitude the fiend was busy with me, and whispered devilish suggestions in my ear. Cicely seemed resolved to retain my name. I felt that she would be an everlasting barrier to my advancement, as I called it: and the affair, if bruited abroad, was almost too serious to receive the applause even of my gayest friends. I believe I was coward enough to dread the resentment of her grey-headed father. I trembled at my own imaginings, and passed my hand across my burning brow, as if to dissipate ideas, which, congregating there, became too strong for my enfeebled brain. My boat touched the strand, and Cicely sprang upon my bosom. God! how I hated her, even when her arms were clasped, with all the intensity of woman's love, around my neck! when, unmindful of the injuries I had heaped upon her innocent head, she covered my hands with kisses, and, crouching at my feet, implored me not to desert her—not to leave her to shame and misery—to the scorn of the scorner—to the bitterness of self-reproach. Her long dark hair clustered over her figure, and her soft eyes were turned upon me—as the dove turns, in its agony, its last gaze upon the vulture that destroys its most sweet life—yet, in that hour, Leyden, I hated with a deadly hatred—"

As he pronounced the last words, my blood run cold. I could neither speak nor move—every power of vitality was paralyzed; and when he recommenced, I listened with swollen veins and straining eye-balls:—

"I am sure she read my purpose; for she implored that, for the sake of the unborn, I would spare her life. I flung her from me with violence;—she shuddered; and, exhausted by exertion, fainted at my feet. I gazed upon her pale and beautiful features, which grief had touched, but not destroyed. 'Why,' whispered the ready demon that dwells within the bosom of the wicked, and impels him to destruction—'why should she awaken to the shame and disgrace that must await her? Why should she awaken to mar your fortunes? What

is-death but everlasting sleep!" Leyden, I raised her in my arms, and, turning away my head, consigned her to the everlasting waters!—O God! O God! that this had been all—that she had departed without the knowledge which, for a brief moment, she acquired. The sudden plunge revived her paralyzed senses; and, with a wild and fearful shriek, she sprang upwards. She would have grasped the boat, but I—

Cleveland, the blood rushed, foaming and boiling through my brain. I was no longer master of myself. Cicely's murderer was there—there before me—her acknowledged murderer. His vile sentence remained unfinished—for my grasp was on his throat, and the wretched being, twisting like a reptile among the tombs, was at my mercy. Suddenly I remembered that your friend was but anticipating the hangman's office; and, letting loose my hands, and throwing myself upon the long grass, which contained her mouldering tomb, I found relief in a violent burst of tears. One weight, one dreadful weight was removed from my mind—SHE had not the horrid guilt of self-destruction on her soul: for *that* I fervently blessed the Almighty. And, when I turned and beheld the creature "who was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day," crawling amid the receptacles of the tranquil dead, unable to arise, like a man, and stand erect before his Maker, but trembling with fear and sin, even in that hallowed solitude, I felt ashamed that I had degraded myself by yielding to the momentary impulse of revenge.

"I deserved it, Leyden," he exclaimed, in a low and broken tone; "but justice shall not be deprived of her prey. I came to England with the intention of delivering myself as a murderer to the offended laws of my country: for I could no longer support the load of misery that each year brings more heavily upon my soul. God of mercy! have I not been punished? I seem to have lived an eternity of remorse. Each night I see her at my bed-side, with out-stretched arms, and the same sad and unreprouchful face as when she sank into the pitiless waters. How could I reply to her father's letter!—For years I wrestled with my feelings; I tried to believe there was no God; I drank the richest, the most intoxicating wines—they blistered in my throat.—The jest and the song were as funeral music in mine ears. The young and the beautiful would have been mine—

mine only; but I could not bring the earthly to meet the spirit bride. Honours poured upon me; gold cursed me, with its yellow and pestilential abundance. I was called brave—brave at the very moment when I felt that I only rushed into the battle, courting death to be released from misery.—Cicely is never absent from me by day or night. It is there now—now"—and he pointed his finger upward as he spoke, "there—pure, transparent, so transparent that I can count the stars through its shadowy form; and yet, with *that* ever before me, the world call me fortunate. *Fortunate!* ay, as hell's own devils!"

Loud and terrific laughter succeeded this horrid summary; and, at the same instant, the bright moon discovered features riven, as it were, by madness.

I conducted him to the inn, where his valet assured me that his master was subject to such insane fits. "He says strange things, sir," said the old man in a compassionate tone, "but the wildness soon passes." I must hasten to conclude. The wretched man was dying. I will not harrow up your feelings by a detail of his last agonies: they are over. Oh! it was awful to hear him imploring the spirit of the departed Cicely to stand away from between him and heaven!

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New Mon. Mag.

HE DIED!
For the *Olio*.

My own fair child!
My lonely! my beloved! How I shall miss
Thee and thy pretty ways!" *Miss Milford.*

He died!—they are but simple words,
But oh! the withering pain,
Th' unchanging grief those words have raised;
Grief, wild, and deep, and vain.

I watched him long, by night by day,
Unwearied at his side,
Till sleep a moment cross'd my brow,
A moment, and—he died!

They tell me that his sinless breath
Passed with a happy sigh;
So soft they thought that slumber came,
To close his drooping eye.

The young, sweet eyes! whose light had been
Long to my heart denied,
Until they broke their fettering seal,
To bless me ere he died!

They tell me it is wrong to weep,
They say the world is fair;
And picture forth the festal joy,
The wealth that waits me there.

Alas! alas! the broken heart
Shrinks from their glittering pride;
I only know HE is not here!
I only feel he died! E. S. CRAVEN.

CORONATION OF WILLIAM THE FOURTH, AND QUEEN ADELAIDE.

Thursday, Sept. 8, 1831.

We have, in preceding OILIOS, already said so much on the ceremonies appertaining to Coronations generally, that more cannot be expected at our hands than an accurate description of the ceremonial; which we trust, as we give it, will be found both minute and faithful. The Coronation of King William and his amiable Queen, as far as regards the Abbey ceremonies, was similar in every respect to that of the much revered George the Third and his consort; and their Majesties went through the whole of the ceremony with

great cheerfulness and becoming dignity, and without apparently suffering much from fatigue.

As many of our cotemporaries have detailed at length the order of the state procession from St. James's to Westminster Abbey, we shall pass over that part of the proceeding, and at once describe the ceremonial from the West Door of the Cathedral, at which place the great officers of state, upon the arrival of their Majesties, received them; and the procession advanced into the nave, and so on into the choir, in the following order, whilst the choristers of the Chapel Royal, and of Westminster, sung the anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord," &c.

FORM OF THE PROCEEDING OF THEIR MAJESTIES FROM THE WEST DOOR OF THE ABBEY INTO THE CHOIR.

Officers of Arms.

The Prebendaries and Dean of Westminster.

His Majesty's Vice Chamberlain.

Comptroller of his Majesty's Household.

Treasurer of his Majesty's Household,

bearing the Crimson Bag with the Medals

The Lord Chamberlain of H. M. Household;
his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord Steward of H. M. Household;

his Coronet carried by a Page

The Lord Privy Seal;

The Lord President of the Council;

his Coronet carried by a Page.

his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord Chancellor of Ireland: attended by his Purse-bearer; his Coronet carried by a Page

The Lord High Chancellor; attended by his Purse-bearer; his Coronet carried by a Page

The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, in his Rochet, with his Cap in his hand;

attended by two Gentlemen.

PRINCESSES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL, VIZ.

Her R. H. the Duchess of Cambridge, in a robe of estate of purple velvet, wearing a Circlet of gold on her head; her train borne by a Lady of her R. H.'s Bedchamber, assisted by a Gentleman of her R. H.'s Household; the Coronet of her R. H. borne by Viscount Villiers.

Her R. H. the Duchess of Cumberland, in a like robe; her train borne in like manner; and the Coronet of her R. H. borne by Viscount Encombe.

Her R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester, in a like robe of estate; her train borne in like manner; and the Coronet of her R. H. borne by Viscount Deerhurst.

The Queen's Vice Chamberlain

THE QUEEN'S REGALIA, — VIZ.

The Ivory Rod with the Dove,
borne by Earl Cawdor; his
Coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord Chamberlain of
her Majesty's Household;
his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Sceptre with the Cross,
borne by the Earl of Jersey;
Coronet carried by a Page.

Two Sergeants
at Arms.

Her Majesty's Crown—borne by the Duke of Beaufort;
his Grace's Coronet carried by a Page.

Two Sergeants
at Arms

THE QUEEN,

Five Gentlemen
Pageantmen

The Bishop
of
Winchester.

in her Royal Robes; her Majesty's Train
borne by the Duchess of Gordon, in the
absence of the Mistress of the Robes,
assisted by six Daughters of Earls—viz.

The Archbishop
of
Armagh

Lady Teresa Fox-Strangways

Lady Theodosia Brabazon

Lady Mary Pelham

Lady Georgiana Baskin

Lady Sophia Cust

Lady Georgiana Grey

Ladies of the Bedchamber in Waiting, viz.—Countess Brownlow, — Marchioness of Westmeath

Maids of Honour, viz.—Hon. Miss Eden; Hon. Miss De Roos; Hon. Miss Seymour;

Hon. Miss Bagot; Hon. Miss C. Boyle; Hon. Miss Mitchell

Women of the Bed Chamber, viz.—Lady Caroline Wood; Lady William Russell

THE KING'S REGALIA, — VIZ.

St. Edward's Staff, borne by
the Duke of Grafton;
his Coronet carried by a
Page

The Golden Spurs, borne by
the Marquis of Hastings;
his Coronet carried by a
Page

The Sceptre with the Cross,
borne by the Duke of Saint
Alban's; his Coronet carried
by a Page

The Third Sword, borne by
the Marquis of Cleveland;
Coronet carried by a Page

Curtana, borne by the
Marquis of Salisbury;
Coronet carried by a Page

The Second Sword, borne by
the Marquis of Downshire;
Coronet carried by a Page

Black Rod

Garter

The Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain of England; his Coronet borne by a Page

PRINCES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL, — VIZ.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloster, in his Robes of Estate, carrying his Baton as Field Marshal; his Coronet borne by a Gentleman of his Royal Highness's Household; his Train borne by Lord Edward Thynne

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, in like Robes; his Coronet carried by a Gentleman of his Royal Highness's Household; his Train borne by Lord John Spencer Churchill
 His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, in like Robes, carrying his Baton; his Coronet borne by a Gentleman of his R. H.'s Household; his Train borne by Lord Ernest Bruce
 The High Constable of Ireland, Duke of Leinster; The High Constable of Scotland, Earl of Errol; his Coronet carried by a Page

The Earl Marshal of England, with his Staff; his Grace's Coronet carried by a Page
 The Sword of State, borne by Earl Grey; his Coronet carried by a Page
 Lord High Constable of England, the Duke of Wellington, with Staff & Baton as Field-Marshal; his Coronet carried by a Page
 The Sceptre with the Dove, borne by the Duke of Richmond; his coronet carried by a Page.
 The Orb, borne by the Duke of Somerset; his coronet carried by a Page
 The Patina, borne by the Bishop of Carlisle.
 The Bible, borne by the Bishop of Chichester
 The Chalice, borne by the Bishop of Rochester

A Page carrying the King of the Ld. High Steward

A Page carrying the coronet of the Ld. High Steward

THE KING,

in
 His Royal Crimson Robe of State;
 His Majesty's Train borne by Six eldest Sons of Dukes, viz—
 The Marquis of Worcester—The Earl of Surrey—The Earl of Euston—The Marquis of Douro—The Marquis of Titchfield—The Earl of Lincoln, assisted by the Master of the Robes, and followed by the Groom of the Robes.
 The Groom of the Stole; The Gold Stick of the Life Guards The Master of the Horse; his coronet carried by a Page
 The Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard; The Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners; his coronet carried by a Page
 Two Lords of the Bedchamber—Earl Amberst—Earl of Deaigh, each attended by a Page carrying his coronet
 Exons of the Yeomen of the Guard Yeomen of the Guard
 Exons of the Yeomen of the Guard.

Ten Gentlemen Pensioners, with their Standard Bearer

Ten Gentlemen Pensioners, with their Lieutenant

The Prebendaries, entering the choir, ascended the theatre, and passed over to their station on the south side of the altar, beyond the King's chair.

The Vice-Chamberlain, Comptroller, and Treasurer of His Majesty's household, likewise passed on to their seats.

The Dean of Westminster, the great officers, and the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, ascended the theatre, and stood near the great south-east pillar thereof.

The Princesses and their attendants were conducted by the officers of arms to their box.

The Queen, preceded by Her Majesty's Vice-Chamberlain, Lord Chamberlain, and the nobleman bearing her regalia, and attended as above, ascended the theatre and passed on to the north side of her throne to the chair of state and faldstool provided for Her Majesty on the east side of the theatre, below her throne, and stood by the said chair until His Majesty's arrival.

The Serjeants at Arms had places assigned them near the theatre.

The Gentlemen Pensioners, who guarded their Majesties, remained at the foot of the steps ascending to the theatre, they being specially ordered to come no further. The Yeomen of the Guard stood on the outside of the choir-door.

The Princes of the Blood were conducted to their seats, as Peers, by the officers of arms; as were also the High Constables of Scotland and Ireland.

The King, ascending the theatre, passed on to the south side of his throne, to his chair of state on the east side of the theatre, opposite to the altar; and their Majesties, after their private devotion (kneeling on their faldstools); took their respective seats; the Bishops, their supporters, standing on each side; the Noblemen bearing the four swords on His Majesty's right hand; the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain and the Lord High Constable on his left; the Great Officers of State, the Noblemen, bearing His Majesty's Regalia, the Dean of Westminster, Garter, and Black Rod, standing about the King's chair, and the train-bearers behind his Majesty.

The Groom of the Stole, the Gold Stick, the Master of the Horse, the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, and the Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, took their seats as Peers.

The Queen's officers, the Noblemen who bore Her Majesty's Regalia, her Supporters, Train-bearers, and Assistants, stood near Her Majesty: her Lord Chamberlain on the right hand; her Vice-Chamberlain on the left; and the Ladies-Attendants behind Her Majesty's chair.

THE RECOGNITION.

Upon the conclusion of the anthem, the Archbishop of Canterbury, together with the Lord Chancellor, the Deputy Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable, and the Earl Marshal, preceded by Garter, moved to the east side of the theatre, where the Archbishop made the Recognition, and repeated the same at the south, west, and north sides of the theatre; during which time his Majesty was standing, and turned towards the people on the side at which the Recognition was made. The words were, "I here present unto you King William the Fourth, the undoubted king of this realm; wherefore all you who are come this day, do you homage: are you willing to do the same?" The reply to each demand was with loud and repeated exclamations of "God save King William the Fourth."

Upon His Majesty being seated, the bible, the chalice, and the patina, were carried to and placed upon the altar, by the Bishops who had borne them.

Two officers of the wardrobe then spread a rich cloth of gold, and laid two cushions on the same, for their Majesties to kneel on, at the steps of the altar.

The Archbishop of Canterbury then put on his cope; and the Bishops who read the Litany were also vested in their copes.

THE OFFERING.

The King, attended by the two Bishops his supporters, and the Dean of Westminster, the Great Officers, and the Noblemen bearing the Regalia, and the Four Swords going before his Majesty, passed to the altar. The Queen followed, supported by the two Bishops and preceded by the Noblemen who bore Her Majesty's Regalia. His Majesty, uncovered, and kneeling upon the cushion, made his first offering of a pall, or altar-cloth of gold; it was delivered by an officer of the wardrobe to the Lord Chamberlain, by his Grace to the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain, and by his Lordship to the King, who delivered it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, by whom it was placed on the altar. The Treasurer of the Household then delivered an ingot of gold, of one pound weight, being the second offering, to the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain, who having presented the same to the King, His Majesty delivered it to the Archbishop, to be by him put into the oblation-basin.

The Queen, kneeling on the left hand of His Majesty, then made her offering,

namely, a pall of gold, with the same ceremony. Their Majesties continuing to kneel, the prayer, "O God, who dwellest in the high and holy place," was then said by the Archbishop; and at the conclusion of the prayer their Majesties arose. The King being conducted to the chair of state on the south side of the area, and Her Majesty to the chair on the left hand of the King. The regalia, except the swords, were delivered by the several Noblemen who bore the same, to the Archbishop, and by His Grace to the Dean of Westminster to be laid on the altar; the Great Officers and the Noblemen then returned to their places.

THE SERVICE.

The Litany was then read by the Bishops of Lichfield and Coventry, and Lincoln, vested in copes, and kneeling at a faldstool above the steps of the theatre, in the middle of the east side thereof. Then was read the beginning of the Communion Service, the Bishop of Llandaff reading the Epistle, and the Bishop of Bristol the Gospel. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of London. During the sermon, His Majesty wore his cap of state of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine, and sat in his choir on the south side of the area, opposite the pulpit; his supporters, the Deputy Great Chamberlain, and the Noblemen carrying the swords, standing by him. The Archbishop of Canterbury took his seat in a purple velvet chair, on the north side of the altar, Garter standing near him. The Bishops on their benches along the north side of the area; the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster standing on the south side of the area, east of the King's chair, and near the altar.

THE OATH.

The sermon being ended, the Archbishop of Canterbury prepared to administer the coronation oath. The King rose from his chair of state, and attended by his supporters and the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain, went uncovered to the altar, where, kneeling upon the cushion laid on the steps, and placing his hand on the holy gospels, His Majesty took the oath, and added thereto his royal sign manual, the Lord Chamberlain of the Household holding a silver standish for that purpose.

The King returning to his chair, the following hymn was sung, "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," &c.

THE ANOINTING.

Upon the conclusion of the hymn the Archbishop read the prayer preparatory

to the anointing, "O Lord, Holy Father, who, by anointing with oil, didst of old make and consecrate kings, priests, and prophets," &c. At the conclusion of this prayer the choirs sang the following anthem, "Zadock the priest," &c. During this anthem the King was disrobed of his crimson robes by the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain, who delivered them to the Master of the Robes; and His Majesty taking off his cap of state, the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain delivering the same to the Lord Chamberlain; and the robes and cap were immediately carried into St. Edward's Chapel, the robes by the Groom of the Robes, the cap by the officer of the Jewel-office. St. Edward's chair, (covered with cloth of gold,) having been placed in front of the altar, His Majesty took his seat therein, to be anointed, when four knights of the Garter,—viz. the Dukes of Leeds, Rutland, Newcastle, and Northumberland, summoned by Garter, held over the King's head, a rich pall or cloth of gold, delivered to them by the Lord Chamberlain, and the Dean of Westminster, holding the ampulla, containing the consecrated oil, and pouring some into the anointing spoon, the Archbishop anointed his Majesty on the head and hands in the form of a cross, pronouncing the words, "Be thy head anointed," &c.

The King then kneeling, the Archbishop, standing on the north side of the altar, pronounced the benediction. The Knights of the Garter then delivered the pall to the Lord Chamberlain.

THE INVESTING WITH THE SUPERTUNICA.

The Dean of Westminster then received from the officers of the wardrobe the supertunica of cloth of gold, with which he arrayed the King, and a girdle of the same for a sword.

THE SPURS.

After this, the Dean took the spurs from the altar, and delivered them to the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain, who, kneeling down, touched His Majesty's heels therewith, and returned them to the Dean, by whom they were laid upon the altar.

THE SWORD.

The Nobleman who carried the sword of state delivered it to the Lord Chamberlain, and, in return, received another sword in a scabbard of purple velvet, which his lordship presented to the Archbishop, who laid it on the altar, and said the prayer, "Hear our prayers, O Lord, we beseech thee, and so direct

and support thy servant King William," &c.

The Archbishop, assisted by the other bishops, then took the sword from off the altar, and delivered it into the King's right hand, saying, "Receive this kingly sword," &c., and "With this sword do justice," &c.

OFFERING OF THE SWORD.

The King then rose and went to the altar, where His Majesty offered the sword in the scabbard, to the Archbishop, and then retired to his chair; the sword was then redeemed for a hundred shillings by the nobleman who first received it, and who carried it during the remainder of the solemnity.

THE INVESTING WITH THE MANTLE.

The King then standing, was invested with the imperial mantle, or Dalmatic robe of cloth of gold, the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain fastening the clasps.

THE ORB.

The King then sat down, and the Archbishop having received the orb from the Dean, delivered it into the King's right hand, saying, "Receive this imperial robe and orb," &c.

THE RING.

The Lord Chamberlain delivered the ruby ring to the Archbishop, which his Grace put on the fourth finger of the King's right hand, saying, "Receive this ring," &c.

The Dean then brought from the altar the two sceptres, with the cross and dove, and delivered them to the Archbishop.

In the mean time, the Duke of Norfolk, as Lord of the Manor of Worksop, presented the King a glove for His Majesty's right hand, embroidered with the arms of Howard, which His Majesty put on.

THE SCEPTRES.

The Archbishop then delivered the sceptre with the cross into His Majesty's right hand, saying, "Receive the royal sceptre," &c.; and then the sceptre with the dove into his left hand, saying, "Receive the rod of equity," &c.

During this part of the ceremony, the Duke of Norfolk, as Lord of the Manor of Worksop, supported His Majesty's right arm.

THE CROWNING.

The Archbishop, standing before the altar, and having St. Edward's crown before him, took the same into his hands, and blessed it with the prayer, "O God, who crownest thy faithful servants with mercy," &c. Then the Archbishop, assisted by other Bishops,

came from the altar, (the Dean of Westminster carrying the crown) and placed it on His Majesty's head. At that moment the trumpets sounded, and the Tower and Park guns were fired by signal. The Archbishop pronouncing the exhortation—"Be strong and of a good courage," &c. The choirs then sang the following anthem—"The King shall rejoice in thy strength," &c. As soon as the crown was placed upon the King's head, the Peers put on their coronets; the Bishops their caps; and the Kings of Arms their crowns.

THE HOLY BIBLE.

The Dean then taking the Holy Bible from the altar, delivered it to the Archbishop, who, attended by the rest of the Bishops, presented it to the King, saying, "Our Gracious King," &c. The King returned the bible to the Archbishop, who gave it to the Dean, to be by him replaced on the altar.

The Archbishop then pronounced the benedictions, the Bishops and the Peers answering each benediction with a loud Amen. The Archbishop then turning to the people, said, "And the same Lord God Almighty grant," &c. The *Te Deum* was sung, during which the King removed to the chair on which His Majesty first sat, on the east side of the throne.

THE INTHRONIZATION.

Te Deum being ended, the King ascended the theatre, and was inthroned by the Bishops and Peers; the Archbishop pronouncing the exhortation, "Stand firm and hold fast," &c.

THE HOMAGE.

His Majesty then delivered the sceptre with the cross to the Duke of Norfolk, as Lord of the Manor of Work-sop, who held the same on his right hand, and the sceptre with the dove to the Duke of Richmond, who held the same on his left hand, during the homage.

The Archbishop then knelt before the King, and, for himself and the other lords spiritual, pronounced the words of homage, the Bishops kneeling around him, and saying after him. The Archbishop then kissed His Majesty's left cheek; the rest of the lords spiritual doing the same after him, and retiring.

Then the Duke of Cumberland ascending the steps of the throne, and taking off his Coronet, prepared to kneel before the King, and, for himself and the other Dukes of the Blood Royal, pronounce the words of homage,

the rest putting off their Coronets, kneeling with him; but the King, (without permitting the ceremony,) raised his royal brother, and shook him most cordially by the hand, His Majesty observing the same course by all the Royal Dukes. The Duke of Cumberland then touched the Crown upon His Majesty's head, and kissed His Majesty's left cheek; the rest of the Dukes of the Blood Royal doing the like after him, and retiring. The Dukes and other Peers then did homage in the usual way.

Whilst the above ceremony was performing, the choir sang an anthem, and the Treasurer of His Majesty's Household threw about from the sides of the theatre, the medals of the coronation.

THE ANOINTING, CROWNING, AND INTHRONING THE QUEEN.

Upon the conclusion of the anthem, the Queen having reposed herself in her chair on the south side of the altar during the coronation and inthronization of His Majesty, rose, and being supported as before, went to the altar, attended by her trainbearer and ladies assistants: her Majesty, kneeling whilst the Archbishop said the prayer of consecration, "Almighty and everlasting God, the fountain of all goodness." After the prayer Her Majesty rose and went to the Faldstool at which she was anointed and crowned, and placed before the altar, between the steps and King Edward's chair; and standing there, the chief lady who attended her Majesty, took off her circle of gold, and delivered it to Her Majesty's Lord Chamberlain.

The Queen then knelt down, and four duchesses, appointed for the service, held a rich pall of silk or cloth of gold over Her Majesty, the Archbishop pouring the consecrated oil upon her head, saying, "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," &c.

This ended, the Archbishop received from the officer of the Jewel Office, the Queen's ring, and putting the same on the fourth finger of Her Majesty's right hand, said, "Receive this ring, the seal of a sincere faith," &c.

Then his Grace took the crown from the altar, and reverently placing it on the Queen's head, said, "Receive the crown of glory, honour, and joy," &c.

When her Majesty was crowned, all the Peeresses present put on their coronets; the Archbishop then placed the Sceptre with the Cross in her Majesty's right hand, and the Ivory Rod

with the Dove in her left, offering up at the same time the prayer, "O Lord, the giver of all perfection," &c.

The Queen, being thus anointed and crowned, and having received all her ornaments, the choirs sung the hallelujah chorus.

At the commencement of which the Queen rose, and supported as before, ascended the theatre (reverently bowing to His Majesty as she passed the throne,) and was conducted to her own throne on the left hand of that of the King, where Her Majesty reposed until the conclusion of the chorus.

THE HOLY SACRAMENT.

After the chorus, the Bishops, who read the Epistle and Gospel, received from the altar, by the hands of the Archbishop, the patina and the chalice, which they carried into St. Edward's Chapel, and brought from thence the bread upon the patina, and the wine in the chalice. Their Majesties then descended from the thrones, and went to the altar, where the King took off his Crown, and delivered it to the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain to hold, and the sceptres to the Dukes of Norfolk and Richmond. Then the Bishops delivered the patina and chalice into the King's hands: and His Majesty re-delivered them to the Archbishop, who reverently placed the same upon the altar, covering them with a fair linen cloth. The Queen, also took off her crown, and delivered it to her Lord Chamberlain to hold, and the sceptres to the noblemen who had previously borne them. Their Majesties then went to their chairs on the south side of the area. Their Majesties, then approaching the altar, received the sacrament, the Archbishop administering the bread, and the Dean of Westminster the cup.

The King and Queen then put on their crowns, and taking the sceptres in their hands as before, again repaired to their thrones, supported and attended as before.

The Archbishop then read the communion service, and pronounced the blessing; and at the conclusion of which the trumpets sounded martially.

After which, His Majesty, attended as before, the four Swords being carried before him, descended into the area, and passed through the door on the south side of the altar, into St. Edward's Chapel; the noblemen who had carried the Regalia receiving them from the Dean of Westminster as they passed by the altar into the chapel.

The Queen at the same time, descended from her throne, passed into the same chapel, at the door on the north side of the altar.

As soon as their Majesties were before the altar in the chapel, the King, standing, delivered the Sceptre with the Dove, which his Majesty had borne in his left hand, to the Archbishop, who laid it upon the altar.

His Majesty then was disrobed of his royal robe of state, and arrayed in his royal robe of purple velvet by the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain.

The Archbishop then placed the orb in his Majesty's left hand.

The noblemen, who had carried the gold spurs, and St. Edward's staff, delivered the same to the Dean, to be by him deposited on the altar.

Whilst their Majesties were in St. Edward's Chapel, the officers of arms arranged the return of the procession.

Their Majesties, and the Princes and Princesses, then proceeded out of the choir, to the west door of the Abbey, attended as before; their Majesties wearing their crowns; the King bearing, in his right hand, the sceptre with the cross, and in his left, the orb; and the Queen bearing, in her right hand, her sceptre with her cross, and in her left, the ivory rod with the dove; their Royal Highnesses the Princes and Princesses wearing their coronets; and the Princes, who are Field Marshals, carrying their batons. The four swords being borne before the King, in the same order as before. The Dean and prebendaries, and the Bishops, who had carried the Bible, the chalice, and the patina, remaining in the choir. The noblemen who severally carried the crowns, the orb, the sceptre with the dove, the spurs, and St. Edward's staff, walking in the same places as before; those having staves and batons carrying the same; all Peers wearing their coronets; and the Archbishops, and the Bishops supporting their Majesties, wearing their caps; and the Kings of Arms their crowns.

On arrival at the west door of the Abbey, Garter proclaimed the King's style. After which, the officers of the Jewel Office, appointed for that purpose, received the swords and the regalia near the west door.

Their Majesties, and the Princes and Princesses of the Blood Royal, then returned to St. James's Palace in the same state as they proceeded to the Abbey with.

Although the Coronation of their Ma-

jestias, for some ill-advised economical notions, which it is not our province to discuss, was shorn of much of its processional splendour, and of the Feast, yet it was, taken as a whole, a most imposing ceremony. The vast concourse of persons of rank, splendidly attired, assembled in the Abbey, to witness the inauguration, heightened its effect materially; whilst the loud enthusiastic greetings which echoed through the venerable pile from time to time, fervently breathed forth for the prosperity of the King, must have been more than flattering in the highest degree to the breast of Royalty.

Indeed, it may be said with truth, that no where is a king estimated as he is here; and we feel convinced, in no other country does he reign so supremely in the hearts of his subjects as in England—for it is Englishmen alone who think that

“Faith to princes broke is sacrilege!”

OLD INNS WITH NEW FACES.

For the Olio.

In the low windows punchbowls, lemons, pipes,
And in the larder turkeys, capons, snipes;
The settle for a lounge,—the window seat
For courting, or for friend with friend to meet:
The lattice hid in vine leaves, and the scene
With party seats, around the bowling-green.

OLD INNS, that have their yards and hostels, their traffic and coach-proprietories—their home connection and provincial intercourse, in a great measure, retain their old appearances, unless the inroads of time merge on the fabric, and compel the occupants to patch here and adorn there; to prop this gable and reset that sash, and make all other “things of age” last the tenancies of a long lease, or the stipulation of a pepper corn rent. Though the approaches to these are not easy by reason of the winding lanes which lead to them, and in which most of them are situated, yet having once arrived, there is lack of nothing. The rooms are capacious for all comfort during town stay, for selves and families; they are near the very vortex of bustle and avenues of business; and under the eaved galleries are lengthened series of warehouses, stabling, and out-room, suited for every purpose of trade, citizenship and gentility. Within the sound of Bow bell, it is but five minutes walk to the Bank, the Exchange, the Guild, the Mansion-House, or Lloyd’s. If weather is tempestuous, or the body infirm, either the cab or coach is at a moment’s call; and

comfort, both for business and dispatch, is at arm’s length.

This may be one of the many reasons why “Old Inns,” in town are yet in their costume, manners and customs of bygone days, when the olden times were fraught with individual and collective interest, and citizens thought more of their plumbs and daughters than country boxes and watering-places; when snug coteries met regularly every night, after city stir, to regale themselves and chat in society the various topics of church, state and merchandise; and mutual confidence was established in the permanence of “doing business” without risk and the necessity of searching after the bankrupt list and the Insolvent Debtors’ Court, with breathless anxiety. Oral information was easily obtained and freely given, without the aid of the newspaper, of almost every defalcation and departure from the principles of integrity. Honest and industrious men grew rich and waxed warm in the charities of human nature; they spread their hospitalities far, and built alms-houses, in pity of those of their fellow bursters whom misfortune had sealed by the impress of poverty, and scathness driven them into the obscure retreats of humiliating woe. The Old Inns they patronised were the places in which much conversation and debate passed as to the eligibility of applicants for “charitable service,” and the fiat herein was mostly ratified at the next hall meeting.

But, while the Old Inns, in a few instances, are yet remaining as the indices of other times, and then belonging to the volumes which are conveyed by the past into utter darkness, and we are pleased in the idea of perusing what we imagine in part, and know in part, of their contents,—what intrusions—what inductions, have been made by the cunning hand of the workman—what strides of stone and piles of modern invention, are to be seen on the sites of many a once proudly pleasant dwelling-place? The garden, the fountain, the sundial, the court space, the upping-stock, the butts, the archery way, the manifold pretty parterres, with may-trees, evergreens, holly-cut hedges, figure-shaped yews and marble walks, with urns and pillared resting places behind for love, or ale, or any joy, are now occupied with brick and mortar, high and glaring, with the invitatory insignia of “Spirituous Liquors.” The windows are illustrated by sample bottles of every hue; the posts and

basements are painted in artizan fancy work; the panels are pilastered in grain, and on them the seductive essence which leads thousands into temptation is amazingly set out in painted characters. The ready assistance is given by the folding doors, and light come and quick go seems to be the prevailing maxim adopted.

To say nothing of the loss of all social feeling—the characteristic of former days, to say nothing of the deprivation of health and strength, and the kind meetings and partings, pledges and fellowship at the Old Inns, the New Inns, *vulgo* Gin-shops, are decidedly objectionable in a moral point of view, particularly on a day which, of all others, is a day of rest.

The neighbourhood of Islington has caught the infection of dispensing spirit by showy endeavours;—witness the Old Queen's Head—the Pied Bull—the Angel—the Hugh Middleton—the Conduit House,—once places of sweetly remembered resort. But these notices are not invidious, for, from Battle Bridge to Putney—Bow Church to Hyde Park corner—the Elephant and Castle to Holborn-hill, the same *cordial spirits* prevail; and where *one* suavable and inviting "sign of other days" is to be met with, *fifty* of the upstarts are thrust into the path of the spectator, with all the force of adjective epithet, and all the address of modernised attraction. P.

Illustrations of History.

THE OFFICE AND DUTIES OF THE EARL MARSHALL.—This office was anciently that only of a Master of the Horse, from the Dutch *Mar*, a horse, and *Scale*, a servant. Madox says, the office of Mareschal of England was executed, partly during the war in the King's army; and in the King's household, during the peace: of the military functions of that officer, he says, he and the constable were to give certificates to the barons of their having duly performed the services required of them in the King's armies. In the time of Edward I., the Mareschal's post was the vanguard, and it was his duty and the constable's to muster the forces. His civil duties were, to provide for the security of the king's person in his palace, to distribute the lodgings there, to preserve peace and order in the king's household, and to assist in determining controversies arising amongst them. He also performed certain acts

by himself or his substitutes at the king's coronation, at the marriages and interments of the Royal family, at the creating barons, &c., and at the other great and ceremonious assemblies in the king's court. The Earl Marshal of England is the eighth great officer of the crown. He is judge of the coats of arms and pedigrees of the nobility and gentry, and has a Court of Chivalry in the Common Hall of the Herald's College, London. Whoever desires a coat of arms, must apply by petition to the Earl Marschal, and to his petition annex a certificate of his being qualified for it; this being approved of, the Earl Marschal directs an order to Garter King at Arms of the province where the petitioner resides, to devise arms for him, and to prepare him a grant, with the coat blazoned in colours in the margin thereof: in which grant all persons are expressly forbid to bear the same coat at their peril.

The Marshals had first the title of Lord Marshal only; Richard II. was the first who, by letters patent, advanced them to the dignity of Earl-Marshal. Under Henry II. this office was held by a family, who seem to take their name from thence; this was the family of Pembroke; they were only barons, but under Richard I. William Marshal having obtained the Earldom of Pembroke, was styled Earl Marshal, and from that time the office remained generally in the hands of Earls, though of different houses. The power of this office seems to have increased from the dignity of the nobleman who held it.

There were also inferior Marshals in the king's stables, employed in the care of his hawks, &c. over whom the Grand Marschal presided. J. C.

Snatches from Oblivion.

Out of the old fields cometh the new corn.
— SIR E. COKE.

INVENTION OF CROWNS.—Sir John Ferne, in his "Blazon of the Gentry," a scarce heraldic work printed in 1586, says that "Josephus in his antiquities, affirmeth, that Moses, long before the age of Liberus, made crowns of gold, and it was always a custom with the Egyptians, that their governors and princes, did wear diadems or crowns wrought with the image of adders heads. For even from the beginning, all nations did (as it were) by instinct of nature, adorn that person with a difference of attire upon his head, whom they suffered to rule over them

as a note or sign of the pre-eminence of his person and office; and therefore we read, that even with the savage people of America, whereas, never came any person that could teach them a civil life, how that they adorned the heads of their leaders, with an attire in the form of a crown made of divers coloured feathers. Even so did the people of the old world, first institute crowns or garlands of flowers for their governors; after that the Egyptians made them of ivory; lastly, Crassus the rich, in his pompous plays and sports made them of gold. Then came it to pass, that they were had in chief esteem, and devised of sundry fashions and sorts."

The Nutt Basket.

I will make a brief of it in my Note-book.

M. W. of Windsor.

ANCIENT CORONATION CUSTOM.—At the Coronation of Edward the First, Speed says, "for the more royal celebration of this great feast, and in honor of so martial a king, there were five hundred great horses let loose, every one to take them for his owne who could."

THE CURTANA.—Matthew Paris, speaking of the coronation of King Henry the Third and Queen Eleanor of Provence, says, at this ceremony, "the high constable carried the sword called *Curtana* before the king, to show that he is earl of the palace, and hath a power of restraining the king if he should do amiss.

HOSPITALITY OF THE ANCIENT ENGLISH.—Among the most despotic barons of the twelfth century, there was a kind of gross hospitality and indiscriminate charity, which caused their tyranny to be overlooked. As, for instance, that of Sir William Fitz-William, who lived about 1117, and who inscribed on a cross in Sprotborough High-street the following verses, which (together with the cross,) were destroyed in 1520:—

"Whoso is hungry, and list will eate,
Let him come to Sprotborough to his meate,
And for a night, and for a daye,
His horse shall have both corse and haye,
And no man shall aske hym where he goeth awaye."

ARAB SHREWDSNESS.—None of our European sketches of character ever exceeded the keenness of an Arab peasant's description of his neighbouring town. "It has three kinds of people," said he, "bad Turks, bad Arabs, and bad Christians. Three devils were sent to take the three to hell lately, and they were immediately found out by their quietness."

Customs of Various Countries.

ANCIENT CORONATION CEREMONIES.—It was the custom of the Scandinavian nations, the Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes, to form a circle of large stones, commonly twelve in number, in the middle of which one was set up much larger than the rest; this was the royal seat, and the nobles occupied those surrounding it, which served also as a barrier to keep off the people who stood without. Here the leading men of the kingdom delivered their suffrages, and placed the elected king on his seat of dignity. Of this kind was the *morasten*, near Upsal, in Sweden, described by Olaus Magnus. In Denmark there are monuments of this kind, and the custom is said to have existed in Germany until the year 1250. A similar rude enthronement to that of the Northern nations, is to be found among the Celtic tribes; and that the kings both of Scotland and Ireland, were placed on a stone, at the time of their election, we have the testimony of the antiquaries of those nations.

The following singular customs are said to have been used at the inauguration of the ancient Dukes of Carinthia. Near the city of Saint Veit, is a plain where the vestiges of a former town are still to be seen, and in a meadow just by, a large stone raised about two cubits from the ground. On this stone was placed a peasant, who enjoyed by descent the right of presiding at the inauguration of the dukes, having near him, on his right hand, a black cow with a calf, and on his left, a lean and hungry mare; the people of St. Veit and a crowd of peasants being assembled around him. The duke, in a countryman's bonnet and shoes, with a shepherd's crook in his hand, drew near to the assembly, accompanied by the senators, clad in scarlet, and the great officers bearing their insignia. The man upon the stone, seeing the train come nigh, cried out,—“Who is this that comes in such magnificence!” The people answered, “It is the prince of the country.”—“Is he a just judge?” replied the peasant: “doth he seek the welfare of the state? is he of free condition, worthy of honour, obedient to the laws, and a defender of the Christian religion?” They cried, “He is, and he will be such.” The peasant then demanded by what right he would remove him from his seat? to which the master of the duke's court answered, “This place is bought for sixty deniers; these

beasts are thine (pointing to the cow and the mare); thou shalt be clothed in the garments which the duke will take off, and thy house shall be free and exempt from tribute." The peasant then came down from the stone, gave the duke a gentle slap on the cheek, and exhorting him to be a good judge, went away with his cattle.—The prince then took his place on the stone, brandished his naked sword, turning to every side, promised to judge the people with equity. A peasant's cap was then presented, filled with water, from which he was obliged to drink, as a mark of his future sobriety. He was then conducted to the church, where he assisted at divine service, and changed the peasant's dress for the ducal habit. After the feast which followed, he returned to the meadow, in which a throne had been set up, and here he gave judgments, and conferred fiefs.

The point in our English ceremony which is most analogous to the Gothic and German elevations, is that of our kings being anciently placed upon a seat in Westminster Hall, which was thence denominated *The King's Bench*. This seat is, by our old writers, described as a marble seat, and that there stood before it a marble table; and here our kings were used to sit before their progress to the coronation. Stowe describes it as a long marble stone, of twelve feet in length, and three feet in breadth; and he says there was also a marble chair, where the Kings of England formerly sate at their coronation-dinners. Richard II., Richard III., and Henry VII., are all instances of kings sitting in that marble chair.

Anecdotes.

MR. ADOLPHUS, upon seeing a number of briefless barristers crowding into court, observed to Mr. Bodkin, "Here comes the noble army of the martyrs." The reply was, "Then you should admit them into the goodly fellowship of the prophets" (profits).—It is well known that Mr. A. engrosses the greater part of the business of the court in which he practices, being retained either on one side or the other.

BULL AND NO BULL.—"I was going," said an Irishman, "over Westminster-bridge the other day, and I met Pat Hewins." "Hewins," said I, "how are you?"—"Pretty well," said he, "I thank you, Donnelly."—"Donnelly!" said I, "that is not my name."—"Faith, no more

is mine Hewins," said he. So we looked at each other again, and sure it turned out to be neither of us,—and sure where's the bull in *that*, now!"

ESTIMATION OF DAMAGES.—A few years ago, a couple of Dutchmen, upon the high hills of Limestone, though very friendly, had a dreadful falling out about one killing the other's dog, for which he sued for damages. They were called into court, and the defendant in the case was asked by the judge, if he killed the dog? "Pe sure I kilt him," said the Dutchman; "but let him proof it." This being quite satisfactory, the plaintiff in the case was called on to answer a few questions: he was asked by the judge, to what amount he estimated the damages? He did not understand this question so well; so, to be a little plainer, the judge asked him what he thought the dog to be worth! "Be sure," said he, "the dog was wot nothing; but since he was so mean as to kill him, he shall pay de full value of him."

FLATTERY.—As the sun, in all his splendour, was peeping over the eastern hills, a newly married man exclaimed, "The glory of the world is rising!"—His wife, who happened to be getting up at that moment, taking the compliment to herself, simpered out, "What would you say, dear, if I had my silk gown on?"

HOW TO PROCURE MUSTACHIOS.—When the mob, in the first French revolution, opened the tombs of the sovereigns in Saint Denis, they tossed the bones of all the Clothaires, and Capets, Pepins, and Valois, into one pit, and quick-limed them, for fear that they would rise and form a counter-revolutionary army. Henry the Fourth escaped a little better; he was found in tolerable preservation, and a young soldier leaped into the coffin, took off one of the king's mustachios, and clapping it on his lip, said, "Ah, moi aussi, je suis un soldat François." He flourished about the church with this new badge of soldiership upon him, exclaiming, "that he would never wear any other mustache." Then finishing with a true French boast, that he was sure, "Avec cela, de vaincre les ennemis de la patrie, et de marcher a la victoire."

SHORT CORRESPONDENCE.—Mr. Brown's compliments to Mr. Smith;—thinks it unnecessary his piggs should go through his grounds.—*Reply*. Mr. Smith's compliments to Mr. Brown; thinks it equally unnecessary to spell *pigs* with two *gees*.

History and Chronology.

Tuesday, Sept. 6.

St. Idios of Llanddulas, Conf.

New Moon, 33m after 8 Morn.

Sept. 6, 1423.—Sultan Amurath V. raised the siege of Constantinople. Amurath, irritated against Maxwell Paleologue, because he had espoused the cause of Mustapha, his uncle, with whom he disputed the empire, laid siege to Constantinople with an army of 200,000 men. Cannon at the time was scarcely known in the east. Amurath used it at the siege. The terrible effects of the new machine could not abate the courage of the Greeks. They defended the city with so much valour, that they forced Amurath to raise the siege.

Wednesday, Sept. 7.

St. Cloud, Conf. A.D. 560.

High Water 16m after 3 Morn—33m after 3 Aftern.

Sept. 7, 1691.—To-day, the first representation of *Acis and Galatea* took place, at the Castle of Anet, in a fête given to the Dauphin by the Duke de Vandome. Louis the Fourth being taken dangerously ill, was desirous of concealing his real situation from the court, then disposed to pay every attention to the Dauphin. In order to divert the attention of Monsieur, the Duke de Vendome gave him a fête, with an opera at Anet.—The verses of the opera (*Acis and Galatea*) were written by Campistron, and the music by Lulli.

Thursday, Sept. 8.

Coronation of their most Gracious Majesties, King William 4th, and Queen Adelaide, (1831.)

Sept. 8, 70.—Jerusalem taken by Titus, son of the Emperor Vespasian. The siege of Jerusalem is one of the most memorable in history. A million of Jews perished on the occasion, more by their intestine division than by the sword of the enemy.

Friday, Sept. 9.

St. Betselin, Hermit.

Sun rises 38m after 5—sets 31m after 6.

Sept. 9, 1503.—James the Fourth, King of Scotland, was killed at the battle of Flodden Field. James the Fourth was one of the greatest kings Scotland ever had. All the historians have extolled his valour and greatness of soul. Henry the Eighth of England, having attacked Louis the Eleventh, King of France, James made a diversion in favour of the French, by an irruption into Northumberland. He was induced to do this, by the invitation of Aune, Queen of France, of whom he was the avowed knight. She summoned the monarch according to the laws of gallantry, which then prevailed, to arm for her defence, and prove that he was her loyal and courageous champion.

Success did not crown his valour and fidelity. He was defeated at the battle of Flodden Field, and lost his life in the fortieth year of his age. The body of the king was taken from the field of battle to London, and there denied funeral rites, because he died excommunicated; (James having been excommunicated for making a treaty with France, against the direction of the Pope,) but Henry VIII. having assured the Pope that the deceased gave signs of repentance, the holy father granted absolution, and the body was interred.—James, according to report, instituted the Order of

In our next *The Death Sound*, and *Thoughts on Tobacco*.

the Thistle, the insignia of which was a collar of gold, formed by thistles, with the device—*Nemo me impune lacessat*.

Saturday, Sept. 10.

St. Salvius, Bishop. A.D. 580.

High Water 21m after 4 Morn—33m after 4 Aftern.

Autumn, by one of our popular writers, is regarded as beginning to-day: "it occupies ninety days. The mean temperature is 49.37 deg. or 11.99 deg. below the Summer; the medium of the day declines in this season from 58 deg. to 40 deg. At this season an immense swarm of small spiders take advantage of the moist state of the air, to carry on their operations, in which they are so industrious, that the whole country is soon covered with the fruit of their labours, in the form of a fine net-work, commonly called gossamer. They appear exceedingly active in the pursuit of the small insects which the cold of the night now brings down; and commence this fishery about the time that the swallows give it up and quit our shores. Their manner of locomotion is curious—half-volant, half-aeronaut, the little creature darts from the papillae on his rump, a number of fine threads, which float in the air. Mounted thus in the breeze, he glides off with a quick motion of the legs, which seem to serve the purpose of wings, for moving in any particular direction. As these spiders rise to a considerable height, in very fine weather their tangled webs may be seen descending from the air in quick succession, like small flakes of cotton.

Sunday, Sept. 11.

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lessons for the Day.—Jeremiah, 35 chapter Mor. Jeremiah, 36 ch. Evening.

About this period of the year, fungi of various kinds, particularly after some wet weather has fallen, continue to spring up, and constitute a curious subject of research to the botanist till late in Autumn. We now may view Mushrooms that dot the meadows green; Tall *Azaricks*, whose crimson pileuses are spotted as if flies had settled on them, and hence derive their name; *Botetuses*, *Tawney* or brown, slate-coloured, blue, or grey, some edible, and some, forsooth, a poison, fit to cope with *Aconite*, or the deadly *Dwale*, That hangs its venom'd berries like a fruit. Nor can we be too cautious of this tribe, For all of them, from the *Champignon* fair, That apes the *Mushroom's* dye, to the *Pizzia*, With orange crest, there's more or less mischief.

Monday, Sept. 12.

St. Raphael.

Sun rises 34m after 5—Sets 25m after 6.

Sept. 12, 1683.—The siege of Vienna, in Germany, was raised by John Sobieski, this day. The Turks, it is said, had lost 70,000 men before the city.

Tuesday, Sept. 13.

St. Maurillus, bish. 5th Cent.

High Water 59m aft 5 Morn—17m after 6 Aftern.

The Romans on this day celebrated the feast to Jove called "The Dedication of the Capitol,"—when the nail was fixed by the Prætor.

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. IX.—Vol. VIII.

Saturday, Sept. 17, 1831.



See page 131

Illustrated Article.

THE DEATH-SOUND:

A TALE, FOUNDED ON ACTUAL OCCURRENCES.

For the Olio.

“The blinking bird of night—the dreaded owl,
Clam’rous and ugly-eyed, from out yon tree
Sends forth his dismal screams—now ye whose
doors

The doctor enters, note the omen well.”

The peasantry of the north of Yorkshire have a superstitious dread of the Gabrielle-ratchard,* the name of an imaginary bird, which is said to shriek in the neighbourhood, or immediately at the doors, of the sick who are destined not to recover. The fear consequent on the hearing of this dreaded visitant has no doubt been the means of terrifying many an invalid to death. Neverthe-

* I am not quite certain whether this be the right orthography of the word or not. Perhaps some correspondent of the Olio, more acquainted with Saxon derivatives, may correct me.—G. Y. H.—N.

less the superstition, old as our Saxon ancestors, is so firmly believed in, that not to give credence to it is considered, by some, to be a crime little short of blasphemy.

It was on a fitful evening in the scowling month of November, that the family of the good Mr. Tobitt, the curate of Kilvington, were clustering round the fire, talking over the contemplated marriage of Maria Ripley, the arch little niece of Mrs. Tobitt, to a spruce London draper, who had come down to settle the preliminaries to the wedding, much to the annoyance of Maria, whose real lover was a young farmer yclept Dawson Furnaby. Maria had pretended indisposition for some days, in order to prevent her good-natured aunt from burdening herself with the expense of preparations for an event which Maria had determined should not take place. She looked exceedingly pale, and was a little feverish, in consequence of an emetic which she had secretly taken. Mr. James Woolington, the Cheapside

draper, showed her all the attention in his power, and had now taken his seat by her, crossing his legs in order to display a handsome pair of tartan trousers, down the sides of which were run broad black bands, dragoon-like,—the pattern and texture of which trousers, Betty, the house-maid, had declared to Miss, in confidence, to be no better than her mother's linsey-wolsey petticoat. A half-crown eye-glass hung from his neck, by a broad, black ribbon, and inside his waistcoat his double-frilled shirt, in which was a mock-diamond brooch, was crossed by a thick red silk watch-guard. He wore a blue coat, with velvet collar, and buttons of the king's pattern,—the tail of which Betty compared to that of the saucy old drake in the fold-yard. Mr. James had a perpetual simper on his countenance, with a self-satisfied curl of the upper lip, which showed that, however satirical and severe he might be upon others, he was on the best possible terms with himself. He spoke bad French, was a dabbler in politics and a critic in poetry—having addressed Sir Francis Burdett, across the counter, and having once attended my Lord Byron to his carriage. Yet, with all these accomplishments, he failed to win the affections of Maria Ripley, though encouraged by her foolish aunt.

Maria acted her part extremely well, though the fictitious hue of sickness cloaked a heart which was all expectancy and joy. Mr. James Woolington wore away the evening in relating his "voyages and adventures" to Bordeaux and Havre de Grace; and encouraged by Maria's arch smiles, which he mistook for those of admiration, he spared not to exaggerate his "hairbreadth 'scapes" on the wide ocean, and his daring ventures on land. Suddenly the whole group were terrified on hearing a dismal screech, coming, apparently, from the elms edging the church-yard. The women screamed; the men turned pale; the jaws of Mr. James Woolington distending like those of an articulated skeleton.

"A barn-owl!" exclaimed the old curate, mechanically stretching forth his hand to his loaded gun, which was slung from the old-fashioned ceiling of the room.

"The Gabrielle-ratchard!" shrieked Mrs. Tobitt.

"The Gabrielle-ratchard!" roared out Betty, who, in her terror, had unceremoniously entered the apartment.

"I will wager a bottle of sherry and

sixpennyworth of biscuits," faintly observed Mr. James, after smelling his bottle of salts, "that it is a strange bird, which has escaped from some ship in the nearest port—one of the eagle-species; I have heard such a noise off Dover. I hope you are not frightened, my love Maria!"

"Indeed but I am, Mr. James," replied she.

The eyes of Mrs. Tobitt were mournfully fixed on Maria, and her superstitious apprehension doomed the *intriguing* girl to approaching dissolution—the event of her death being inferred by the sagacious dame, from the doleful cry of the alleged Gabrielle-ratchard.

"Alack-a-day!" exclaimed she; "as we are all here this blessed night, I knew we should have dismal tidings before long. You know, Betty, what you did in the morning?"

"La, Missus, yes! I lay the bellows across the table!"

"Ay," sighed Mrs. Tobitt; "my poor Maria! what shall I do with your wedding-dress, and what with you"—and here she paused to absorb with her handkerchief the foolish tear trickling down her furrowed cheek.

"Cheer up, aunt," replied Miss Ripley; "I shall wear my wedding-dress yet, depend upon it."

"More likely your shroud," whispered the old lady to herself—in which sentiments the thoughts of the frivolous Mr. James Woolington coincided; and so firmly had the ominous look of Mrs. Tobitt fixed itself upon his imagination, that he already looked upon Maria as a withering rose. After the alarm had subsided, and Maria, acting well the invalid, had withdrawn to her apartment, the sage Mrs. T. apprized him of her forebodings as to the fate of Miss Ripley, and it was mutually agreed that the wedding should be postponed for a few days. Mr. Tobitt said little: he smiled at the ridiculous augury of his spouse, and persisted in his affirmations that the bird which had terrified with its awful voice the whole neighbourhood, was the large dusky owl, commonly haunting barns and ruinous buildings. Cordials and restoratives were put in requisition for Maria, who, the trembling dame was sure, had the "death-sickness";—the noise of that ghostly bird portended a speedy passage to the grave, she was certain; and she went on enumerating the times she had heard it, and the unvarying consequences which infallibly followed. Mr. James Woolington became horrified, his teeth

chattered, and he retired to his chamber in dismay—

“ And glow’rd around wi’ prudent cares,
Lest bogles seiz’d him unawares.”

In the morning, Maria feigned to be a little better. The attendance of the stupid old doctor from the adjacent town had been procured. He advanced, big with importance, to the bedside of the sham invalid, without removing his hat or taking off his coat with its enormous capes. Maria held out her fair wrist, at his request to feel her pulse,—he hummed, ha’d, and bit the handle of his riding-whip, with all the sapiency of a drug-prescribing quack, the fame of whose discernment amongst the old women of the hamlet never fails in its persuasion to “one bottle more.” He pronounced Maria to be in some danger, agreed to send her a mixture, and departed. “If I be in any *danger*,” thought Miss Ripley, “it is that of having my plot discovered.”

Mr. James sat by her bedside for some hours during the day, and annoyed her no little by his shallow conversation. In the broad sunlight he laughed away the alarms of the previous night, and dangled his eye-glass on his finger with all the *non-chalance* of a most courageous gentleman, cracking his jokes upon the ungraceful ploughman passing beneath the window, and boasting of the many tricks he had played off upon “joskins” he had casually met with in London. Evening approached, but not a word of apprehension as to the repetition of the Gabrielle-ratchard’s visit escaped the lips of any of the family. Certainly, as night set in, they looked in each other’s faces with silent meaning. Each of their chairs were drawn closer round the fire, and their conversation was mutually interrupted by significant listenings. Ten o’clock came, and the announcement of its arrival had scarcely ceased to sound from the steeple bell, when the shriek of the Gabrielle-ratchard, piercingly shrill, broke on the fireside silence, and scared the whole group into one general cry of terror. For a long time they stirred not from their seats, but clung closer to each other, until the dreaded repetitions of the screams of the supposed death-bird had died away. At last, poor Mrs. Tobit ventured to the window, with the candle in her hand, when, imagining she heard the bird tap its beak against one of the panes of glass, she drew aside the window-curtain to look. The curate became more grave, and declared his intention to procure the

assistance of Nathan Elgie, the parish clerk, to discover the bird, should its visit be repeated on the following evening.

The morrow dawned, and found Maria in much the same condition, save that, from having feigned to be sick for so long a period, she was likely to become so in earnest. However, it was the last day which the bewitching valetudinarian was doomed to pass in her chamber, and it elapsed in a similar manner to the preceding. The curate, in the interim, had conferred with his clerk, the pugnacious Nathan Elgie, who took his seat amongst the family groupe on the third night of the Gabrielle-ratchard’s serenading. Fortified interiorly with a glass or two of Mrs. Tobitt’s “particular cordial,” and, exteriorly, by a pair of pocket-pistols, lent him by Mr. James Woolington, the parish clerk sat in hourly expectation of hearing the cry of the feathery visitant. As an auxiliary to his offensive preparations, the curate’s gun lay, ready loaded, on a table at the elbow of Nathan Elgie. The hour arrived, and the anticipated screech was heard. Nathan leaped up from his seat, buttoned his coat, and, armed with the pistols and gun, sallied forth into the church-yard. The gardener preceded him, carrying a lantern, aided by the light of which they gazed up to the boughs of the sullen elms which grew by the church-yard, but in vain; for, spite of Tom Mills (the gardener) fancying, at every shake of the trees, that it was caused by the movement of the ominous bird, they neither heard nor saw anything coming under the description of a bird, natural or supernatural. They stood mutely listening for the screech to be repeated, which it was within ten minutes. Nathan was now convinced that it was from the interior of the church that the sound came, and turning the key in the ponderous door, they paced the vaulted isles, and looked up to the roof, in expectation of making the desired discovery, but all to no purpose; when, on passing through the inner door, preparatory to crossing the porch, Tom Mills was startled by the falling of a large piece of plaster, which dropped on the hand that held the lantern. Holding it up, they perceived the legs and feet of a boy hanging over a stone projection immediately over the door-way.

“Pull him down, whether he be man or devil!” said Nathan, pointing the loaded piece to the spot.

“He is neither, but your own son

Josh," replied the shrewd little urchin, descending from his elevation.

Nathan was astounded at beholding his own boy in the artful little rogue just dislodged from his perch. He glared upon him with a mingled expression of mortification and anger on his countenance; but Josh stood inflexible to the impression of fear, when at last Nathan relaxed, and promised him, on the condition of a "full" confession, to exonerate him from punishment.

"Who taught you to imitate the Gabrielle-ratchard, Josh," said he; "tell me truly, and I'll spare your hide, you rascal!"

"Why, father," replied he, "as it's no matter now, I'll tell you—it was Dawson Furnaby."

"Oh! the villain!" exclaimed Nathan; "what will Mrs. Tobitt and Miss Ripley say to this?—poor Miss Ripley, who is more likely to die than to live!"

"Ask Dawson about that," said the jeering young trickster.

But Dawson was many a mile off, even with Miss Ripley, and both on their way to Leake Church, to be married. A deserted room, an open window, with the gardener's ladder placed immediately beneath it,—these circumstances, together with the disappearance of the *wedding-dress*, declared the upshot of the whole affair. Mr. and Mrs. Tobitt were very angry, and Mr. James Woolington was astonished. On cool consideration, they consoled themselves with laughing at the plot, and determining to regard its issue with kindness. The person most aggrieved by the stratagem, Mr. James Woolington, the London draper, "packed up his duds," and made the best of his way to town, fully determined, in his next essay at wife-hunting, to fix on some more propitious region than the North Riding of Yorkshire. G. Y.H.—N.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Written after seeing a Picture by
R. Dawes, Esq. in the Royal Institution.
FOR THE OLLIO.

There is before mine eyes a colour'd shadow,
Like to a picture beautiful yet dread,
Ever the strongest when the fading twilight
Yields to the stars, and all bright hues are
dead;
Then, in the darkness, vividly there seemeth
The abyss of a green wave, its foam-arch
curl'd
Above a woman and her child. A mother
Alone in the wild sea! the unfathom'd
world
Of raging waters—night and darkness round
her—

The blinding lightning flash the only gleam,
Showing the stormy sky—the roaring ocean.

Back from her brow her long bright tresses
stream,
Shining amid the darkness—her young bosom
Is bared in its soft beauty to the deep!
One hand is struggling with the o'er-mastering
waters

The other strives with desperate force to
keep

Her child above their fury!—up to heaven
She holds it with one shriek, one thrilling
cry—

"My child! my child!"—the mother's dying
prayer,

Herself forgot in that fierce agony,
That war with death and love; the shriek is
driven

Back with a sweep of winds and dashing
sprays:

The waves ride on like war-steeds—wild—
triumphant—

The child and its young mother—where are
they?

Oh! thou all-seeing Father of the many
Who go down into the sea in ships, was there
No pitying angel, of the countless thousands

That wait before thy awful throne, to bear
Her cry for her young son—her first-born—
sleeping

On her fair breast when the brave ship went
down?

And she was left alone—at night to perish,
Madly to strive for life, and yet to drown?
Who shall dare ask thee this?—her babe was
sinless.

Like a dove—suffering pure and undefiled,
And she herself—might not the deep sea open
Heaven's gates to the redeemed one and her
child?

Leeds. E. S. CRAVEN.

THOUGHTS ON TOBACCO.

For the Ollio.

Sir John Brute.—Bring me a pipe; I'll smoke.

Lady Brute.—Lord, Sir John, I wonder you
won't leave that nasty custom.

THE PROVOKED WIFE.

"It never rains but it pours," said I, taking up one of Murray's octavos, and drawing my chair closer to the fire. Aquarius (unlucky wight,) had upset his chalice—it was a down-pour. I opened the volume, placed my heels on the mantle, and, turning over the leaves (hap-hazard), hit upon the following:—

"Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and
ripe;

Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—give me a Cigar."

Here, throwing away the book, my hand mechanically laid hold of a Cabana, which was snugly ensconced, together with some others, in the hollow of a China Mandarin. The lines of the noble "Childe" were as the manna to the children of Israel; nothing could be more desired—they told that a cigar would save *pour passer le tempt* on a

rainy day, as well as a more intellectual occupation. Before I could, however, ignite the fragrant weed, my thoughts, ever wandering, led me to Sir Walter Raleigh—from him they flew to his royal executioner, the weak and narrow-minded James, and his hatred to his victim's importation.

How vain has been the labour of this sapient Solomon; his "Counterblast to Tobacco," has been counterblasted!* Smoking now rages like the Cholera, although he denounced the custom as "loathsome to the eye, hateful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." With this Leviathan in learning, we may couple the "silver-tongued" Sylvester, the learned Joshua, who no less zealous than his kingly patron, gave to the "cloud-compelling" world, a work bearing this singular and long-winded title, "Tobacco battered and the pipes shattered (about their ears that idly idolize so base and barbarous a weed, or least-wise over-love so loathsome a vanitie,) by a volly of holy shot thundered from Mount Helicon!"

Still it rages—in Turkey and in Russia, where the penalty was death; in Persia, where Shah Abbas decreed it a penal offence; in Rome, in spite of the anathema of Urban the 8th, or the excommunication of Innocent the 12th; and in England, in opposition to Solomon's prohibitory duty of six shillings and eight pence on the pound! Has not smoking been designated the pastime of the sage! Like Brutus, "I pause for a reply." Again—who will venture to condemn a practice approved of by Dr. Johnson,† followed by the courtly Raleigh, by Newton, Sir Henry Wotton,‡ the learned Hobbes,§ and Dr. Parr,—*cum multis aliis?* ||

THE LADIES.

Not those splendid yet stupifying sounds which emanated from the lyre of Orpheus, could have had the effect of this recollection.—I threw the Cabana into the fire! G. S. S.

* To Sir W. Raleigh (or Capt. Lane) we owe the introduction of tobacco into England.

† *Vide Life of*, by Boswell.

‡ *Vide Life of*, by Walton.

§ Hobbes, according to Lord Byron, smoked pipes "beyond all computation."

|| Sir Henry Blount must be understood among these—he was the author of a "Voyage to the Levant," "Court Comedies," "The Exchange Walk," a Satire; and "An Eplistic in Praise of Tobacco." He fought under the banner of Charles at Edge-hill.

WILD ASPHODEL.

For the Olio.—By Horace Guitford.

How the bright Asphodel, in saffron wealth,
O'er yonder mead that still wears winter's
garb,

Flames up in April's noon, and o'er the stream
She fringes, tossing high her queenly brow,
Mirrors her yellow petals till they blend
With liquid blue!

Proud flower, and beautiful!
She, when as yet the cold capricious beam
Leagues with the wind and shower—when the
pale earth

Hides (as a timid mother the young child)
Her first-born sowrets in her teeming breast.
Stands first and stateliest forth to hail the
spring,

And, like Apollo's priestess, every morn
Holds up her golden vials to the sun,
Flooded with sparkling dew,—propitiating
The unwilling ray, and winning warmer smiles.

HUGH WENTWORTH.

For the Olio.

HUGH WENTWORTH was the only child of parents who, notwithstanding their lowly station in life, won the esteem of many far before them in earthly prosperity. Among others was a noble-minded man, a West India proprietor, who, upon the death of Hugh's father, sent the child to school, with the intention, when he had attained a proper age, of placing him in some profession. Even in those days of childhood, Hugh's passions were fierce and unruly, and his infant fury often made his meek and excellent mother tremble, and her heart was clouded with many a painful anxiety for his future welfare. As he advanced in years his evil feelings grew with accumulating strength, and in the days of his youth he flung off all parental restraint, gave way to a headlong course of blind and furious passion, and treated his trembling mother with scorn and ferocity. There was only one earthly being who could at all controul him—his patron, to whom Hugh felt he owed the education which lifted the hopes and wishes of his heart far above his real station in society. His patron's affairs had, owing to his excessive liberality and scorn of money, been gradually changing for the worse, and at length, in his aged days, he saw himself reduced to indigence—scorned by those he had flung the yellow dross to. His wife pined away, and he before long joined her in the grave.

Hugh was now left desolate and friendless, for he had no one on earth who would serve him—his proud and arrogant deportment made all men his enemies. Poverty gradually stole upon Mrs. Wentworth and her son; its gripe

became closer and closer, and Hugh's spirit became more and more dark. Often when gazing upon the pale and hollow cheek of his poor mother, he felt his heart burning with a deadly hatred against the world. His manners were unpleasing, his person mean and disgusting, and he knew and felt so, yet his pride and ambition were excessive. At length, after suffering the bitterest pangs of hunger and want, chance flung him into the employment of an attorney in the city, whose paltry stipend he clutched at with a frenzied delight. His employer was a purse-proud brute, who having rose by chance from the dregs of society, thought himself at liberty to tread his dependents to the dust. He treated Hugh with undisguised contempt, and his fellow-clerks quickly followed the example, and made him their laughing-stock. Hugh's fierce and fiery soul writhed in agony beneath their attacks, which only urged them further. They made his person—his intellect—his deficiencies, the subjects of the most bitter derision; and his heart often almost broke with sorrow when he thought how utterly despicable he must be, or they would not treat him so. Yet he dared not leave his situation, terrible as it was to him, for it saved his mother, perhaps, from starvation, and he knew that he was her only hope. He felt that he was passing through life hated by all who knew him, and hating all dwellers upon earth except his mother, whom (notwithstanding his dark spirit sometimes poured his venom upon her,) he loved with the most intense affection—for he knew that, with all his infirmities, she alone of all the dwellers on earth loved him; and often, when his toil for the day was finished, would he rush to some desolate spot and pour out the wrath of his heart in curses and tears.

So passed two horrible years, when at length, having committed some unconscious error, his master, with the most biting sarcasms upon his imbecility and manners, told him to seek employment elsewhere. Hugh's heart felt withering up within him—his tongue hung like marble, cold and speechless. The memory of those hours of extreme want and wretchedness under which his mother had nearly drooped into the grave, shook every fibre, and when his faculties returned he besought most passionately that they might not be flung forth again to the chance of starvation; but the utmost favour he could obtain was a month's time to find another si-

tuation. All his former feelings were as nothing to the sufferings of that month. His mind was in a continual hell of despair. Something told him he was too vile and despicable to meet with consideration, sympathy or success.—He tried every thing—but in vain: wherever he applied, his mean and almost repulsive appearance, after being viewed with a glance that cut his heart to the very core, invariably drew forth the cold, sneering reply, that he would not suit.

The fourth week was fast wearing away, when his master brought a newspaper, and casting it down before Hugh, said, "Here's a clerk wanted—you may as well try, for fortune often favours a fool. To be sure I do not know what you are fit for, save a hangman; however, you may as well try, for you shan't disgrace my office after Saturday,"—and turned upon his heel. All the original fire and energy of Hugh's mind flashed forth; his whole frame quivered with passion, and his cheek and temple glowed as a fierce furnace. He seized a sheet of paper, wrote a letter under the influence of those overwhelming feelings, and then rushed out, heedless of all things, till he came to his lonely haunt, where he dashed himself down, and mingled his scalding tears with the dust.

He almost felt choked by delight and surprise the next morning, when he received a polite reply to his application, with an appointment. He attended it—he wrought successfully by his energetic demeanour, and obtained an engagement at a considerable advance of his former pittance. Here his situation was the reverse of his former one,—his employers were gentlemen, and shrunk with scorn from the idea of wounding the feelings of an inferior, merely because he was so. From that hour he was changed. He felt that one link of the chain of degradation, under which he had so long winced, was loosened from him; his temper visibly changed—his manners grew more gentle, and his mother often, with tears of joy, hailed the blessed alteration, although sometimes the dark spots would burst out.

Hitherto they had dwelt in a wretched hovel, but now fortune appeared to smile upon him, Hugh's pride revolted from it. He began a course of the most severe frugality, and at length, after a long space of toil and care, he emerged from its meanness and degradation, and furnished a home with comfort and neatness. Oh the precious feeling of

unequalled delight that filled his soul when, upon leading his beloved mother to take possession of her new home, she bent upon his pale and emaciated brow, shed her tears, kissed, and bestowed her blessing upon him.

Little dreamt he that the storm was gathering which was to sweep away the visions and plans of pride and ambition after which his soul began to yearn. A month had scarcely past, when one day after dining he left his mother lingering at the table, and hastened back to his business. He had scarcely returned, when a messenger hurried in to say his mother was ill. Good God! what were his feelings when, on again returning home, he saw the finger of death upon his parent!—She was struck with apoplexy—her hours were numbered—her eyes were glazed, and she was insensible to his maddened kisses and fierce shrieks. Oh what nights of the most intense agony followed that bereavement! How hot and stormy were the prayers that broke from him that the Almighty would cast death upon him also—would annihilate him! And as he knelt hour after hour by her coffin, gazing upon the pale and ghastly remains of all that his heart clung to upon earth, conscience shook him, and the memory of his past cruelty struck him like a flood of lightning.

She was buried, and he could not weep when he saw her laid down in her last resting-place, the cold and slimy vault. But it was when all had left, when he stood at home solitary, that this artificial calmness shrunk away, and he felt his own utter desolation, wretchedness and depravity—then came a fearful struggle in his heart; but he arose victorious from it, he awoke to a sense of his own blindness and evil nature. He flung aside those hitherto darling passions of his soul—pride and ambition, and bent his heart and head humbly before God, praying that he would console and guide him. Thus passed away months, Hugh's solitary nature avoiding all society, nursing the grief of his heart, and going through his daily avocations listlessly and mechanically.

Near where Hugh sat at church (for he had now become a strict observer of the Sabbath) were a family, consisting of a father and two daughters, who, like Hugh, were in deep mourning,—the parent lamented the loss of a beloved wife and an only son. Hugh thought that he had never seen a countenance so perfectly expressing a meek and gentle soul

as that of the eldest daughter who appeared about eighteen years of age. She was very pale, which, perhaps, was rendered more conspicuous by her dark hair and eyes, and the unaffected seriousness of her whole deportment. Her sister was about three years younger. To Hugh it became a source of pleasure to look upon those innocent features, and he felt more than usually unhappy when he saw them not. But why dwell—Hugh thought not that love, that master-passion of the earth, was rooting in him, but that it was only an idle curiosity which urged him to inquire who she was, though he trembled when he found that her father was a man of independent, though not large, property.

Month after month did his passion increase, till at length a trifling accident brought them together. He could not controul his feelings, and, to the astonishment of Jane Howard, poured forth his passion into her ears with that plaintive and persuasive energy which pure and surpassing affection alone can dictate. His simple yet ardent eloquence flung a veil over his very forbidding personal appearance, and she in whose bosom indifference had hitherto dwelt, felt a new passion mingle itself with her existence. From that hour their fates were blended; they often met, and at each meeting gave themselves up more and more to those pure and passionate feelings, which taught them to prize each other beyond all of earth, forgetting his poverty and her parent's wealth. Two hearts so firmly bound together as Hugh Wentworth and Jane Howard could not cover themselves with the cold mantle of calculating prudence: their meetings were discovered, and Mr. Howard, more anxious that his daughter might be rich than happy, trod down with bitter tauntings and scorn, the ill-fated Hugh, and his supplications for the hand of the gentle girl, who, with modesty, yet without tears or trembling, avowed he was as precious to her as life.

Wentworth bent meekly and patiently before the storm, and when alone in his chamber, calling up every reproach and derision that had been heaped upon his station in life, he acknowledged Mr. Howard was justified in seeking for his child a partner compatible with her own station in life. He could offer her only poverty and want. He knew that she would joyfully share that poverty, and abandon home and friends, to walk through life with him; but his stern sense of duty forbade him to raise an impassible gulf between the parent and

the child, which he knew must be the case if he plucked this innocent flower from its paternal stem, to plant it in his own seared bosom. They met once more, and at that interview he told her that nothing should separate their earthly fates—that he would gain wealth enough to justify him in claiming her as his bride, and she promised that living or dead Hugh Wentworth alone should be her bridegroom.

Wentworth now commenced a keen, stern and unwearied study of that profession which was his only avenue to competence. Nights, weeks and months saw him an unflinching votary of the midnight lamp. He rose above the common drudging clerk, and step by step he gained his employers' confidence and friendship; and though the journey he had marked out was one of toil and weariness, he rejoiced in it, for at the end there was happiness and Jane Howard.

A new page of life opened before Hugh Wentworth. A client, who was a mercantile man of the first eminence, came one day bitterly lamenting his ill-fortune. A partner, who had conducted the affairs of the firm at Sierra Leone was dead, and though a most lucrative and profitable concern, all men shrunk with terror and dread from that pestilential climate, and, consequently, much wealth was utterly wasting away—Hugh's brain grew dizzy. Here was an opening to that wealth which he coveted only because it would give him a treasure far beyond all others. He proffered his services, and after the necessary inquiries as to ability and integrity, they were accepted. He was to go to Sierra Leone for four years, at a liberal salary and proportionate share of the clear surplus, when the affairs were finally wound up.

Again he met his Jane, told her the delightful prospect that expanded, and treated the noxious climate of that terrible land as a thing that could not hurt him. Now, too, that a fair prospect arose, Mr. Howard no longer opposed the ardent affection of his daughter, and Hugh Wentworth sailed from England the accepted future husband of Jane Howard.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TO A JEWESS OF ALTONA.
By Thomas Campbell.

Oh Judith! had our lot been cast
In that remote and simple time,
When, shepherd swains, thy fathers pass'd
From dreary wilds and deserts vast,
To Judah's happy clime;—

My song, upon the mountain rocks,
Had echoed oft thy rural charms,
And I had fed thy father's flocks,
Oh Judith of the raven locks,
To wiu thee to my arms!

Our tent, beside the murmur calm
Of Jordan's grassy-vested shore,
Had sought the shadow of the palm,
And blest with Gilead's holy balm
Our hospitable door.

At falling night, or ruby dawn,
Or yellow moonlight's welcome cool,
With h. aith and gladness we had drawn,
From silver fountains on the lawn,
Our pitcher brimming full.

How sweet to us at sober hours
The bird of salem would have sung,
In orange or in aim-nd bowers,—
Fresh with the bloom of many flowers,
Like thee, for ever young!

But ah, my love! thy father's land—
It sheds no more a spicy bloom,
Nor fills with fruit the reaper's hand!
But wide its silent wilds expand,
A desert and a tomb!

Yet, by the good and golden hours
That dawn'd those rosy fields among,—
By Zion's palm-encircled towers,—
By Salem's far-forsaken bowers,
And long-forgotten song—

Edin. Lit Jour.

STORIES OF LIVING MUSICIANS.

THE professional career of Rossini has not always been *colour de rose*. The strings of his destiny were not always golden ones, nor was the science of sound continually that of harmony to the ears of the great master. *Il Barbieri di Siviglia* had a singular fate on its earliest representations at the Theatre d'Argentina at Rome, where it was produced in 1816. A variety of unlucky accidents attended the first performance. Conscious of the merits of the piece, and sensible of the high support promised by the ability of the actors, the elated composer assumed a prominent station in the orchestra; and that he might not be confounded in the eye of the audience with the vulgar mass of *symphoniaci*, he had invested himself with a vermilion-coloured-coat—a garb which, however it might dazzle the eyes of some, produced the most discordant laughter in others, and sadly deranged the effect of the overture. The poor *maestro's* features became identified with the colour of his habit. The part of *Almaviva* having been assigned to Garcia, as he attempted to commence the serenade, the various chords of his guitar, with an unanimity somewhat remarkable, suddenly snapped, and hisses pursued the unhappy minstrel as he fled the stage. The nerves of the composer

were fearfully shaken, and his confidence in his work was gradually lessening, when all his hopes were at once crushed by a luckless adventure that occurred to *Figaro*, in the person of Zamboni; who, by some accident or other, made a false step as he entered, and, falling upon his face, struck the most prominent feature of it so violently, as to produce from it a crimson stream. Forgetful, in his terror, of his handkerchief, Zamboni hurriedly applied the skirts of his dress to stop the blushing torrent, while shouts of laughter spoke more the fastidious taste, than the humanity, of the audience. In the confusion that ensued, the humbled but indignant *compositore* fled the theatre, while the opera was terminated amidst signs of contempt and disapprobation. The pride of Rossini was humbled; all his better hopes were destroyed. Could he have withdrawn the piece, he would have been comparatively happy; but it was necessary that it should undergo a renewed ordeal on the succeeding evening. Well aware of the violent passions of a Roman audience, and the uncomplimentary mode of giving them expression, when the fatal hour approached he locked himself in his chamber.—Alone, and trembling for his fame and person, the weary hours of that eventful evening passed by no means pleasantly, until the neighbouring bells sounded the hour of midnight—when a distant rumour, as of numerous voices, reached his ear. He opened his case-ment with a nervous hand, and it became more distinct each moment, until, at a turning of the street, “Rossini! Rossini!” was vehemently ejaculated. Closing his window in affright, he sank despairing on a seat, until the repetition of the cry at the very door of his dwelling recalled him to a sense of danger, and the necessity of averting it. Confused murmurs and many steps were heard upon the stairs, “Rossini! Rossini!” was shouted simultaneously with repeated knocks at his chamber-door; but Rossini answered not. The outcry and battery became yet more violent, until, to his horror, he heard the portal give way, and “Signore Maestro!” and “Rossini! Rossini!” formed the chorus that accompanied the violation of his domicile. He was not there. “Where could he be?” was the general inquiry, until one of more acute vision than the rest discerned, beneath the bed, some of the vestriary appendages of the concealed

musician. With a yell of triumph he was dragged forth; “Santa Maria! Signora Compatevi!” ejaculated the affrighted harmonist; when it was announced to him that the performance had redeemed the ill-fortune of the previous evening—that Rome was in ecstasies, and that the audience had adjourned *en masse* to do honour *al divino maestro*. They bore him in triumph from his house, amid the blaze of a thousand torches and the vociferations of *la bocca Romana*. He was carried past balconies, crowded with fair spectators and beaming with lights, to the theatre, where he was crowned upon the stage. The deep silence of old Rome was fearfully profaned, as the multitude subsequently accompanied him to an *osteria*, where a magnificent entertainment had been provided; and morning dawned ere he and his admirers had terminated the orgies of his ovation.

Rossini is an inveterate musician; his whole soul is wrapt in harmony; he thinks, dreams, eats, and drinks music; it is to him what ale was to Boniface, or what Dr. Johnson was to Boswell. It was late at night, in the summer of 1829, that, on his way to Italy, a foreigner arrived at the inn *Les Trois Couronnes*, in the lovely town of Vevay, with his *cara sposa*, wearied both by travel and the excessive heats of the day. It was the season for the transmigration of the northern hordes to the south, and Money (the master of the hotel) could but afford them his private sitting-room, and a hastily prepared bed to repose on. Supper was ordered, but ere it came, the eye of the guest had fallen on the piano of Madame M. which was, however, locked. In vain Money represented the lateness of the hour—the number of his guests, who had all retired to rest. No excuse would serve, and the peremptory gentleman attained his end. His fingers swept the keys, and the door being opened to let in air, the sounds penetrated to every quarter of the hotel. The performer had finished one of the airs of *Guillaume Tell*, when his attention was called to those around him. This second Orpheus was encircled by a group composed of persons of various nations, men, women, waiters, ostlers, all night-capped, bonnetted, silk-handkerchiefed, or uncoifed, were listening to him, open-mouthed and mute with delight—Swiss, Germans, English, French and Italians. “*Der Teufel!*”—“*Diu lai*

Vouarde—"Superbe! Divin"—*"Who can he be?"*—"Egli e Italiano Sicuramente!" were the cries of his enraptured auditors, in their various tongues. The *Ranz des Vaches* followed—*Henri Quatre*—*Che bello clima e questo*, and "God save the King," were successively played, and every listener felt prouder of his fatherland as he hearkened to that *piano magico*. The police-book next morning bore the name of "Rossini," and explained to all, the mystery of the preceding night.

The genius of Rossini is inexhaustible, but his learning slight. The sweet and flowing melodies of *Tancredi* were produced by him at the age of eighteen, and at once gave evidence of his taste; while all his subsequent compositions, numerous as they are, have the Redgauntlet brand of origin on their foreheads. Flattered, caressed, and feted as he has been, it would be strange were the man not affected by the merits of the author. Elevated rapidly to distinction and public notice, his simple nature was scarcely calculated for the weight of honours with which he has been laden; and vanity and presumption took place of the homelier and honest qualities of character. Yet he is said to be more sensible to reprehension than to adulation, and if his share of the former has been trifling in amount, in two instances it derived a factitious importance from the sources it sprang from. "The Siege of Corinth" was forbidden to be performed on the Venetian stage by Metternich; and his Majesty of Spain, having been present at the first performance of *Otello* at Madrid, interdicted its repetition on the ground of its *immorality*. The propriety of a man taking away the life of his lady, may abstractedly be questionable; but it must be recollected that the Moor was not a Christian, a circumstance that *might* have pleaded for him with the tender conscience of the Most Catholic King.

Songs of Passion.

For the Olio.

BY HENRY JAMES MELLER, ESQ.

No. VIII.

My Mary was lovely,
Soft, blooming and fair!
Oh! bright glances her blue eyes,
And dark raven hair;
First love of my young heart,
In boyhood's light hour,
How sweet was the poison
Of Love's magic pow'r!

Ah! never—ah! never
Shall her image depart,
Whose first love is graven
Within this lone heart.

We met in the spring-tide
Of passion and youth;—
She, all man could picture
Of feeling and truth:
Ah! who thought of sorrow,
Or dark gull's career,
Till woke from our bliss-dream
By many a tear:
Ah! never—ah! never
Shall her image depart,
Whose first love is graven
Within this lone heart.

I saw her in beauty
Droop first to the tomb,
Like flow'ret that withers,
Consumed in its bloom.
A kiss,—'twas our last one,—
Upon her death-bed:
I gazed o'er in madness
The earth where she's laid.
And never—ah! never
Shall her image depart,
Whose first love is graven
Within this lone heart.

THE DEMOLITION OF THE "WHITE CONDUIT."

For the Olio

ON Friday, the 2nd instant, after a long and lingering decay, the '*White Conduit*' was demolished in the one hundred and ninetieth year of its age. For a considerable period symptoms of dissolution were evident by the many infractions it endured, and the abuses to which it was liable. But, it having been originally constructed of stone and flint material by Thomas Sutton, (whose initials and arms it at first bore) as a reservoir over a head of water that formerly supplied the Charter House, it braved many storms, and formed a striking contrast to the devastations and alterations which surrounded it.

Those parts of which it was made, and the uses to which they were applied, are now separated and crumbled to fill the gaps in the Pentonville road. After the career of the omnibuses and other vehicles will have run their extent, not a vestige will be seen. It has been the regret of every lover of antiquity, that no public-spirited individual could be found to inclose it with a railing and suitable device, so that the "Conduit" might have been handed further down to posterity than the present race. Those who knew the welcome fabric, which led them once to the Highgate and Hampstead scenery, and seemed to invite them forward on their way to the vernal dwellings and woodland pastures, must now, alas! trust to the powers of their memories, since not a stone remains to tell where once the "White Conduit" stood. PYLADES.

Illustrations of History.

TRIAL BY BATTLE.—Of the trial by battle, or judicial combat, or judicial duel, the learned Selden has treated at large in an express treatise on the subject. The Lombards, who are said originally to have migrated from Scandinavia, first introduced this mode of trial in Italy, from whence it spread throughout most parts of Europe. It was introduced in England by the Normans, and it was resorted to both in criminal and civil suits. In the former, if *any one* charged another with any *treason*, or if the *party injured*, or his relations, charged another with *murder, felony*, or other *capital offence*, he was said to *appeal* him, and was termed an appellant: and the party charged was at liberty either to put himself upon his country for trial, or to *defend himself by his body*. If the defendant chose the latter mode of defence, the appellant was bound to meet him on an appointed day, in marshalled lists; and the parties fought armed with sticks shod with horn. The party vanquished was adjudged to death, either as a false accuser, or as guilty of the charge. If the defendant could maintain his ground until the stars appeared, the appellant was deemed vanquished; if the defendant called for quarter, or was slain, judgment of death was equally passed upon him. In civil suits, the judicial combat took place in *real actions* only, wherein the mere right to land was sought to be established, and was conducted on somewhat different principles,—for the parties, demandant and tenant as they were called, substituted their champions to fight for them, who fought with plain sticks; and the party vanquished was adjudged to perpetual infamy, not doomed to death. It does not appear that these trials were, in fact, of frequent occurrence, although there are several instances of them reported with much particularity in the year books. Ridiculous and barbarous as they were, they were not totally abolished until the Act of 59 Geo. III. ch. 48, which repealed both appeals and trials by battle, and which passed in consequence of a memorable attempt to appeal a man of a murder, of which he had been previously acquitted by a jury.*

The Naturalist.

SUCKING INSECTS; VARIETIES OF THE FLEA.—When Ray and Willugh-

* Case of Ashford and Thornton.

by were travelling, they found “at Venice and Augsburg fleas for sale, and at a small price too, decorated with steel or silver collars round their necks, of which Willughby purchased one. When they are kept in a box amongst wool or cloth, in a warm place, and fed once a day, they will live a long time. When they begin to suck, they erect themselves almost perpendicularly, thrusting their sucker, which originates in the middle of the forehead, into the skin. The itching is not felt immediately, but a little afterwards. As soon as they are full of blood, they begin to void a portion of it, and thus, if permitted, they will continue for many hours sucking and voiding. After the first itching, no uneasiness is subsequently felt. Willughby’s flea lived for three months by sucking in this manner the blood of his hand; it was at length killed by the cold of winter.”

From this narrative, we should say it was not without good reason that two eminent naturalists have arranged fleas in a group, called, by way of eminence, suckers.

According to Mouffet’s account of the sucker of the flea, “the point of his nib is something hard, that he may make it enter the better; and it must necessarily be hollow, that he may suck out the blood and carry it in.” Modern authors, particularly Straus and Kirby, show that Rosel was mistaken in supposing this sucker to consist of two pieces, as it is really made up of seven. First, there are a pair of triangular instruments, somewhat resembling the beak of a bird, inserted on each side of the mouth, under the parts which are generally regarded as the antennæ. Next, a pair of long sharp piercers, which emerge from the head below the preceding instruments: and a pair of feelers, consisting of four joints, are attached to these near their base. In fine, there is a long, slender tongue, like a bristle, in the middle of these several pieces.

According to Mouffet, also, “the lesser, leaner, and younger they are, the sharper they bite, the fat ones being more inclined to tickle and play; and then are not the least plague, especially when in greater numbers, since they molest men that are sleeping, and trouble wearied and sick persons; from whom they escape by skipping; for as soon as they find they are arraigned to die, and feel the finger coming, on a sudden they are gone, and leap here and there, and so escape the danger; but so soon as day breaks, they forsake

the bed. They then creep into the rough blankets, or hide themselves in rushes and dust, lying in ambush for pigeons, hens, and other birds, also for men and dogs, moles and mice, and vex such as passe by. Our hunters report that foxes are full of them, and they tell a pretty story how they get rid of them. The fox, say they, gathers some handfuls of wooll from thorns and briars, and wrapping it up, he holds it fast in his mouth, then goes by degrees into a cold river, and dipping himself close by little and little, when he finds that all the fleas are crept so high as his head for fear of drowning, and so for shelter crept into the wool, he barks and spits out the wool full of fleas, and so very froliquesly being delivered from their molestation, he swims to land."

This is an excellent trick certainly for a flea-bitten fox on a summer's day; but a little more doubtful even than the story told of Christina, Queen of Sweden, who is reported to have fired at the fleas with a piece of artillery, still exhibited in the royal arsenal at Stockholm. Her majesty ought to have made an expedition to Tiberias, where, as an Arab Sheikh informed Dr. Clarke, "the king of the fleas held his court." Nor are fleas confined to the old continent, for Lewis and Clarke found them exceedingly harassing on the banks of the Missouri, where it is said the native Indians are sometimes compelled to shift their quarters, to escape their annoyance. They are not acquainted, it would therefore seem, with the device of the shepherds in Hungary, who grease their clothes with hog's lard to deter the fleas,—nor with the old English preventive:—

"While wormwood hath seed, get a handful
or twaine,

To save against March to make flea refrain;
Where chamber is swept, and wormwood is
strown,

No flea for his life dare abide to be known."

Linnæus was in error in stating that the domestic cat is not infested with fleas; for in kittens, in particular, they abound as numerously as upon dogs.

Fleas, it may be worth remarking, are not all of one species, those which infest animals and birds differing in many particulars from the common bed flea; and as many as twelve distinct sorts have been found in Britain alone. The most annoying species, however, is fortunately not indigenous, being a native of the tropical latitudes, and variously named in the West Indies, chigoe, jigger, nigua, tungua, and pique Accord-

ing to Stedman, this "is a kind of small sand-flea, which gets in between the skin and the flesh without being felt, and generally under the nails of the toes; where, while it feeds, it keeps growing till it becomes of the size of a pea, causing no further pain than a disagreeable itching. In process of time, its operation appears in the form of a small bladder, in which are deposited thousands of eggs, or nits, and which, if it breaks, produce so many young chigoes, which in course of time create running ulcers, often of very dangerous consequence to the patient; so much so indeed, that I knew a soldier, the soles of whose feet were obliged to be cut away before he could recover; and some men have lost their limbs by amputation, nay, even their lives, by having neglected, in time, to root out these abominable vermin. The moment, therefore, that a redness and itching more than usual are perceived, it is time to extract the chigoe that occasions them. This is done with a sharp-pointed needle, taking care not to occasion unnecessary pain, and to prevent the chigoe from breaking in the wound. Tobacco ashes are put into the orifice, by which in a little time the sore is perfectly healed." Old Ligon tells us that in this way he had ten chigoes taken out of his feet in a morning "by the most unfortunate Yarico," whose tragical story is so well known from the popular drama. Walton mentions that a Capuchin friar, in order to study the history of the chigoe, permitted a colony of them to establish themselves in his feet: but before he could accomplish his object, his foot mortified, and had to be amputated. No wonder that Cardan calls the insect "a very shrewd plague."
Lib. of Enter. Know.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.

M. W. of Windsor.

GNATS.—"The gnats in America," says Mouffet, "do so plash and cut, that they will pierce through very thick clothing; so that it is excellent sport to behold how ridiculously the barbarous people, when they are bitten, will skip and frisk, and slap with their hands their thighs, buttocks, shoulders, arms, and sides, even as a carter doth his horses." Weld tells us that "these insects were so powerful and blood-thirsty that they actually pierced through General Washington's boots." This does not appear very credible, though Mouffet says, "In Italy, near the Po, great store and very great ones

are to be seen, terrible for biting, and venomous, *piercing through a thrice-doubled stocking, and boots likewise*, sometimes leaving behind them impoisoned, hard, blue tumours, sometimes painful bladders, sometimes itching pimples, such as Hippocrates hath observed in his Epidemics, in the body of one Cyrus, a fuller, being frantic." When we consider these circumstances, we cannot justly discredit that they attacked so fiercely the army of Julian the Apostate as to drive him back; or that Sapor, king of Persia, as reported, should have been compelled to raise the siege of Nisibis by a plague of gnats, which, attacking his elephants and beasts of burden, so caused the route of his army.

At Oxford, during the summer of 1766, gnats were sometimes seen towards evening in such myriads as literally to darken the rays of the sun. Mr. Swinton mentions, that one evening, about half an hour before sun-set, he was in the garden of Wadham College, when he saw six columns of them ascending from the boughs of an apple-tree, some in a perpendicular, and others in an oblique direction, to the height of fifty or sixty feet. Their bite was attended with violent inflammation, and when one was killed after it had bit, the blood contained in it would cover three or four inches of wall.—About thirty years before this, vast columns of gnats were seen to rise in the air from Salisbury Cathedral, resembling, at a distance, columns of smoke, which made the people imagine the edifice was on fire. At Sagan, in Silesia, in July, 1812, a similar occurrence gave rise in like manner to an alarm that the church was on fire. The poet Spenser says, the Irish "goe all naked except a mantle, which is a fit house for an outlaw—a meet bed for a rebel—and an apt cloak for a thief. It coucheth him strongly against the gnats, which, in that country, doe more to annoy the naked rebels, and doe more sharply wound them, than all their enemies' swords and speares, which can seldom come nigh them." Elsewhere he gives another picture of the Irish gnats:—

—"When a swarme of gnats at eventide
Out of the fennes of Alan doe arise;
Their murrmering snail trumpetsownden wide,
Whiles in the air their clustering army flies,
That as a cloud does seem to dim the skies;
No man nor beast may rest or take repast,
For their sharp wounds and noyous injuries,
Till the fierce northern wind, with blustering
blast,
Doth plow them quite away, and in the ocean
cast."

MONKEY GLEANERS.—Chinese ingenuity is said to have succeeded in teaching monkeys to gather tea on those spots which are not accessible to man but at the hazard of life. The monkeys clamber up to the tea-plants, gather the green leaves from between the branches, and throw them down to those who are standing below. In order to encourage them to exertion, their masters throw up food to them from time to time.—There is still another useful lesson which the Chinese have taught them. The labourer drives a herd of the monkeys who congregate in the mountain-wildernesses, into a part of the country which abounds in the tea-plant, and then sets about worrying and hunting them. The monkeys in their retreat break off the tenderest branches of the plant, and throw them at their pursuer, who gathers them forthwith under his arm, with thanks for the shower of missiles.

Japanese Courant.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.—Love not thy children too unequally; or, if thou dost, show it not, lest thou make the one proud, the other envious, and both fools: if nature hath made a difference, it is the part of a tender parent to help the weakest. That trial is unfair where affection is the judge.

THE ALMONER was an officer of great antiquity, whose duty it was during the Saxon era, to collect the broken meat, &c. from the king's tables, and distribute it to the poor who sat in the streets expecting it.

ALMS-HOUSES are first noticed in the time of Justinian. During the Saxon government, they were attached to monasteries, and generally built near the churches. Anthony Wood says, there were few houses of this description previous to the Reformation, after which they were usually built for the decayed servants of the founder's family.

THE ALMS-BOX was placed in the cathedrals at Rome, by direction of Innocent III. at the commencement of the thirteenth century, and in the parish churches of the country in 1535. J.

INVENTION OF CALLIGRAPHY.—The first person noticed as being able to write distinctly within a very confined space, is Callicrates, an Athenian sculptor, who lived about 472 years before Christ, and is said to have engraved some of Homer's verses on a grain of millet. Peter Ball, an Englishman, in 1575, wrote the Lord's Prayer, creed, ten commandments, and two short prayers in Latin, with his own name,

motto, day of the month, year of the Lord, and reign of the queen, in the compass of a silver penny, encased in a ring and bordure of gold, and covered with a crystal, all so accurately wrought, as to be very legible; and within these few years, an engraver named Davies again completed the same arduous task on copper as that last mentioned, so perfect that five hundred impressions were taken from the plate, which we believe was purchased by Bowyer the printseller, and has been considered by competent judges as a piece of unrivalled workmanship.

R. J.

SANCTUARY.—The old law of sanctuary was, that any person guilty of felony might fly to a church or consecrated place, and there remain in security for forty days; after which he was allowed no food. Within the forty days he was at liberty to abjure the realm, which was to submit to perpetual banishment by forswearing the kingdom, upon a public confession of guilt before the king's coroner or bailiff at the church door. Sanctuaries have long since been abolished by statute. When any person fled to a sanctuary, the vill in which it was situated was charged with the custody of such person until he left the kingdom under abjuration, or was brought to justice. The old reports and authorities refer so often to amerziements levied for escapes of felons from sanctuary, that we may plainly gather this privilege of sanctuary gave frequent occasion to extortion and abuse.

CHILDWITE.—The *wite* (Sax.), was under the Saxon system, the forfeiture payable to the king or magistrate for offences; as the *were* was that paid in compensation to the party injured. It was a discretionary fine, and unlike the *were*, imposed only on the lighter class of offences. There were a great number of *wites*, which took their distinguishing names from the respective offences for which they were inflicted. This of *childwite* seems to have been the penalty for begetting a bastard on a lord's female bond-slave.

J. C.

SUMMARY JUSTICE OF RICHARD I.—The laws made by this prince for the preservation of good order in his fleet when sailing to Palestine, are worthy of notice; they were as follows:—"He that kills a man on ship-board, shall be tied to the body and thrown with it into the sea. If he kills one on land, he shall be buried with the same. If it be proved that any one has drawn a knife to strike another, or has drawn blood,

he shall lose his hand. If he strikes with his fist, without effusion of blood, he shall be thrice plunged into the sea. If a man insult another, with opprobrious language, so often as he does it to give so many ounces of silver. A man convicted of theft, to have his head shaved, tarred, and feathered, and to be left on the first land the ship shall come to. Richard appointed officers to see these laws executed with rigour; two of which were bishops."

POISONING THE SICK AT JAFFA.—On this subject in Lavalette's Memoirs we find the following:—"I must say a few words on an odious imputation made long since against General Buonaparte—I mean the pretended poisoning of the soldiers sick of the plague. It is so contrary to truth that General Buonaparte proposed to poison the unfortunate men, that M. Larry, first surgeon to the army, never ceased to pronounce it an atrocious calumny; and he several times, in the last fifteen years, pressed M. Desgenettes to declare publicly with him the fact through the medium of the press. The latter, having been ill-used by the king's government, recoiled probably at the thought of a declaration which would make his situation still more painful. It is, besides, impossible to name any person to whom the proposal should have been made. Finally, the calumny was spread by the English while they were in Egypt, and propagated by Sir Robert Wilson, who was then extremely young, and who, in maturer age, has openly declared that he had been mistaken."

Customs of Various Countries.

EASTERN CUSTOMS.—The natives of Guzerat, says Forbes, in his Oriental Memoirs, never burn candles, and in the inland districts, where the cocconut does not thrive, large tracts are set apart for the seeds from which they extract the oil; those in the greatest esteem are the gingeli or sesamum, and the erinda ricinus Palma-Christi. The consumption of vegetable oils for many millions of lamps which are lighted every night, for anointing the body, for culinary purposes, and religious ceremonies, is very great throughout the whole of India, where animal oil is never used.

WEDDING CEREMONY.—In a Hindoo marriage, the officiating brahmin places the hand of the bride on that of the bridegroom, and ties them together with

a garland of flowers. Afterwards their garments are tied together by a piece of cloth, as a token of their union.

Anecdotes.

A DANGEROUS SUGGESTION.—A veteran officer was presented to Louis the Fourteenth, to fill a place. "This man," said the king, "is too old."—"Sire," said the officer, "I am only four years older than your majesty, and I trust I shall be able to serve five-and-twenty years to come."

A ROYAL OPINION.—King William III. being once extremely embarrassed about a matter of state, was advised to consult Sir Isaac Newton. "Newton," replied he, "Newton!—why he's nothing but a philosopher!"

WEST INDIAN ADVERTISEMENTS.—From the Antigua Weekly Register of June 7th:—"For sale, by John Page, on accommodating terms, a rich set of pearls, &c. Also, a good family horse and substantial gig and harness.—On hand, various articles of furniture, glass and crockery ware, saddle and draft horses, gigs, Negroes, &c. &c."—First, pearls, next furniture, then horses and gigs, and, *finally*, HUMAN BEINGS, among the numerous et ceteras that scarcely deserve naming!

"*Kingston, July 13, 1831.*—Wanted OLD COPPER, which will be purchased in small quantities or otherwise. And, for sale, a YOUNG NEGRO MAN, an excellent baker and cook; and his MOTHER, an excellent washerwoman.—They will be sold separately or together.—N. B. A *trial* will be given, if required."

WATERING MILK.—A Dutchman in Albany, some time back, went out to his milkman in the street with a dish in each hand, instead of one as usual. The dispenser of attenuated milk asked if he wished him to fill both vessels? The Dutchman replied, suiting the action to the word, "Dis is for de *mittuk*, and dis for de *watter*, and I will mix dem so as to shute mine self."

CONTRADICTIONS OF PROVERBS.—"The more the merrier." Not so; one hand is enough in a purse.—"He that runs fastest gets most ground." Not so; for then footmen would get more than their masters.—"He runs far who never turns." Not so; he may break his neck in a short course.—"No man can call again yesterday." Yes; he may call till his heart aches, though it never come.—"He that goes

softly goes safely."—Not among thieves. "Nothing hurts the stomach more than surfeiting." Yes; lack of meat.—"Nothing is hard to a willing mind." Yes; to get money.—"None so blind as they that will not see." Yes; they that cannot see.—"Nothing but what is good for something." Not so; nothing is not good for any thing.—"Every thing hath an end." Not so; a ring hath none, for it is round.—"Money is a great comfort." Not when it brings a thief to the gallows.—"The world is a long journey." Not so; the sun goes over it every day.—"It is a great way to the bottom of the sea." Not so; it is but a stone's cast.—"A friend is best found in adversity." Not so; for then there's none to be found.—"The pride of the rich makes the labour of the poor." Not so; the labours of the poor make the pride of the rich.

A WELSH CARD OF INVITATION.

"*Llanddiller Castle.*"

Mr. Walter Norton, and Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys' compliments to Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, Miss Charles Morgan, and the Governess (whose name Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys do not recollect), and Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys request the favour of the company of Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, and Miss Charles Morgan, and the Governess (whose name Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys do not recollect), to dinner on Monday next week. Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys, beg to inform Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, and Miss Charles Morgan, and the Governess (whose name Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys do not recollect), that Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys can accommodate Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, Miss Charles Morgan, and the Governess (whose name Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys do not recollect) with beds, if remaining the night is agreeable to Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, Miss Charles Morgan, and the Governess (whose name Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys do not recollect.)"

POETS REWARDS.

Poets rewards, ah! now-a-days
Are nought but night and day grief;
Of old they had whole wreaths of bay,
And now they've but a *bay-leaf*.

EPITAPH ON ROGER NORTON.

Here lies, alas! poor Roger Norton,
Whose sudden death was oddly brought on:
Trying one day his corns to mow off,

The razor slipp'd, and cut his toe off;
The toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to;
The part then took to mortifying,
Which was the cause of Roger dying.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, Sept. 14.

St. Catherine of Genoa, Widow, A.D. 1510.

Moon's First Quar. 42m after 4 Morn.

Sept. 14, 1759.—General Louis Joseph de Montcalm killed in a battle near Quebec. After having distinguished himself in the war of 1740, he was made, in 1755, Field Marshal, and appointed to command the French troops in America. He defended the French colony, which was then in decay, with great ability, and long eluded the efforts of a superior British force. He was at last brought to a battle by the brave Wolfe, and he received, in the front ranks of his army, a wound, of which he died the next day. A hole in the ground, made by a bomb, served for his grave. His death brought on the loss of the colony. A fine monument is erected at Montreal to his memory.

Thursday, Sept. 15.

St. Nicomedes, Mar.

High Water 24m after 7 Morn—57m after 7 Aftern.

As this is Holy Rood Day, the following curious Old Wives' Prayer, found in the Hesperides of Robert Herrick, bearing some allusion to it, cannot be out of place here.

Holy Rood, come forth and shield
Us i' the cite and the field;
Safely guard us, now and aye,
From the blast that burns by day,
And those sounds that us affright
In the dead of dampish night;
Drive all hurtful fiends us fro
By the time the Cock's first crow.

Friday, Sept. 16.

St. Editha, virgin, 984.

Sun rises 42m after 5—sets 19m after 6.

Sept. 16, 1380.—Died at the Chateau de Beautour-Marne, Charles V. King of France, who was the first eldest son of a French king who bore the title of *Dauphin*. This prince, who, during the captivity of King John, his father, showed himself weak, crafty, and of bad faith, displayed, after his accession to the throne, such a character of moderation, equity and prudence, that he acquired the surname of *Le Sage*. At the accession of Charles V. France was in a most deplorable situation: the King of Navarre, the King of England, and troops of brigands, called *routiers*, *grands compagnies*, and *ecorcheurs*, ravaged it in every direction. Although not a warrior, the king, powerfully seconded by Bertrand Duguesclin, succeeded in restoring order in his dominions. Charles V. was a protector of letters and the arts, but imbibed the errors of astrology. He had a passion for building, and found in Hugues Aubriot, *prevost* of Paris, an intelligent and active man, who favoured his propensity.

Saturday, Sept. 17.

St. Rouin, abbot, A.D. 680.

High Water 04 10m Morn—45m after 10 After.

Sept. 17, 1394.—The Jews were driven from France by King Charles IV. They were long exposed to the frauds of avaricious princes, who

first drove them out of their kingdom, and afterwards suffered them to return for a sum of money; but, in 1394, they were absolutely and entirely banished from France by the edict of Charles IV. Notwithstanding many offers made by them since that epocha, to relieve the pecuniary wants of the state, they were never able to procure an ordinance for their toleration, until the dynasty of Buonaparte. They were not permitted in early times to appear abroad, without a yellow mark upon the breast. Phillip le hardi compelled them to wear a horn upon the head. They were prohibited from bathing in the Seine; and when put to death for crimes, they were generally hung between two dogs.

Sunday, Sept. 18.

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lessons for the Day.—Ezekiel, 2 chapter Morn. Ezekiel, 13 ch. Evening.

Sept. 18, 787.—Death of Prelaga, first King of Asturias. Though the province of Asturias had not always the title of a province of Spain, it has, nevertheless, the advantage of having been the cradle of Spain by the Mahometans, a vast number of people, who had retired into the mountains of Asturias, Burgos, and Biscay, proclaimed king Prelaga, and laid the foundation of a new monarchy. Prelaga, after gaining several victories over the Mahometans, established his dominions. He governed with wisdom unto the day of his death. His memory is still dear to the Spaniards, whom he raised to independence, and whose monarchy he founded.

Monday, Sept. 19.

St. Seguanus, abbot, A.D. 580.

Sun rises 47m after 5—Sets 12m after 6.

Sept. 19, 1471.—The first printing-press in England was erected in the Almonry, Westminster Abbey, by William Caxton; and the first book printed in this country was the "Game and Plaie at Chesse," dated 1471. The first book printed in the English tongue was "The Recuyell of the History of Troy;" which bears the above date.

Tuesday, Sept. 20.

St. Eustachius and Companions, Mar.

High Water 51m 04 Morn—15m 14 After.

At this season, we may note, in connexion with the open country, "that wood-owls hoot louder than ever, and the lambs bleat more shrilly from the hill side to their neglectful dams; and the thresher's flail is heard from the unseen barn; and the plough-boy's whistle comes through the silent air from the distant upland; and snakes leave their last year's skins in the brakes—literally creeping out at their own mouths; and acorns drop in showers from the oaks, at every wind that blows; and hazel-nuts ask to be plucked, so invitingly do they look forth from their green dwellings; and lastly, the evenings close in too quickly upon the walks to which their serene beauty invites us, and the mornings get chilly, misty, and damp."

Lambs.



See page 147

Illustrated Article.

THE BULL-FIGHTER OF MADRID:

A SPANISH STORY.
For the Olio.

It was not destiny, my pretty coz,
But a belief in it that sadly wrought
My headstrong uncle's woe. His grandam taught
All reverence for the orderings of fate;
And when, a boy, he rambled to the rocks
Where built the raven its repulsive nest,
He pois'd his body on the crag's steep edge,
And tempted death in divers attitudes;
Yet if a sorry hare but cross'd his path,
The dauntless youth would dwindle to a child.

OLD PLAY.

At a vine-encircled cottage, embowered amidst the beautiful sierras of a valley about three leagues from Madrid, a group of light-hearted damsels had met to enjoy the dance and song characteristic of a holiday excursion. The day had been a delightful one, and the evening lustre of a sunset sky irradiated the charming landscape with its mellow rays. The wide expanse of the surrounding valley presented the somewhat crowded features of Spanish scenery—

VOL. VIII.

K

gorgeous groves of orange-trees displaying their golden load, encircled by the vernal relief of the ilex and algero—hedges of rosemary, myrtle, or the thorny pear, intersected with thickets of geranium. To the left were heathy declivities, from which was wafted the aromatic smell of the Balm of Gilead, and to the right were clusters of wooded rocks, on the steep and pointed summits of which browsed the shaggy goat, whilst down their dangerous sides paced the weary muleteer.—The glow of eve cast upon the Moorish gardens and fountains a hue of solemnity befitting well the regretful mood inspired by the contemplation of the scenes of departed chivalry and glory of which Spain, in the era of Moorish domination, was the well-adapted theatre.

Inez de Lavedoz, the mistress of the ceremonies of this rural merry-making, was the daughter of the keeper of one of the principal fondas, or hotels, in Madrid. A young man of some literary eminence had long paid his court unto her; but he was more renowned for love of study than for love of his mis-

206

tress: that very day he had strolled into the vicinity of the spot selected by Inez as the rendezvous of her happy party, his object in this country ramble being to make a few sketches of the adjacent scenery, for the enriching of his portfolio. Inez bore from her more gay companions no little bantering on the score of her lover's lack of gallantry. She had a natural taste for poetry, which Alvarez omitted no opportunity of fostering; she could play the *improvisatrice* occasionally; and, on being solicited by her cheerful associates to give them a ditty, accompanied by the guitar, she sang the following:—

TO MY STUDENT LOVER.

Alva, aught so cold as thou
 Could my sorrowing song but move,
 Inez would no longer vow
 Thine to be an icy love.

If a casual smile we see
 O'er thy pallid features fit,—
 Inez, it is not for thee,
 But for old Cervantes' wit.

If perchance thy changing eyes
 Fire with thought, or flash at wrong,—
 Prompting unresponded sighs,—
 'Tis at Garcilasso's song.

Sculpture is a speechless god—
 From the Grecian's frigid bust,
 Fireless as the valley's cloud,
 Moveless as its maker's dust—
 From the pictur'd Moorish lines
 Rushing to the red affray,
 From Murillo's mute designs—
 Turn thy dotting eyes away.

Here, beneath the evening star,
 Are we merry maidens met:
 Singing to the soft guitar,
 Dancing to the castanet.

Thy delights abjuring now,
 Kneel, and here thy passion prove;
 Inez then no more will vow
 Thine is but an icy love!

The song was but just ended, when the whole group were startled by the sudden intrusion of two strangers, one of whom Inez immediately recognized as Alvarez. Each damsel promptly let fall her flowing veil, thus rendering herself incognito to the two gallants.

Alvarez, in returning from his jaunt in search of the picturesque, overtook an old comrade, whose avocation differed as much with his own as does the profession of the dancing-master with that of the pugilist. This quondam companion on which the scholar had accidentally stumbled, was no other than Gomeo de Santerros, the celebrated mattadore, or bull-fighter of Madrid. Despite the severity of the student's general demeanour, he had been induced, by his jolly fellow-traveller, and the excellent wine at the inn where they tarried, to take a bottle too much.

"Take note of your steps, Señor Alvarez," said the superstitious Gomeo, stretching forth his hand to guide his unsteady companion up the steps of the garden terrace: "to fall now, in the presence of such an assemblage of beauties, would augur some matrimonial fatality."

"By the petticoat of the Virgin!" ejaculated the student, "I forgot, Gomeo, that you were a believer in the absurd doctrine of *destiny*. Ha, ha! I'll ask one of these smiling hours for her thoughts on that fantastic theory.—Tell me, fair Señora!" said he, addressing a black-eyed olive-complexioned girl in the group, "can you spell my fate?"

"Overlooking your indecorous intrusion, answered she (for Inez had apprized her of their identity), "on account of the quantity of wine which I perceive, you have drunk, I will venture to spell each his fate; you, Señor," looking Alvarez full in the face, "will marry my companion here," pointing to Inez, "live a long life, and die happy."

"Jesu!" exclaimed Gomeo de Santerros, "thou art so marvellously pleasant in thy prophecies, that thou shalt look in my face, and tell me my destiny!"

Struggling to prevent Alvarez from approaching Inez, with whom he vowed he would exchange greetings, as she was adjudged to be his lifelong companion, the dark-eyed maid appeased him by requesting that he would desist, to hear the destiny of his temulent associate. Alvarez became all decorum, as, gazing in Gomeo's face, the little hypocrite faltered out—

"I am sorry to divulge it, ill-fated Señor!—May the Church pray for you! your destiny is, to be slain by a black bull!"

There breathed not, in all King Ferdinand's dominions, a more superstitious mortal than Gomeo de Santerros! At the hearing of this sportive prophecy, uttered by one who was informed of the nature of his profession, intoxicated as he was, the temporary glow kindled by the exhilarating wine, left his rough, rude cheek,—his knees smote each other in the quaking of his heart, and he reeled to the steps of the terrace for support. As he spoke not one word as to the cause of his apprehension, the laughing assembly conjectured that the prophecy had made little impression upon him, and that the visible change which his carriage and countenance had undergone, was neither more nor less than the effect of the sherris he had

drunk. They paid him every attention, and after seeing him safely under the *conducteur*-ship of Alvarez, they beheld the two take their abrupt and silent departure, without either of them having recognized any one of the group.

Ere the lapse of a fortnight, it chanced that Alvarez was united to Inez de Lavedoz,—thus singularly fulfilling one part of the prophecy. From a reprehensible delicacy, Inez had refrained from revealing to her husband the innocent hoax played off upon him and Gomeo. The decease of a relative at a considerable distance from Madrid called her from home on the fourth day of her marriage, and it was arranged that, some immediate business transacted, Alvarez should follow her on the succeeding day.

The student, on the evening prior to his departure, was thoughtfully sitting, gazing on some exquisite pieces by Murillo and Velasquez, the luxury of whose handiwork he was about to forego for an uncertain sojourn in the country, when his valet announced the arrival of Gomeo, who entered the apartment, and who but for such aforesaid announcement, would have been as utterly unknown to Alvarez as the veriest stranger. Sixteen days had hardly transpired since the student had last beheld him—stout, florid, and muscular—the sanguine and desperate Gomeo, the *mattadore* or bull-fighter of Madrid;—and now the only vestige whereby could be recognized the fearless man was his voice!—Emaciated, haggard, blighted, grown *old* in the interim, stood Gomeo de Senterros, and with his phrenzied eye fixed on Alvarez, he addressed him as follows:—

“Ay, you may wonder, Alvarez, to behold me thus; but I am doomed to death to-morrow!—I come to convince you of your cursed heresy as regards the doctrine of destiny, before I leave this world. Know, then, that since that calamitous evening I have rested not—my life has been a perpetual fever, which has consumed my flesh. Last night I dreamed that the fated hour had arrived,—to wit, the splendid bull-fight which is to take place to-morrow,—and that I stood before my old enemy, which proved to be a *black bull*, for the first time in my life, with trembling. He made some desperate rushes at me, which were but lamely evaded; until at last, as I was advancing with the bare instrument of death pointed at him, he made a precipitate leap un contemplated by me, and, passing his horns through

my ribs, tossed me aloft in the air, and I fell at the feet of the identical girl who pointed out my doom! In the agonies of death, with every bone crushed and mutilated, I gazed up to her, and beheld on her countenance the same devilish laugh with which she foretold my end! I awoke in horror, dressed myself, and without suffering a morsel of food to pass my parched lips, I sought the cottage where, Alvarez, we strolled to on that momentous evening. I asked the goatherd's wife if she knew and could direct me to any of her guests of that day, so that some word of comfort might mitigate the intolerable agony of existence—she knew but *one* of them, and that, oh! unbelieving Alvarez! was Inez de Lavedoz, now *thy* wife! Her becoming so has rendered valid the prophecy as regards thyself and I!—to-morrow will bring with it my last hour: I am commanded to combat the bull at the grand fight in honour of the English nation. It would be folly in me to attempt to evade the battle—it is *destiny*!”

“Wretched Gomeo!” said the astonished Alvarez, as he held up the lamp, the light of which flashed on the despair-struck lineaments of the unhappy *mattadore*; “you are next to mad! Alas! what can I do to alleviate your misery? My wife is at some leagues' distance from Madrid, whither I must, on the morrow, follow her: it is too late to appeal to her for a refutation of this headstrong fiction. I will do all I can to serve you: here, take this purse, and, ere it be midnight, commence your flight from the capital, never to return to it,—retire to Segovia, resume your agricultural pursuits, and be happy!”

Gomeo, pursing his lips into an expression of fanatical contempt, thrust from him the extended hand of Alvarez, which held the purse containing the proffered assistance. He stood with his eyes stupidly fixed upon him for a moment, and then, suddenly relaxing into tears, he embraced Alvarez, and rushed out of the apartment.

The student was overwhelmed with grief and perplexity. To tarry in Madrid till the bull-fight took place was impossible; as the necessity to follow his wife, starting by day-break, was imperative. He half resolved to go in search of the *mattadore*, and attempt, with more collected arguments, to disarm him of his terror—but time pressed: the preparations for his journey, scholar-like, had been procrastinated to the latest hour: thus he had no alternative but that of leaving the miserable fatalist

to the forlorn forebodings of his diseased imagination.

Three hours after sunrise, on the morrow, the broad streets of the capital were crowded with gay multitudes hurrying to the bull-fight, which was to be in the magnificent square of the Placa Mayor, the area and houses of which were covered with spectators to witness the warfare. Every thing wore the appearance of joyous exultation at this somewhat gladiatorial festival in honour of "the great English." The time drew very near to the anxiously-expected moment, and the bull was at length let loose, when—wo to the mattadore!—it proved to be a *black* one! After every device for irritating the savage animal had been exhausted, and his mounted assailers had become weary of the length and fatigue of the equivocal *sport*, the introduction of the mattadore—preparatory to the last scene—took place; and the thousands of eyes bent on the arena of the conflict, beheld in the midst of it, dressed in the most splendid and costly manner, Gomeo de Santerros, the celebrated mattadore; but so changed was he in bulk and features as to be scarcely recognizable: he looked but the phantom of his former self, and the richness of his robes seemed but to mock his miserable depression. The spectators near him noticed, also, that he shook violently; and it was generally observed that his escapes from the infuriated animal were most awkwardly made, insomuch that he narrowly escaped being gored on one or two occasions. The finish of the sanguinary spectacle, by the sacrifice of the bull, was now decreed; and Gomeo, casting aside the scarlet mantle which he had used to irritate his formidable opponent, drew forth his naked weapon, similar to a stiletto, and approached the bull with the point directed to his most vulnerable part. At this breathless juncture the countenance of the infatuated mattadore assumed a deathly sallowness, and his frame quivered with terror, so that he lost all command of his weapon, and making a false thrust at the bull, he missed his point,—the animal rushed forwards, and he fell amongst the horrified spectators a disembowelled corpse!—Thus was the unfortunate mattadore a victim,—not to the caprice of *destiny*, but to his own wayward belief in its inscrutable awards.

G. Y. H.—N.

THE RUINS. By Mrs. KENTISH.

For the Olio.

Sad, solitary, desert scene,
All desolate and lowly laid,
I hail thy melancholic mien,
And seek thy pensive shade!
Thou—who hast once the centre been
Of commerce, science, wealth and peace,
Oh say! what change could intervene
To bid these blessings cease?
No interrupting sound
Breaks the still calm of nature reigning round;
Nought but the undulating wave,
Which ever and anon these fragments lave,
Once the high seat of splendour, *now its grave!*
The statues which, by ruin spared,
Grace this once stately bridge of stone,
In mutilated grandeur rear'd,
And lighted by the silvery moon,
Appear to muse alone,
Like shades of those who are no more,
Who mourn departed scenes which nought can
e'er restore.
Within these walls, with moss o'ergrown,
Where hoots night's solemn bird,
Once pleasure's gay enlivening tone
In sprightly notes was heard:
The mirthful, thoughtless, busy throng,
Here, once combining moved along!
Here industry creative smiled;
Here comfort labour's toils beguiled;
Here wealth his riches told;
The purple wrought in Tyrian looms,
Arabian treasure and perfumes,
And Ophir's purest gold!
Here, once, 'mid cultivated meads,
Fair habitations rose;
Where now the poisonous reptile feeds,
'Midst nature's calm repose,
The vineyard and the fruitful field
Their corn and wine were wont to yield;
Vain is the question, where are they?—
All in oblivion lost, and crumbled to decay!
Deserted city! what remains?
Of thy once brilliant reign,
But ruin'd towers and desert plains—
Memorials sad and vain!
The murmur of the busy crowd
By commerce brought from every shore;
The poor, the wealthy, and the proud—
Alike are heard no more!
Ye palaces! whose sceptred kings
The sumptuous banquet shared;
Now 'mid your halls the thistle springs.
Beneath your sculptur'd roofs are heard
The humming bismoth's cry:
The ivy round each column clings,
The bat here flaps her leaden wings,
And rears her progeny:
Of lowest, vilest poverty
The comfortless resort:—
Has fate or fortune in her sports
Bade worms your inmates be?—
And serpents glide amidst your courts,
Deriding majesty?
While every sighing echo seems to say—
Thus nations rise—and flourish—and decay!

WINE.

FOR THE OLIO.

"*In vino veritas*," says one. I saw no reason why *truth* (*veritas*) should not be superseded by *inspiration*; so, extending the distance between the de-

canter and myself, I determined to ascertain if this, my amendment, could be established—not that I was *ebrius*, or intoxicated;—“I could stand well enough, and speak well enough.” Throwing consideration to the dogs, I took my subject from the glass, and soon produced the following:—

If we turn to Holy Writ, we find that it is not safe to put “new wine into old bottles, lest the bottles burst.” The antiquity of this all-potent beverage being so well established, I shall proceed—

Proceed, however, I could not—I was at a stand; in vain I drained the glass—it was of no assistance: yet both history and fiction crowded on my imagination. I thought of the “son of Ammon,” when under the influence of the grape, he raised the murderous knife against his friend, the soldier Clytus. Again, I thought of this same hero, when, crowned with flowers, and bearing in his hand a kindled brand, he followed the Paphian Thais to the palace of Xerxes—

“I saw the flames ascend, the temple fall!”

Next came Sir Toby and his brother of the spurs and belt—the erudite knight, Sir Andrew Aguecheek. I thought of the Centaurs and Lapithæ at the marriage of Pirithous; of Anacreon, his odes, and his death; of Hebe, and her successor Ganymede; the Baron of Bradwardine did not escape me; his “Poculum Potatorum,” his blessed bear, brought the glass again to my lips; I saw, all pale and dying, Rousseau’s Eloisa!—she passed. La Mancha’s Quixote came, saw, and conquered—the well-filled “skins” fell before his valour. I thought of Sir John Brute and his Amazonian combat with the watch: of Ennius; of the foster-brother of Bacchus—

“*Ebrius ecce senex pande Silenus assello
Vix sedet—et pressam continet arte jubam.*”

Of Cassio, brave and honest, (beguiled by Iago) drinking

“Potations pottle deep.”

More—much more I might have seen; in fact, I did see more than I was wont—two tables were before me in the place of one—the chairs had “increased and multiplied!” The room worked upon a pivot—all turned round. The portrait of my great ancestor—a well-fed, portly, bottle-nosed Commodore, grinned “unutterable things.” The very figures on the mantle nodded their unmeaning heads—a shout of revelry now burst upon my ears—a troop of

satyrs, headed by the God of Wine, reeled before me: raising the cry of “*Evo Baccho*,” they danced around their leader. He, “good, easy man,” returned their compliment, by singing in praise of—himself! the following

SONG.

Twine the garland, quickly twine
Roseate chaplets for thy hair;
Fill the bowl with sparkling wine—
Wine—bright antidote to care.

Let the goblet—rich with flowers
Shedding faint perfume—be crown’d;
Emblems of the fleeting hours,
Dying whilst the bowl goes round.

Raise the song and raise the laugh,
Joy unbounded here shall reign;
Every rosy draught we quaff
Chases further care and pain.

Let the minstrel sweep the lyre,
Loudly chaunt—*Evo Baccho*;
Who before thy shrine can tire?
Evo—Evo Baccho!

The effect of this song was irresistible—shouting “*Encore*,” I struck my fist against—the table. The Bacchanals had departed, and my unfinished essay lay before me. G. S. S.

AUTUMN’S APPROACH. :

A love of sadness o’er my spirit steals,
And on the trees there rests a stagnant gloom;
The Autumn, dark’ning o’er the Summer’s tomb,
The annual doom of vernal nature seals.
And now the mist-enshrouded morning breaks
With tardy blushings on the waning scene,
And moveless vapours veil the village green;,
i
Whose less’ning lustre e’en the sun forsakes:
For though October’s tints have yet to come
The sickly yellow, mix’d with sombre brown,;
The pallid greenness of the grassy down,
Yet are the songsters of the forest dumb.—
The languid sunbeams soon the valley leave,
As fades the day into the chilly eve.,

But reckless I of Autumn’s swift approach,
Since, to the season’s withering unconsign’d,
Blooms a sweet summer in th’ “immortal
mind,”

Though often sadness on its smile encroach—
A pleasant sorrow, mingling with the gush,
That from the scene a sympathy receives,
Grieving that soon ’twill shake the shrivell’d
leaves,

And lay their beauty in dishonouring dust.
Yet this awakens feelings manifold;
And Autumn’s sullen grandeur seems to be
Hallow’d and loved by high-born Poesy,
What time the woods do weep their tears of gold;
When in the mantled abbey hides the rook,
And ceaseless rains augment the sullen brook.
G. Y. H-N.

THE STRANGER ; A CHAPTER
FROM THE WORLD.

For the *Olio*.

BY HENRY JAMES MELLER, ESQ.

Such things are.—SHAKESPEARE.

IN the winter of 1803, a gentleman, whom we shall designate under the name of Williams, a highly respectable merchant, was leaving Covent Garden Theatre one night, and having but just emerged from the pit entrance, was

making his way through the crowd under the piazzas, when, feeling some one handling his coat tail, he turned quickly round, detected, and seized a lad about 17 years of age in the act of picking his pocket, who, in accents apparently of the greatest mental anguish, begged for mercy, alleging that absolute want alone had induced him to make the attempt. Commiserating his unhappy condition, and greatly prejudiced in his favour by a very handsome and intelligent, though wasted countenance, he was induced, though contrary to his principles, to release him, which he did, giving him at the same time half-a-crown, and much good advice, warning him of the fatal end of the course he had commenced.

After taking a glass of brandy and water at the Hummums, he was pursuing his way home to his residence on the Surrey side of the water, and for that purpose was proceeding down Catherine Street, Strand, intending to cross Waterloo Bridge, when his path was intersected by a mob collected to witness some nocturnal riot. In bustling through the crowd, he again more than once thought he felt a hand trying at his coat-pocket; angry and vexed at being marked out by the fingering gentry as a fit object for speculation, he continued making his way on until he actually felt some one's hand gliding into his pocket, when, swinging himself suddenly round, he seized the thief in the person of a young man, and notwithstanding the exertions of several villains, apparently accomplices, to rescue him, he succeeded, being a very powerful man, in keeping his hold, and dragging the thief after him through the people. Calling for an officer, he gave him into custody; but his surprise and astonishment may be much better conceived than expressed, when, by the light of an adjoining lamp, he beheld the features of the same lad he had previously pardoned: at the same instant the young profligate likewise recognised the merchant, and uttering involuntarily an oath of surprise, hung down his head.

"Great God! so young and hardened; is it possible!" exclaimed the gentleman.

"Oh, sir," observed the officer, as he held him by the collar, "we know he's been a marked lad for many a day—we call him Gentleman Billy. I've long been on the *sty* to *grab* him—he's a deep *file* for a younker."

"Has he no friends or relatives?"

asked the merchant, as he walked with the officer and the prisoner towards the watch-house.

"Oh yes, sir," was the reply, "good 'uns, too, from what I've heard; but howsomdever, he does'nt know how to conduct himself. His father, as I have heard, was an officer in the army, but being killed abroad, he (this here lad,) was left under the care of an uncle. He was an old gentleman well to do in the world, it would seem; and having no children, he 'dopted him like, and would have left him plenty of shiners if he had but behaved himself. Howsomdever, the long and short on't is, my young gemman thought proper to play two or three wild rigs, and after robbing his uncle one morning, arter the old man had just been warning and cautioning him o' his evil ways, he vanished, and ever since has run a game race 'bout town."

During their walk, the young prisoner maintained a hardened silence to several interrogatories Mr. Williams put to him respecting the name of his relative, which the officer knew not. But to all of his enquiries, reinforced by the eloquence of his captor, he would return no answer. Appearing next morning at the Bow Street Police Office, the lad was committed, and the merchant bound over to prosecute; while, at the sessions that took place a short time after, he was condemned to seven years' transportation.

Somewhat singular as the circumstance was, yet mixed up in the bustle of business, in the course of time it had almost faded entirely away from his memory. It might be about fifteen years after, a very handsome and gentlemanly man entered his counting-house one morning, and desired to see several samples of articles he named, with their prices. After examining and discoursing about their quality in a manner that shewed he was no novice in business, he turned round apparently satisfied, and looking with a peculiar interest in the merchant's face, said—

"You are Mr. Williams himself, if I mistake not?"

"I am, sir," returned the merchant.

"You are in the habit of exporting to New Holland, I believe," pursued his visitor.

"You are correct, sir; annually I am in the habit of making very large consignments to the new settlements there."

The stranger paused for a moment, re-examined the articles again slightly,

and after pulling out a paper from his pocket-book, and marking down a list, asked if he might rely upon the stock equalling the samples produced.

"Most assuredly; they are now lying in my warehouses," replied the merchant. To that gentleman's extreme surprise, the stranger then gave him the order he had written.

"Three thousand pounds!" uttered Mr. Williams, glancing at the sum total with an eye not divested of suspicion.

"Yes, it's a government order, and must be got ready immediately, as it is to be shipped in the course of next week," said the stranger gentleman, laying down two hundred pounds in bank bills, as part of the purchase-money; and merely saying he should call on the morrow relative to the business, bade him good morning, and quitted the office, leaving the merchant and his clerks wondering whom he could be in giving an entire stranger to him such an order, where confidence was so much in request.

Punctual to his word, the stranger called on the morrow, and made out the rest of the payment: he was about departing, when the merchant pressed him to do him the honour of dining with him, adding at the same time that he trusted he should have the pleasure of knowing one more intimately who had reposed so much confidence in him in giving so large a shipping order. After a moment's hesitation, the stranger politely accepted the invitation, and was conducted into a very handsome dining-room over the counting-house,—Mr. Williams apologising at the same time, that he had no one to entertain him but himself,—where by the merchant's direction a very excellent dinner was served up. After the cloth was removed, and the glass became pretty freely into use, the slight shade of melancholy that appeared in the stranger seemed to give way under the generous influence of the wine; and upon every topic that was started he displayed a sensible, well-informed mind, and was one who had evidently seen much of the world; while the merchant gathered from various parts of his conversation, that he was connected very considerably in trade, and had lately become a government contractor. The second bottle had been emptied, and the merchant was about drawing the cork of the third, when as if warned by the shadows of evening that darkened the room, the stranger pleading an engagement, rose to depart.

"And you have not the slightest remembrance of me?" he said, as he took up his hat.

"Not the slightest in the world; I cannot even claim the pleasure of having seen you on 'Change before in my life," replied Mr. Williams, in some surprise.

"And yet," pursued the stranger, "from the circumstances incident to our first mutual introduction, 'you should have reason to have remembered me through the lapse of many years.'" The speaker's face was but dimly discernible by the twilight; but the sound of his voice, seemingly deepened by emotion, fell upon his ear now for the first time in tones that came like a long fading dream of the past; but he vainly endeavoured to recollect anything of the person before him, while he felt his curiosity greatly raised at the unusual and mysterious manner of his visitor, with reference to himself.

"I see," pursued the stranger, "you have forgotten all recollection of me, and of the circumstance to which I alluded—it is better buried in oblivion, perhaps."

"My dear sir," uttered the merchant, "I sincerely trust you will satisfy my curiosity by recalling to my memory when and where I have previously met you."

"Do you not remember,"—and the voice of the unknown visitor assumed a tone of painfully agitated feeling,— "a strange occurrence that happened some fourteen or fifteen years ago, to yourself, on returning from Covent Garden Theatre?"

"Fourteen or fifteen years ago, on returning from the theatre," replied Mr. Williams, in much surprise, as he endeavoured to recall the period to his mind; "I cannot say I do—yet stay," he continued, after a moment's reflection, "I do now recollect an odd circumstance that happened about that time, on returning from the theatre—Covent Garden, I think—but that, surely, cannot allude in any way to what you mean. It was some young rascal that attempted to rob me after I had pardoned a previous attempt. I think I appeared at the Old Bailey against him, when, notwithstanding a very ingenious defence the young reprobate made, he was sentenced to transportation."

During this recapitulation, his visitor's emotion, to the infinite and uncontrolled astonishment of the merchant, seemed amounting to agony, as he buried his head in his clasped hands;

but how much more was he surprised, when, raising his head, the stranger exclaimed, in a low, startling voice of the deepest feeling,—

"I, sir, was that lad!—that reprobate! From a convict have I risen by industry and good conduct to wealth and respect; and I trust have been enabled to serve him to whom, as the instrument of providence, I am indebted for my good fortune; and, but for whom, I should most probably have been, at this moment, a vagrant and a pest upon the face of the earth!"

Hardly articulating fare well, from the mingled feelings and recollections that seemed to overpower him, he opened the door and rushed down the stairs; and, ere the astonished merchant could recover the entire use of his astounded faculties, was out of the house.

HISTORIC GLEANINGS, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MODES OF THINK- ING OF THE ANCIENTS.

For the Ollio.

THEMISTOCLES used in a joke to say, "that of all other people the Grecians were the most powerful, and that of the Grecians, the Athenians ruled over most; and that he ruled the Athenians, and that his wife ruled him, and his young son ruled his wife." Some persons that had studied music and other arts used to mock him when he was young for his ignorance, to whom he replied, "Indeed I cannot tune a viol, harp, or lute; but, if you put a weak, little, obscure city into my hands, I know how to make it noble, strong and great."

Once, on his sailing to and fro among the confederates of the Athenians to gather a tribute, when he came to the Andrians and found them backward to pay, he told them that he brought two mighty gods with him—*Love and Force*. To which they answered—"That they also had two great goddesses to withstand him—*Poverty and Impossibility*."

Being banished from Greece, he was forced to fly for refuge to the king of Persia, with whom he found great favour, and was advanced to a great estate, on which he said to his children, "My sons, we should have been undone, if we had not been undone."—When in his youth, his actions were light and inconstant, he used to say, "that a ragged colt often proves a good

horse, especially if he be well broken and ridden."

LYCURGUS, when requested to set up a popular government in Lacedæmon, where the meanest might have as much authority as the greatest. "Begin," said he, "first to do it in thine own house."

A person asked him why he appointed such mean things, and of so little value, to be offered to the gods? "Because," said he, "we should never be weary of serving them."

One of his citizens asking him how they might defend themselves against their enemies? "If," said he, "ye be poor, and no man covets more than another."

On his being asked if it were not meet to inclose their city with walls? "Can," said he, "that city be without walls that is environed with men, though it be not compassed with stones?"

DEMARATUS, being asked by a busy fellow who was the most honest man in Lacedæmon? "Even he," said he, "that is least like to thyself."

An Athenian orator saying to Plistonax that the Lacedæmonians were ignorant and illiterate; "thou sayest true," quoth he; "for we, of all the Grecians, have learned none of your *ill-conditions*."

PÆDARITUS, a worthy man in Lacedæmon, being left out in the election of three hundred senators, went home merrily saying, "it does me good to see that there are found three hundred men in the city better than myself."

A Roman knight coming to Adrian to request a favour of him, received a denial: the knight was old, and had a very grey beard, but a few days after, having covered his beard black, like a young man, he came to the emperor again about the same business. The emperor, perceiving the fraud, said to him, "I would be very glad to gratify you in your desire, but a few days past I denied it to your father, and therefore it would not be just to grant that to the son which I refused to the father."

APOLLONIUS being asked (to entrap him) what he thought of Nero's singing? fearlessly answered Tigellinus, Nero's favourite—"I think," said he, "far better than you; for you repute him worthy to sing, but I, to hold his peace." And so truly it was, for his voice was but weak and hollow, and therefore, to help it, he used to lie on his back, with a leaden plate on his breast, and to fast certain days in every month with no thing but oil.

J.R.P.

HUGH WENTWORTH.

For the Ohio.

Concluded from page 138.

HUGH WENTWORTH left his native land and his beloved one, and passing over the swelling waves, arrived at Sierra Leone, which might indeed be termed a whited sepulchre, for the surpassing freshness of its verdure and the noble beauty of its scenery attracted the eye, while the foot trod on the countless graves of European victims who lay dust and ashes in its treacherous breast. During his sojourn in that fearful land, every fresh arrival of fated Europeans scarcely served to fill up the chasm occasioned by the terrible mortality among those who preceded them—all ages and constitutions alike fell beneath the serpent breath of that blasting clime. The young man, proud and glorying in his health and strength, landed upon that fatal coast, and in a little while drooped into the quiet grave—the hardy, strong middle-aged man, fell too. Ship after ship sailed away with the deadly poison in her hulk, and while voyaging to their native land, flung corse after corse into the deep waters, scarcely leaving enough emaciated hands to save her from the rude tyranny of the winds and waves. Yet, during Hugh's stay there, his life, as though it were a charmed one, sunk not beneath the ravages that struck nearly all others down; and at length, the object of his journey accomplished, and with gold beyond his utmost hopes, he fled from the hideous charnel-house, and, his heart bounding with delight, trod again upon his mother-land, nearly a twelvemonth sooner than he went out for.

He hurried instantly to the home of his Jane; the knocker was muffled, and his heart sunk beneath the presage of some terrible woe, as its dull sound struck his ear.

"I wish to see Miss Howard," said he to the harassed and melancholy servant who opened the door; and when he had answered to her faltering enquiry of which?—"Jane, Jane!"—he learnt the beloved of his heart was ill—very ill, and that even then her bed was surrounded by her afflicted relatives.

After a short time, Ellen, whom he had left a beautiful, budding girl, came to him, elegant, graceful, and womanly, but her countenance pale and dejected.

"May I learn, sir, to whom my poor sister is indebted for this visit of sym-

pathy!" was Ellen's address to Hugh, who leant upon the table, his face buried in his hands.

"Never mind,—it is of no consequence; only let me see her—sure she will know me, unless three years have so entirely changed me."

Ellen's bright blue eye lingered upon him with mingled pity and surprise:—"Is it possible I am addressing Mr. Wentworth?"

"Even so—even so: I am that unhappy being whose love seems as fatal as a serpent's fang!"

Her hand warmly and affectionately clasped his, and bending upon his shoulder, she burst into tears, and her deep sobs revealed the deep sorrow she was bending under.

"Dear Hugh, I am so rejoiced you are come. Many an intense prayer hath my poor sister poured forth that she might see you once more, and God hath heard her!"

A melancholy tale was it for poor Hugh. His precious pearl was the victim of a most rapid decline, and even then she was, as it were, in the grave, for her medical attendants assured her weeping friends that a few hours would close her earthly career. He would have instantly rushed unto her, but the physicians urged the instant dissolution that must accrue, and it was arranged that he should be placed behind the curtains, where he could gaze upon her unseen. His hands were clenched together like iron, and he shook like an aspen tree, when he looked upon this withered flower. Her eyes were closed, and one livid fleshless hand was passed over her brow. There was no labouring beneath the subduing attack of death—life was ebbing from her in the same calm, unstruggling manner that ice fades into water beneath the glorious warmth of the sun.

A deep, choking groan burst from Hugh; the exquisite suffering that it expressed attracted the attention of all; it even touched the senses of the departing girl, for she opened her eyes, and turned them eagerly on the countenances of all around, and her hand wandered softly about, as though searching for him who alone could mourn her with the surpassing bitterness expressed in that moan. She spoke, but her voice was a faint low murmur, in which the words were scarcely distinguishable.

"Poor Hugh! little thinks he that his Jane will not be of this earth to welcome him home. Oh! that I could

but have seen him once, to comfort him, to bless him, and bid him bear my departure with patience."

Hugh could no longer restrain the fierce emotion that almost rent his heart in twain with their ungovernable strength. He sprang from his hiding-place, and bent over her emaciated form, the hot tears streaming over his cheeks as though he were a suffering infant.

"Jane, my precious Jane, do not leave me alone upon this terrible earth!"

He was recognised—her cold hand grasped his—her eyes shone once more with their wonted lustre, and a smile of purest peace rose upon her livid lips.

"Thank God! thank God! I have seen him again!" Her head rested upon his shoulder, and all the pure affection of their hearts poured itself out in the passionate kisses with which their souls intermingled. In that terrible moment, all things of earth save each other were dead unto them: and so they remained for a short time, Hugh's bitter agony alone breaking the awful silence of the chamber of death. She spoke.

"Hugh—God Almighty bless, comfort, and lead you! Remember your own Jane. God bless you!"—Her hand gently pressed his—he felt a slight shiver pass through her fragile frame—and her head dropped heavily upon his supporting shoulder—she was dead!

Hugh would have knit the pale body to his heart for ever, but at length they sundered the living from the dead.—For many hours he neither moved or spoke—mind and body seemed alike bound in an apathetic stupor—but at length the incessant attention of the physicians awoke him to a full sense of his loss and desolation. The plentiful tears that poured from his bursting brain at length relieved him, and after a few hours spent in the solitude of his chamber, he became calm, though the ghastly pallor of his countenance showed the intensity of his mental affliction. On the fifth day, with a faltering voice, he expressed his determination once more to look upon his dead bride ere they were sundered for ever. Ellen alone dared to urge him against encountering the shock, but in vain; for his determined yet mild manner expressed that he had set his heart upon it; none dared to thwart him, though all dreaded the consequences; and he entered the room where his departed one lay attired in those terrible habili-

ments of death—the shroud and coffin!

Two hours had elapsed, and none had ventured to disturb the mourner. Mr. Howard stole gently to the door of the chamber, but it was still and silent. All grew uneasy—and at length it was determined Ellen should bring him down and strive to cheer and comfort him. She entered—but he answered not to her tender call. He was sitting in a chair beside the coffin; she approached with fear and trembling, and touched his shoulder, but still he moved not—she looked into his face, and with a wild scream fell to the earth. The next moment the family surrounded her; the cause of her terror was evident—Hugh Wentworth also was dead! His clasped hands had fallen upon his knees, and his chin had drooped unto his breast. The coffin was partly open, revealing the still meek and handsome features of young Jane Howard. Many tears had evidently been shed over her, for the glistening drops were not yet dry, and her lips were deeply compressed—as though the heart-broken Hugh had imprinted a last long kiss upon the corrupting dust—staggered to the chair, and died. And so closed the short, yet trouble-strewn life of Hugh Wentworth! W. F. S.

Illustrations of History.

HISTORY AND ANTIQUITY OF BRICKS.*
BY J. BRITTON, F.S.A.

Brick, which is derived from the British *bric*; or from the Dutch, brick; *brique*, Fr.; *later*, Lat.; *ladrillo*, Sp.; *der Backstein*, Germ. is a sort of factitious stone, composed of argillaceous earth, or clay, sand, and ashes, tempered and formed in a mould, dried, and burnt in a clamp or kiln. The earliest buildings of Asia, as we learn from the Old Testament, were constructed of bricks dried in the sun. The making of bricks was one of the labours to which the Israelites were subjected during their servitude in Egypt. The Greeks and Romans, according to some authorities, made use of bricks, both burnt and unburnt: most of the old houses of Rome were built of the latter kind. The first use of baked bricks is uncertain. Vitruvius informs us that three sorts were used in his time,—the *didoron*, which was in general use among the Romans; the *tetradoron*,

* From Part II. of the Dictionary of Architecture and Architecty.

and the *pentadron*, chiefly used by the Greeks. This account, with trifling variation, is confirmed by Pliny; but that the Romans had no exact moulds for their bricks, appears from a table of measurement of thirteen different specimens, all of which vary in their dimensions. By the writers of the middle ages, we find mention of the *tydton*, (12 in. by 6), the *quadrellus*, and the *tavella* (7 in. by 2½), and an inferior sort called *biscottus*. The Jews inscribed mystical and other characters upon their bricks; and the custom was continued by the Romans. *Leland's Collect.* is an engraving of one, on which is represented the story of Sampson with the oxes and firebrands.—Brickwork was styled by the Saxons *igel gæstire*. They and the Normans continued to make and use bricks, under the name of *wall-tiles*, after the manner of the Romans, until the time of Henry II. During the wars in France and Flanders, by Kings Edward I and II, the Flemish mode of making bricks was adopted in England, and an imitation of the high-pointed gables to houses was also practised by the English. In the reign of the latter monarch, *wall-tiles* were used in the construction of the Lady Chapel at Ely, and were then valued at 3s. 8d. per thousand; the like number of *floor-tiles* was worth 6s. or 7s., and the maker was paid 12d. for a thousand. In the tenth year of the reign of Edward III., the price of floor-tiles was 1s. per hundred, and in the twenty-sixth year 12s. per thousand. Leland tells us, that, in the time of Richard II., the town of Kingston-upon-Hull "was inclosed with ditches, and the waul begun, and yn continuance ended and made all of *brike*, as most part of the houses of the town at that time was: in the wall be four principal gates of *brike*." The price of bricks was then 6s. 8d. per thousand.

In the first year of Henry the Fourth, license was given to Sir Roger Tenys to embattle and fortify his mansion-house of Hurst-Monceaux, in the county of Sussex, which is wholly of brick. According to Dean Lyttleton, it was built soon after the license had been obtained. The seat of the Tyrrels, at Heron Hall, county of Essex, which is instanced by the Dean as being of nearly coeval date, is said to have been erected by Sir John Tyrrell, overseer of the carpenters of the new works at Calais, temp. Henry V. Although it has thus been shown that bricks, according to the present acceptation of the term, have

been occasionally used from the earliest ages, yet it appears, from the account of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, temp. Henry VI. that they were even then known by the name of *wall-tiles*. In that reign, however, they had become fashionable, and have continued in general use to the present day. During the reign of Henry VIII. and the succeeding monarch, checkered apartments of flint, with diagonal lines of dark glazed bricks, were frequently introduced into the fronts of buildings. A gate erected by Hans Holbein, about the year 1530, opposite the Banqueting-house at Westminster, was of this description; but the buildings of the age were not unfrequently constructed of red bricks, checkered, with others glazed and of darker hue. During the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, the fronts of houses and the shafts of chimnies were frequently covered with the ornaments of the Italian orders, imitated in burnt clay. Subsequently, the walling consisted of two thin shells of bricks, filled up with rubbish. A better method was, however, introduced by Inigo Jones. The art of making bricks, as now practised, is said to have been adopted by Sir Richard Crispe, the friend of King Charles I.

Notices of New Books.

A Spelling-Book, with Appropriate Lessons in Reading, and with a Stepping-Stone to English Grammar. By W. C. Cobbett, 12mo. pp. 186.

Mr. Cobbett has added to the juvenile library another tome, which will take the precedence of many of those written and compiled by his scholastic competitors. A spelling-book by the author of the "English Grammar for Ploughboys,"—including nineteen fables, most of them original, and illustrated with new engravings! Farewell to the innocent absurdities of our schoolboy days!—the splendid *allegories* of Markham and Dyche, and the *grammar* and *natural history* of Guy!—for assuredly they will be no longer in requisition. Mr. Cobbett's Spelling-book is characterized by the judicious and resolvable style of its reading-lessons, and the admirable pages of orthography with which they are interspered. The "Stepping-stone to English Grammar" is above all praise: the simplicity and perspicuity with which it is written, no less than the concentrated instruction which it displays, would alone place this spelling-book above all its rivals.

now in use, though backed by the commendatory insertion of "Fortieth Edition" in each of their antiquated tiles.

I will **The Note Book.**
 a brief of it in my Note-book.

THE ANOINING OF KINGS.—*M. W. of Windsor.*—The anointing with oil so often mentioned in Scripture, appears to have been in early use in Britain, as, on the authority of Geoffry of Monmouth, we are informed that our renowned King Arthur was a king anointed: and, by the testimonies of Bede and Malmesbury, we are assured of its use not long after that period. This oil was consecrated for the purpose; but afterwards, at three different periods, we are told of an oil being miraculously given.

1st, In the time of St. Oswald, when there descended a great quantity of holy oil, like dew from heaven, which fell upon him, and by the sight and scent wherefore (for it perfumed the place) many people were converted to the faith.—(Bede Hist. Ang. lib. 3, c. 3.)

2ndly, At the time when the English line were cut off by the Danes, beyond any hope of recovery, the Danes being in quiet possession of the throne, St. Peter appeared to the holy monk Brightwold, and assured him that England was God's kingdom, for whose successors he would take due care, at the same time giving him a little cruse of oil; telling him further, that whomsoever he anointed therewith, that man should be king, and have the power to heal people by his touch; which was accordingly performed on the person of Edward the Confessor, on whom the monk privately bestowed this holy unction.—(Churchill's Divi Britannica, p. 8.)

3rdly, Henry the Second having banished St. Thomas Beckett, the Virgin Mary appeared to the holy exile (as the clergy of that age styled him), and delivered into his hands another golden vial in form of an eagle, assuring him that all kings who were anointed with the oil therein, should be patronizers of the church, and as long as they kept that sacred vial, this blessing should rest upon them—that if any of their posterity should be beaten out of their kingdom, they should be peaceably restored again. This oil, Walsingham affirms, remained unwasted till the time of Henry IV., who was anointed therewith; but in the wars of York and Lancaster this vial was, with other

things, conveyed away and lost.—(Divi Brit. p. 10.)

The golden Orb held in the king's left hand, had its origin in the time of Constantine the Great; the British soldiers, when they saluted him emperor at York, presented him with a Tufa or golden ball, as an emblem of authority over the world of Britain; upon which (*being the first of that kind*) he, after his conversion to Christianity, placed a cross. This has since become the usual ensign of majesty.—(Divi Brit. p. 14.) J.S.C.

HINTS TO WINEBIBBERS.—The English pride themselves in their nicety in wines—yet there is no nation in the world more perpetually duped in this very point. Three-fourths of the Bourdeaux clarets are made up of the rough hot wines of Italy, mixed with the meagre French vintages. Half the white wines on the English tables are made up of Cape, which the London palate pretends to abhor. "Give me," said a French merchant, "six hours' notice of what wine you like, and you shall have it out of those two barrels." There are forty thousand pipes of Madeira sold annually in Europe, while the island produces about ten thousand! There are thirty thousand casks of Frontignan sent every year from the French cellars, while the vineyards of Frontignan produce, in the best seasons, two thousand! Constantia is to be found in the hands of every dealer in Europe, yet it is produced in but one vineyard, and the vineyard produces but a few pipes. But we have the same dexterity in almost every thing connected with the public subsistence. The utmost importation of tea at the India House, is thirty millions of pounds; a couple of millions more may be allowed for smuggling, and this is scarcely more than but a pound and a half each for the consumption of the twenty millions of British and Irish, in a year! all of whom, with scarcely an exception, drink tea, morning and evening.—The art of supplying the deficiencies of nature has descended even to mushrooms. A Parisian maker of catsup said, on being asked how he managed his manufacture in a peculiarly bad mushroom season, "Sir, I should know little of my profession, if I could not make catsup without mushrooms."

POLITICS AND LEARNING IN RUSSIA.—There are published in Russia 73 journals, of which the most extensively circulated are the *Bee of the North*, the *Patriot*, and the *Invalid*. These jour-

nals are written in twelve dialects. The number of elementary schools is 1,411, attended by about 70,000 pupils; so that, compared with the number of children of an age fit to receive instruction in Russia, there is but one in 367 receiving even superficial instruction. There are seven universities, where 3,100 pupils are educated, under the superintendence of 200 professors. The seminaries are the most frequented of the establishments for education in Russia; the four academies of theology at Kiew, St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Korsan; the 37 seminaries of the first class, and the 18 of the second, belonging to the Greek Church, contain 26,000 pupils, under the superintendence of 427 professors. The Roman Catholic Church possesses 14 seminaries; one of the first class, where are educated 250 young men for the priesthood.—We are to remember that this literary provision is for the wants of a territory nearly equal to a third of the Old World.

A CURE FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE.—Among the many strange fancies held of old with regard to trees, was the following:—That five ivy berries beaten small, and made hot with some rose-water, in the rind of a pomegranate, being dropt into the ear, on the contrary side, will cure an aching tooth.

EXECUTIONERS EXECRATED BY THE ANCIENTS.—It was a custom among the Jews, imitated by the first Christians, that it should not be lawful for executioners to offer any thing, or for any alms to be received from them. This was also the case with money that came out of the publicans' or quastors' exchequer. No money obtained by the blood or life of another was fit to be received or put into the treasury. The field that was bought with it was called *the field of blood*. J.C.

WEALTH.—A little wealth will suffice us to live well, and less, to die happily. J.C.

PERFORMING OF PROMISES.—A man's word, and the effect of it, ought to be as inseparable as fire and heat; the ancients represented this to us most forcibly, when they pictured a tongue bound fast to a heart. R.J.

LEICESTER ABBEY.—Leicester Abbey was formerly of great local interest: it was founded in 1143, by Robert, surnamed Bossu, who was buried there; and it acquires considerable interest from having been the scene of the death of Cardinal Wolsey, who expired there Nov. 29, 1530, on his journey from York

to London. The remains of the Abbey, with its ancient walls and grounds, are now in the possession of a Mr. Warner, and the grounds are occupied as a nursery and market-garden.

SUPERSTITIONS RELATING TO THE ASH TREE.—Lightfoot says, that in the Highlands of Scotland, at the birth of an infant, the nurse takes a green stick of ash, one end of which she puts into the fire, and, while it is burning, receives in a spoon the sap that oozes from the other, which she administers to the child as its first food.—Near Kenney Church, in the King's County, is an ash, the trunk of which is twenty-one feet ten inches round, and seventeen feet high before the branches break out, which are of enormous bulk. When a funeral of the lower class passes by, they lay the body down a few minutes, say a prayer, and then throw a stone to increase the heap which has been accumulating round the roots.—There is an ancient saying, that a serpent will rather creep into the fire than over a twig of the ash-tree. "This is an old imposture of Pliny's," says Evelyn, "who either took it upon trust, or we mistake the tree."—Cowley, enumerating various prodigies, says:—

On the wild ash's tops the bats and owls,
With all night, ominous, and baleful fowls,
Sate brooding, while the screeching of these
droves

Profaned and violated all the groves. J.C.

GENTLE HINTS TO MASTERS.—If thou wouldst have a good servant, (says an old moralist), let thy servant find a wise master: let his food, rest and wages be seasonable; let his labour, recreations, and attendance depend upon thy pleasure; be not angry with him too long, lest he think thee malicious—nor too soon, lest he conceive thee rash—nor too often, lest he count thee humorous. Be not too fierce, lest he love thee not; nor too remiss, lest he fear thee not; nor too familiar, lest he prize thee not. In brief, whilst thou givest him the liberty of a servant, beware thou losest not the majesty of a master.

Customs of Various Countries.

RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS, &c. OF THE NATIVES ON THE GOLD COAST OF AFRICA.
BY MAJOR RICKETTS.

In every town of consequence, pyinins (a kind of magistrate) are chosen by the inhabitants—generally from among the elder males—for the purpose of hearing and determining upon all complaints.

The *pymins* are also the council of the *caboceer*, or chief of the place; with whom they sit in court or council on any important question of public interest. They wear, when employed in their official duty, a peculiarly constructed hat of straw, round the crown of which is tied a vine, emblematic of wisdom. Some of the natives possess great eloquence, and shew much animation and cleverness when pleading a cause in which they feel interested.

The fetishmen, so called from being supposed to possess supernatural powers, are exceedingly artful and full of deceit; they infuse into the minds of the people the seeds of superstition, with the view of being consulted on every occasion of trouble. An individual who has been robbed, or has experienced some other calamity, immediately consults a fetishman to discover the thief, or cause of the evil; who, after making use of some pretended magic art, and having obtained answers to questions put by him to the applicant, unhesitatingly denounces some unfortunate being as the robber or witch; and nothing can exonerate the accused, if he be poor, from the charge thus imputed to him, although circumstances might tend to prove him innocent of the crime. The fetishmen, or priests, are without difficulty bribed, which they accept under the cloak of having first consulted the deity, who had agreed to receive a certain sum. They will also afterwards demand more money in the name of the fetish, whom they will state as not being satisfied. So great is the dread of the natives to offend the fetish, that they even pawn their own children to raise the means of appeasing his wrath; as if implicit obedience should not be paid, horrid expedients are resorted to; and should forgiveness be implored, the avenging fetish expects a handsome present before he is reconciled.

When a person is afflicted with any alarming disease, application for relief is made to the fetishman, who, perhaps, will order an egg near hatching, or a chicken, to be laid on a certain spot in some highway, in order to transfer the complaint to the person who might unthinkingly tread upon it. Passengers noticing any of these charms lying in their way, avoid them with the greatest caution, and no one will dare to remove them out of the path.

At Cape Coast, the women, who are generally employed on this great occasion, called the *yam custom*, (celebration

of the *yam harvest*;) make public offerings in a body to the great fetish; which is a large rock lying close to the walls of the castle. It breaks the great waves of the sea that incessantly dash against it, and thus preserves the fortification from injury by the surge. The waves come with such fury at times, that the spray is sent completely over the ramparts. Another great fetish which they have is a salt-pond, about a mile from, and to the westward of the castle; in which, at certain periods of the year, large and delicious mullets are taken. Previous to the offering, consisting generally of yams, eggs, palm-oil, and the blood of some animal, being made, the women, with their faces and limbs chalked, parade the town in a body, each carrying her own portion in a calabash, or an earthen vessel. They then visit the rock, on which they deposit their oblations; and no sooner do they depart than the turkey-buzzards, apparently aware of what is going on, approach and devour the offerings.—These birds are so very tame that they will hardly get out of a person's way; and it is considered a great offence to the fetish to destroy any of them. Every family of consequence have also their own private fetish, which they keep concealed in their houses, but denote its presence there by signs hung outside on the doors. This has a great effect in deterring thieves from the premises.

They bury the dead in their houses. The death of a member of a family is promulgated by discharges of musketry; and the females with their friends publicly lament the event. On the day appointed for interring the deceased, the different branches of the family, with their bodies, faces, and limbs chalked, and dressed out in all their finery, parade the streets separately, following a chest containing bottles filled with ardent spirits, with a piece of cloth laid on the top of the chest, which is carried by a young female. In this manner each branch of the family, singing as they proceed, arrive at the place of burial. If any of the relations refuse to contribute to the expences of the funeral, they are for ever after scouted—hence this parade of spirits and cloth. The scene which takes place, from the profuse use of the former both by men and women, and their lamentations, added to the stunning noise of the drums—the discharges of musketry, generally overloaded—and the piercing voices of the singing-men, who come at times from great distances to partake of the

libations, and for hire—can better be imagined than described. These scenes of revelry, if the deceased was of consequence, last frequently for a week; and repetition of it commonly takes place every seven years after, which, if possible, is still more expensive; and families, on such occasions, have been obliged to pawn some part of themselves in order to bear the expense. Cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry, are purchased, and with the assistance afforded by friends, the scene of riot is kept up for many days.

The birth of a child is announced by discharges of musketry. The women are not confined after the event, but proceed in their occupation as if nothing had taken place.

When a young female becomes marriageable, she is dressed out in the gayest manner her friends can afford, with a profusion of gold ornaments; and a number of small silver keys, hung on a silver ring, is suspended by a string round her waist, and hung down low in front of her. She is then paraded round the town, to give notice that she is marriageable. The young lady pays visits to all her friends and acquaintances, who congratulate her on the happy event, and make her presents.

At a certain period when a female is pregnant with her first child, she is taken to the sea-side, or to some other place where the water is dedicated to the fetish, and ducked. On her way she is pelted by her friends with dirt and filth, which she calmly bears, conceiving it an honour done her. The ceremony being ended, she is clothed in new drapery, and returns home amidst shouts of congratulation.

Anecdotes.

HENRY QUATRE.—The French soldiers love to see in their leaders a vivacity correspondent to their own. The speech of Henry IV. before the battle of Ivry, may be cited as the model of an address to them. "My children," said he to his soldiers, "if in the heat of action you should stray from your colours, rally round my white plume; you will always find it on the path to honour and victory!"

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—The friends of Louis XIV. lamented his inaptitude to speak with ease to those who were presented to him. Scarcely had an officer, a man of letters, or an

artist, withdrawn, when this prince found something kind to say of him; the effect of which, however, was lost, as he was no longer there to hear it. In this respect Louis XVI. was admirably prompt. One day the Dauphiness seeing an officer enter with a deep scar on his countenance, exclaimed, "Mon Dieu, how ugly he is!" "You are mistaken, madam," instantly replied the great monarch; "he is one of the handsomest men in my kingdom, for he is one of the bravest."

LOVE OF THE LEGION.—At the first review of the troops by Charles X. an old soldier stepped from the ranks with shouldered arms, and said to him,— "Sire, twenty-one years of service, thirty campaigns, and ten wounds, deserve the cross; and I have it not!"—"You shall have it," said the king.

SABBATH-BREAKING BEER.—After the death of Charles the First, fanaticism ran so high in England, that there was an order of the privy council, "That no beer should be brewed on a Saturday." This very singular order being the subject of conversation at Brussels, where Charles the Second then was, one of the courtiers wondered what they could mean by it, when his majesty quickly replied, "You may depend on it the reason why they will not suffer beer to be brewed on Saturday is, for fear it should *work* on a Sunday."

ROYALTY REPULSED.—That *loving* king, Henry IV. was enamoured of the beautiful Catherine de Rohan, afterwards Duchess de Deux-Ponts. Astonished at her persevering coldness, he one day inquired the cause. "Sire," replied the Duchess, "I am too poor to be your wife, and of too illustrious a house to be your mistress."

THE HOUSE OF HORSEBREAKERS.—King James the First, mounting a horse that was very unruly, cried out, "The muckle de'el tak my saul, sirrah, an ye be na quiet, I'll send ye capering to the five hundred kings in the House of Commons, and they'll sune tame ye, I warrant!"

WORSE THAN BAD.

"My wife's so very bad," quoth WILK,
"I fear she ne'er can hold it;
She keeps her bed."—Mine's worse," cried
Phil,
"The jade has just now sold it."

ON A BALD HEAD.

My hair and I are quits, d'ye see,
I first cut *him*, he now cuts *me*.

ON THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER.

To a cobbler's awl or butcher's knife,
Or porter's knot commend me;
But from a soldier's lazy life,
Good Heaven, pray defend me.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, Sept. 21.

*St. Matthew, Apostle.**Full Moon, 53m after 9 Afternoon.*

St. Matthew, the holy evangelist, was the son of Alphaeus, a Jew of the tribe of Issachar, and was by profession a publican or tax-gatherer. He was slain by some infidels at Nadabaeer, about the year 60. St. Matthew is usually represented sitting with a pen in his hand, and a scroll before him, and he is looking over his left shoulder at an angel who is supposed to be instructing him what to indite. A halbert is placed near his person, in commemoration of the instrument by which he was put to death. This festival was first instituted in the year 1090. St. Matthew wrote his gospel in Hebrew, for the benefit of the Jewish converts; it was afterwards translated into Greek.

Thursday, Sept. 22.

*St. Maurice and others, Mar. A.D. 286.**High Water 11m after 2 Morn—23m after 2 After.*

Sept. 22, 1580.—The death of Selim the First, Emperor of the Turks. Mahomet II. subdued a vast number of states, but Selim I. added new conquests. He conquered in 1515, Syria and Mesopotamia, and conceived the design of compelling Egypt to his yoke. It was then defended by formidable forces, namely, Circassians, from Tartary, now called Mamelukes. Selim advancing into their country, attacked them near Cairo. To-morrow, their Sultan, bravely him in two battles, the last of which lasted three days and three nights. This unfortunate prince having been discovered in a marsh where the Arabs had concealed themselves, he was hung, by order of Selim, to one of the gates of Cairo. The barbarous conqueror reduced to his dominion the whole of Egypt, which at present is no more than a province of the Ottoman Empire. Selim was disposed to turn his arms against the Christians, when, returning to Constantinople, he died of a disease by which he had been attacked. The Turks never had a more ferocious Sultan: he put to death his father, his brothers, eight of his nephews, and a great number of Bashaws, who had served him faithfully.

Friday, Sept. 23.

*St. Thecla, virgin and martyr, 1st Century.**Sun rises 55m after 5—sets 4m after 6.*

Sept. 23, 1607.—Alphonso VI. deposed. Alphonso VI. succeeded his father John of Braganza, on the throne of Portugal. He was a furious, weak prince. His queen, the daughter of Nemour, being in love with Don Pedro, brother of Alphonso, conceived the project of dethroning her husband, and of marrying her lover. Having gained, by her ability, the government which her husband lost, she shut him up in prison, and the unfortunate monarch was finally compelled to cede his crown and his wife to Don Pedro, his brother. Her sister, the Duchess de Nemours, used the same means to dissolve her marriage with the Prince of Lorraine, in order to marry Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy. Don Pedro only took the title of Regent during the life of his brother. Alphonso died in 1683, in the Isle of Terceira.

Saturday, Sept. 24.

*St. Chusinald.**High Water 22m after 5 Morn—40m after 3 After.*

Sept. 24, 1823.—Died the Rev. Dr. Nicholl, D.D. M.T. 35. The learned Doctor was educated at the College of Aberdeen, and at the early age of 15, was sent to Oxford through the interest of Bishop Skinner. On completing his studies, he took the situation of travelling tutor to a young gentleman,

*after which he obtained the situation of under librarian in the Bodleian Library. Whilst filling this station, he made himself master of the Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Syrian, Ethiopic, Sanscrit, and various other Eastern dialects. He drew up and published a catalogue of the manuscripts brought from the East by Dr. Clark; and undertook the herculean task of completing the general catalogue of Oriental manuscripts in the Bodleian Library, amounting to more than 30,000 in number, which had been commenced more than a century before, by Uri, the celebrated Hungarian. This procured for Mr. N. a splendid literary reputation throughout Europe. Through the interest of the late Earl of Liverpool, Dr. N. was appointed, in 1822, to the Hebrew chair at Oxford, and he took his rank as Regius Professor, and as Canon of Christ Church, with a salary of about 2000*l.* instead of 900*l.* a year, which he received as under librarian.*

Sunday, Sept. 25.

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

*Lessons for the Day.—Ezekiel, 14 chapter Morn.**Ezekiel, 18 ch. Evening.*

Veneri, Saturno, Manias, Rom. Cal.—It seems by the Julian Calendar, that this was one of the minor holidays, being a festival to Venus, Saturna, and to the Manes. The grand festival of the Saturnalia was celebrated on the 17th of December, continuing for seven days; during which time, a feast to Ops, called Opalia, used to take place.

Mania, likewise noticed this day, was the mother of the Manes and the Lares, and was considered by the ancients as a goddess.

Monday, Sept. 26.

*St. Nitus the Younger, Abb.**Sun rises 1m after 6—sets 53m after 5.*

The lofty and splendid Sunflower is now still abundant, and like the Hollyhock, stands a prominent inhabitant of the garden.

Tuesday, Sept. 27.

*Sts. Cosmo & Damian, Mar. A.D. 303.**High Water 20m after 5 Morn—44m after 5 After.*

We cannot refrain from introducing here the following lines, by Miss S. Strickland on the Luminous Arch that appeared in the heavens on the night of this day, in the year 1823.

*Vision of Beauty! there floats not a cloud.
O'er the blue vault of Heaven thy glory to shroud—
The star-gemm'd horizon thou spannest sublime,
Like a path to a better and lovelier clime.*

*Thy light unreflected by planet or star,
Still widens and brightens round night's spangled car,*

*In radiance resembling the moon's placid beam,
When she smiles through the soft mist that floats on the stream.*

*Thou sittest enthroned, like the Spirit of Night,
And the stars thro' thy zone shed a tremulous light—*

*The moon is still sleeping beneath the wide sea,
While wonder is keeping her vigils with thee.*

*The bow of the covenant smiles on the storm,
When its dark wings are shading the brow of the morn,*

*But thou art uncradled by vapour or cloud,
Thy glory unshaded by night's sable shroud.
Then whence is thy splendor, fair luminous bow?
From life's golden chalice thy radiance must flow—
Thou look'st from the throne of thy brightness above,*

On this desolate earth like a spirit of love!

Erratum.—Page 99, line 26, for "bitterness," read "brittleness."

In our next,—A Tale of Eld,—Cursory Thoughts on the Question of What is a Poet?—and Shakespeare. The Smuggler's Track, is intended for insertion, and the other piece by the same pen is under consideration.

The Otto ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XI—Vol. VIII.

Saturday, Oct. 1, 1831.



See page 163

Illustrated Article.

A TALE OF ELD.

For the Otto

He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater,
he: you may stroke him as gently as a puppy
greyhound: he will not swagger with a Bar-
bary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show
of resistance. *King Henry IV. Part IV.*

Faster than spring-time showers comes thought
on thought;

And not a thought but thinks on dignity;
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
King Henry VI. Part II.

It was toward the close of a hot summer day, in the reign of Queen Beas, that a couple of gallants rode into a certain village some thirty miles distant from our good city of London; their pace was slow, and the air of both indolent enough, perhaps from the fatigue they had endured, and the garniture of horses and riders were plentifully laden with dust. The youngest of the twain, Gilbert Mowton by name, was the son of a wealthy mercer o' the Chepe, an arrant coxcomb, and a choice mark for

the bullying swash-buckler who rode at his side, his professed and inseparable friend—while his gold lasted. This latter worthy displayed a tall thick form cased in a buff leather jerkin, red hose, huge tanned boots, and a high sugar-loaf beaver, decorated with a single cock's feather; a dag and one or two pistols were stuck in his broad leather belt, and a long basket-hilted toledo hung at his side. The other was dressed in the butterfly frippery which characterized the coxcombs of the period: a moving heap of ribbands, laces, points, silks and baubles of hues innumerable, which to particularise would be a useless waste of time and paper. This wight, the younger of his companion by some thirteen or fourteen years, to judge from his aspect, was not altogether pleased with his present enterprise, the nature of which will be gleaned from the following dialogue.

"Psha!" he exclaimed, after a long silence, and sundry fidgetty turnings and twistings in his saddle, "I have no heart to this business after all, sith I had rather sit i' th' Devil and drink

sack ten times over, than go a wild-
goose chase for a girl that loves me not."

"Love ye not!" cried Hector Radleigh. "S'death, lad, she shall love thee! By the mighty Trojan whose name I bear, thou shalt be the very apple of her eye!—she shall doat on thee, man. Therefore, couragio, I say, be not beaten with a frown."

"The chances are against me," replied Mowton; "report says I've a rival—a favoured rival."

"Thou art no coward?" returned Radleigh.

"Dost deem me such?" quoth the other.

"Knew I one that did, I'd slit his ears—ay, an 'twere my very brother."

"Percy Wilford is a brave gallant," said Gilbert musingly.

"Not so brave as thou art," quoth his companion.

"An a'proper," continued Gilbert, unheeding the observation.

"Not as thyself—psba!—come be not thus disheartened—cheer up, be bold!—I tell ye, sir, fortune smiles on ye. The lady hath not seen ye yet; appear before her, and believ't thou shall win upon her i' th' instant. By the great Hector thou shalt!—s'life, thou art a very Hyperion,—thy smile is irresistible; nay, think not I flatter thee. I have seen thy rival, as thou call'st him—rival no longer when thou hast ta'en the field,—s'blood, the moon may no more be compared with the bright sun, than he with thee, my Adonis."

"How looks he?—report speaks fairly of him," said Mowton, whose brightening aspect shewed that Radleigh's flattery was not bestowed in vain.

"How looks he? Marry, sir, like the ill-favoured wight i' the fairy book—a very mooncalf."

"Come, come, thou dost him wrong, he is at least valliant."

"Ay, his legs will befriend him from the cut of a sabre, or the range of a bullet, and may bear him far enough from the beautiful Rose, when thou hast entered the lists; therefore, spur thy jade and lets along. Marry, sir, have not I stood by ye for these some half score years in weal and woe?—Have not I fought with ye—fled with ye—eat with ye—drank with ye!—and shall I not stand by ye still? By the vasty Trojan, mine ancestor, I say thou art my noble Telemachus, thy faithful Mentor I. So, once again, mon cher cavaliero, forward and bravely."

"Ha! ha!" cried Radleigh, as they rode further into the village, "see, yonder swings the flying stag; here will we rest us for the night, and in the morn we'll away to Sir Hildobrand's.—Ho, there! sirrah, varlet!" shouted he, as a man somewhat meanly appalled crossed the stable-yard, "lead in our horses, and, d'ye hear, see them well tended."

The person addressed stopped short, surveyed Radleigh from top to toe, and darting on him a look of contempt, replied—

"Why, master swashbuckler, in sooth ye seem best fitted for such employment—tend thy beast thyself."

"Why, dost not serve here?"

"Ay!"

"Why, then, do my command, or I shall be tempted to break my rapier over thy knave's pate."

"Art so valiant?" quoth the other tauntingly.

"S'death!" shouted Radleigh, grappling his sword hilt, "shall I be braved thus, and by thee?"

"Come, come, chafe not Portingallo, nor finger that spit o' thine;—hast not courage to draw it, nor wit to use it."

"That shall be seen,—away—hold me not, Master Mowton, the blood of mine ancestor boils in my veins. Give me place, I say—let me come at him."

And therewith the valiant captain proceeded to lug his long, heavy weapon from its rusted scabbard, a movement which he was somewhat slow in executing.

"You shall not commit affray here," said Mowton, interposing his weapon; "by my faith you shall not—put up, Radleigh—good, sweet Hector, I entreat—I command ye."

"Away, boy—hence, if you love your life; the vile coistril hath ragged me past endurance, and, by Hector, I will cleave his brisket."

So saying, he aimed a furious blow at the stranger, who, stepping nimbly aside, evaded it, and making an immediate lunge at the captain's breast, he stretched him lifeless on the ground. Amid the hubbub which now ensued of persons flocking to the scene, was heard a quick trampling of horses, and presently four or five horsemen, clad in half-armour, galloped into the yard. The foremost of the party seemed to recognize Mowton's adversary; he suddenly leaped from his horse, and broke through the crowd towards him.

"Fool! madman," he cried, passionately grasping his arm, "what, in the

fiend's name, brought ye here? Fly, fly this moment, or ye go not hence with life. See—see—Sir Hildobrand—”

“I care not,” replied the stranger; “let him take my life if he will, I’ll not budge a foot.”

“For thine own sake—for mine,—nay, then, for Eveline’s,” entreated the other, “away this moment.”

“Eveline—’tis well—for her sake I will prolong this wretched existence; but how?—I am weak, almost helpless!”

“Here, here!” cried the horseman, catching the reins of Radleigh’s horse, “mount and get thee gone; I know thy retreat, ere nightfall I’ll be there—Away, away.”

The stranger drew his tattered mantle closely around him, set spurs to the steed, and instantly dashed through the throng into the village. Meanwhile the agitation of his attendant had communicated itself to Sir Hildobrand, who in some part comprehending the state of things, spurred eagerly towards him.

“Moncton,” said he, in a voice tremulous with passion, “who wast went hence so hastily? Ha! thy bloodless cheek betrays thee!—’twas he—dog, thou art leagued with him!”

In a frenzy of rage he clutched Moncton by the throat, hurled him furiously to the ground, and dashing his spurs into his steed, departed the stable-yard, followed by the rest. Moncton arose, and unheeding the wildered looks of the crowd, listened for a few moments with extreme eagerness. Shortly the report of a pistol was heard—it was repeated again and again, though at a considerable distance. Moncton now remounted his horse, and rode away, leaving the assembly to wonder and confer on the scene they had witnessed.

“So, Master Lenton,” said one, an eminent clothier, who was sojourning for that night at the inn, to the portly host thereof, “what may this evil forebode? Marry, methinks yon gallant that went hence but now had more than common cause for his quick retreat.”

“God’s life, Master Piper,” answered mine host, “I know not well what to make on’t. Sir Hildobrand is a fearful man, and a revengeful; but mum—the least said o’ that the better. Let us in and see how fares the wounded man.”

The first object that met their view, when they entered the kitchen, was Radleigh, who lay stretched upon a long oak table, to every appearance dead. Around him stood and sat the chief inhabitants of the place, listening with ludicrous gravity to the learned and

somewhat lengthy harangue of the village Æsculapius—

“A lean and sllpper’d pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose,—”

who, surrounded with philters, lancets, and other instruments of his profession, busied himself about the body.

“Ah, ha!” said he, as he laid bare the breast and proceeded to probe the wound, “had but my aid been called in some five minutes sooner, I had saved him—he is now past recall. Look you, friends, the blade hath passed upon the vital principle. Observe you this now,”—he began to apply a lancet to the wound; but no sooner had its point touched it, than Radleigh, to the amazement and terror of all, started from his prostrate position, and aimed a blow at the man of drugs, that sent him headlong to the floor.

“Ah! thou blood-thirsty Moloch!” he furiously exclaimed, while his eyes gleamed vengeance on the chururgeon; “thou fiend! thou superannuated vampire! approach me once again with thy damnable knives, and I will belimit thee.”

“Hold him, friends!—hold him back I beseech ye,” cried the mediciner;—“he is in high madness, his brain is turned; alas! poor gentleman.”

“Friends! gallants! unhand me—I am not crazed,—believe me I will harm none here; but for thee, thou cursed Albumazar, by the ponderous Hector I will dismember thee. Master Mowton, wilt thou not assist me here?”

“Is’t really and in certain sooth thy own bodily self, and no delusion?” said the latter person with a look of fear and incredulity.

“Ay is’t in truth thyself, fair sir!” echoed mine host, equally alarmed.

“If thou art Sathanas,” said the clothier, “I say unto thee avaunt.”

“’Tis the devil hath entered into his form,” cried the mediciner; “but lo! I will cast him out.”

He was a physician of the mind as well as of the body, and he therewith drew forth a small pocket-bible, pulled his spectacles over his eyes, and commenced a passage therefrom.

This was too much for Radleigh’s patience, and his arm was again lifted to strike, despite his wound, which it afterwards appeared was but of a trivial nature; the sword of his opponent had taken a sidelong direction, so that it presently became apparent to all that the valorous captain had sustained a greater fright than hurt.

Each being now pretty well satisfied

that it was Radleigh in his own *propria persona*, and no phantom usurping his form, they no longer viewed him with doubt and dread, but studiously aimed to propitiate his anger; and they so far succeeded, that even the detestable chururgeon grew tolerable to him at length, and applied bindings to his wound; but he had well nigh overthrown himself again by venturing to prescribe a narcotic drink.

"By the immortal Hector!" roared the captain, "I will drink no other drink this goodly night but sack.—Think'st thou, thou vile mediciner, that I will drain thy damned decoctions while we have sack i' th' land, s'blood no. But come, tremble not, my knight o' the pestal, give's thy hand—Ha! by my beard, now I've a mind to ransack every corner o' thy den, for the villainous prank thou would'st ha' played me."

"By my halidome, good Hector," quoth Mowton with affected archness, "I am glad thou art not worms' meat."

"In sooth, fair sir," spake the clothier, "I thought the villain had done for ye."

"Look ye, gentles," said Radleigh, who now, flanked with flaggon and black jack, and enveloped in tobacco smoke, was in paradise itself,—“look ye, sirs, it was not my fault o' fence that gave yon springate, whom the foul fiend rive for filching my steed,—I say it was not my ill sword-craft that gave him the best on't; for see ye, have not I ta'en lessons from the first masters o' the day, yea, and defeated the Sieur de Morabin himself, whom ye all know to be a most proper gentleman at his weapon. Look ye, 'twas this same rent which entangled mine arm for a moment that lost me the vantage."

"God's life, Radleigh though," uttered Mowton, "I thought ye worse ta'en on, since ye lay so long senseless."

"Sir, it is a nature which to some few belongs. It was my chance to be beaten down once while I served in Flanders, covered o'er with gashes, and in that state I lay some thirty days; at the expiration of which time I awoke—inigorated and refreshed."

To cut short a scene which, gentle reader, must have already tired thy patience, we will leave the motley group to their potations, and quit the village inn for knightly hall.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SHAKSPEARE.

For the Olio.

*Tale tuum carmen nobis divine poeta,
Quale sopor fessis.* VIRG.

Lord of the thousand spells, that hold in thrall
Th' obedient heart—rouse, melt, absorb, appal;
Hail, Shakspeare, mightiest to evoke or blind
The potent spirits that possess the mind!
Raised by thy very name, what groups we view,
How long familiar, yet for ever new.
See, passion, firmly fond, bids Juliet know
No earthly thought, but only Romeo.
But, ah: what hoary form and grief-worn
cheek,

Neglect, misfortune, poverty bespeak?—
His the dejected form, the hollow tone,
The habitation dreary, cold and lone;
What madd'ning fires within torment his
breast;

The weary monarch knows no place of rest!
Monarch 'a'ah, why thus mock the empty name—
A thing, that once had "titles, wealth and
fame?"

Soon hapless Lear, thy guilty line shall feel
The tardy vengeance of the heaven-sent steel.
And thou, Macbeth! oh, what a fearful train
Of heinous sins pollute thy ill-starr'd reign!
Oh, could no loyal ties thy bosom warm,
Nor grateful love the reckless hand disarm?
Duncan and Banquo! they for vengeance call,
While angry spirits work thy hast'ning fall.
Seest thou yon shades in silence pass along,
While the weird sisters weave the mystic song?
They gaze in order—'tis a sceptred race,—
"Child and child's children" there the eye
may trace.

Last of the train, amidst the eddying storm,
Macbeth, behold the murder'd Banquo's form!
He, smiling, gazes on his traitor friend,—
That vengeful smile now warms thee of thy
end.

Turn from these scenes of horror and of
crime,

Behold Othello, famed for deeds sublime!
Nor drug, nor magic charm o'er love prevail,
But the rude speech, "the round, unvarnish'd
tale;"

The gentle Desdemona loved to hear,
And for each hardship shed the pitying tear:
The maid was won—but ah, in beauty's bloom,
Dark malice swept her to a bloody tomb.
"The cause, the cause," unjust Iago tell,
The murd'rous tale thou can'st unfold too well.

Now pity bids the fount of grief o'erflow
At Hamlet's madness, or Ophelia's woe.
Now Rome survives—now England's gallant
throng,

Plantagenets and Tudors, sweep along;
The rival roses bloom and strive again,
And murd'rous Richard sinks on Bosworth
plain.

Not only, Shakspeare, can thy skill controul
With wizard sway the tempests of the soul;
But thine it is to point the moral page
With smiling truth, or maxims gaily sage;
Thine, like a charm, to dry the falling tear,
And bid the train of laughing mirth appear.
Hear Dogberry august—hear Audrey wise,
Great Shallow's edicts, silly Slender's sighs:
Hear how Malvolio schemes of greatness coins,
And Pistol blusters with the Prince and Poins.
The vet'ran Falstaff joyous loves to tell
How by his sword the gallant Percy fell;
Recounts the wond'rous tale, how on the field
The rogue "in buckram" to his valour yield,
Or by the hearth, when martial exploits fall,
Invokes the god of sack and nut-brown ale;—

'Till sad mishaps and pealing laughter prove,
How woman's vengeance waits on venal love.'

By Homer taught, the attic poet sings,
In tragic strains, of heroes, wars and kings;
What though the muse inspired with frenzied
rage,

Yet more sublime, the Sophoclean page;
What though deep-skill'd in philosophic lore,
Euripides the learned buskin wore;
Or Æschylus, with wild majestic strain,
In oiden time allured the motley train;
Still the Medonian spirit breathes thro' all,
And lives in each the great original.
Less artful far did Honour's laurel spread
Its fulgent glory circling Shakspeare's head;
Few aids were his proud learning's heights to
scan,

His guide was nature, and his book was man,
Shakspeare! thy mystic muse, thy hallow'd
page

Attracts the hero† and employs the sage;‡
Thy pencil only to each scene can give
Historic truth and bid the manners live;
Skillful it paints with nice well-judging art
The strokes peculiar to each different part. §
Bright as the sun in heav'n, on glory's throne
Still Shakspeare reigns unrivall'd and alone;
While Alfieri, Corneille, Goethe, Scott,
Revolve in radiance, but approach him not.

Led by his magic wand, our steps pervade
Each storied spot, each ever-fertile glade:
Now with the bard to Arctic climes we roam,
To Scandinavia's realms, to Hamlet's home;
Then to the south, where peace and plenty
reign,

And Picardy displays her rich domain;
Yet farther still—he points to brighter skies,
Where verdure-crown'd Iberia's mountains
rise;

Or bright as summer Italy expands,
Or tow'ring Venice boasts her sea-girt lands.

Thus with a strain so artless, yet sublime,
He leads his vot'ries thro' each foreign clime;
Though eagle-like our Shakspeare loves to
soar,

Again, with joy, he seeks his father shore;
The muse now wand'ring her own woods among
Wakes the full tide of patriotic song:
Now rush the boundless visions of his mind,
Free as the waves, unshackled as the wind—
Yes, rush regardless of the rules that throw
An icy coldness o'er poetic glow.

Aw'd at his mystic wand the passions stand,
Lo! each in turn awaits his dread command:
First coward Fear, all trembling, ghastly pale,
Starts at some airy form or passing gale; |
Next, anger hast'ning, with dishevell'd hair,
And straining eye-ball, darts a fearful glare;
Lo! pale Revenge conceals his hidden dart,
Destin'd to pierce a guiltless victim's heart;
Or wan Despair, with unavailing grief,
And lonely musing seeks a vain relief;
Yet Hope would lure the wand'rer with her
smiles,
And points to brighter scenes and happier
climes;

Or Pity, with a soul-subduing lay,
Bids the sad mourner chase her fears away.

* Merry Wives of Windsor.

† The great Duke of Marlborough used to
say, that the only knowledge he ever obtained
of English history was by reading Shakspeare's
plays.

‡ Doctor Johnson—whose commentary on
Shakspeare is universally allowed to be the
best.

§ Reddere personæ seil convenientia cuique.
HON.

| Non sine vano aurarum et silaræ metu.
HON.

Say, who is he that walks in anxious state,
Now courting Love, and now invoking Hate?
'Tis Jealousy—a stranger to repose,
His anxious breast no beam of comfort knows.
But turn and see where Cheerlessness appears,
And leads the dance amidst her gay compeers;
The rosy maid enlivens every scene
With ready wit or sweetly comic vein;
Next hastens Joy, and with celestial fire
Swells the deep note, or wakes th' ecstasie lyre.

But who can count such marvels? who descry
Each sep'rate star in that bright galaxy?
For he the myriad-miaded, with his pow'rs,
Calls forth at once the sunshine and the show'rs
Blends ev'ry charm that classic scenes diffuse
With bolder outline and more varied hues.

Let others boast the pageant of a day,
Court the vain splendour of the great and gay,
Or Luxury, with soft bewitching smile
And winning arts her votaries beguile—
Let the rough soldier wake the storm of war,
Or sailor wander fearlessly afar.—
They seek for gain—ambition draws them on,
All reckless of the means, so wealth be won.
But thou, old bard, hast still a higher aim,
And liv'st enshrined by never-dying Fame:
Fame lifts the sacred leaves, and nations cry,
With one consenting voice, 'These cannot
die!—

These, which nor age can spoil nor envy blight,
Shall live—the world's long wonder and de-
light.

And where in youth he held his joyful way,
Haply our Shakspeare's spirit loves to stray;
For beautiful that vale of calm repose,
Where his bright soul hail'd life and saw its
close;

Still graceful willows weep above the stream
Where first he mus'd in inspiration's dream;
Wild flow'rs around their sweetest fragrance
breathe,
Hands, not of earth, their brighter garlands
wreathe;

While undisturb'd within his native glade,
His dust reposes, as in death he pray'd;
And what though Shakspeare sleeps by Avon's
wave?

Earth is his tomb—his glory has no grave!
Yes, he *shall live*, and nations shall adore
His hallow'd name, till time exists no more.
R.W.S.

A NIGHT AT CROYDON.

For the Ollio.

WELL did I exclaim, with the Prince
of Denmark, "To what base uses we
may return!" as, spurring my horse, I
rode briskly up the avenue leading to
that once stately pile—the archiepisco-
pal palace of Croydon.

"Qua Troja fuit nunc est seges!"

Quitting the house of a friend at Duppa's
hill, I had galloped across that plain,
though the hour was late, and my horse
lay in an opposite direction; I had no
command over myself—*Tradition* bade
me on, and I obeyed.

It was here where William de Plan-
tagenet,* the proud heir of the noble
house of De Warrenne fell, in the hour
of pride and in the bloom of youth.
Many a noble lance was couched in

* William de Plantagenet, the only son of John
seventh Earl Warrenne and Surrie.

that unhappy tournament! Still Earl Warren's son

"Rode victor o'er the field."

Faint with the loss of blood, and wearied by his great exertions, he, at the close of day, gallantly, yet imprudently, accepted the challenge of a new comer—an unknown knight. They met—the lance of Plantagenet shivered to the grasp, whilst that of his more successful adversary hurled him to the ground—a corpse! †

Leaving the hill *behind*, I took my way through the "old town," supposed by some antiquarians to be the site of that ancient city, mentioned in Antoninus' Itinerary, called *Noviomagus*; which, after passing the church (a splendid temple) brought me before the venerable arch that, in former times, in all the power of massy gates, would have shut out a wanderer, like myself, from the avenue through which I now rode.

The Palace of Croydon, for so many centuries the residence of the Primate of all England, is now in the occupation of a bleacher?—his freehold. Alas! for the short-sightedness of man! Lanfranc, when raising these walls, did not once figure to himself this strange metamorphosis.

The door of the great hall was open, so dismounting from my horse, I entered—unchallenged. Here again may my quotation be applied—

"Qua Troja fuit nunc est seges!"

This hall, the former banquetting-room, now stripped of all its tapestry and flooring, still showed signs of former splendour. It was a clear frosty night, and the moon shining through the mitred windows, gave to my sight the painted arms which ornamented the corbels of the northern wall,—that wall (tell it not in Gath) was disfigured by shelves, sustaining implements of carpentry and other divers tools necessary for mechanics. What profanation!—In this very room once feasted the friends and retainers of the murdered Sudbury, ‡—of Courtnay, the great opposer of Wickliffe and his followers,—of the intolerant Arundel,—of Chicheley,—the Cardinals Stafford, Kemp, Bouchier and Morton,—of the great and good Archbishop Parker,—of Grindall and Whitgift,—of Abbot and the unfortunate Laud,—of Juxon, and his illustrious successors in the primacy of England.

† Vide Stowe.

‡ The *hall* of Croydon Palace is of the age of Richard II., in whose reign Sir John of Sudbury was Archbishop of Canterbury.

Musing on the mutability of time, I threw myself upon a bench, alike forgetful of the hour and *home*. Sleep overtook me, and, as others have done, I "dream'd a dream,"—not of the empress of my heart!—not of that bright divinity, to whom Venus bows her head! and to whom the Graces are as nought! Fair ladies of this cloudy isle, *write* me a recreant knight. Ye heralds, reverse my arms! Come, indignant Gallantry, come with a powerful hand, and hurl me to eternal torments. I did not think of *her*—for why?

"Fate (and the frost!) forbade it."

I dreamed of painted arras, of Indian tapestry and gorgeous canopies,—of knightly words and royal smiles. I saw Archbishop Parker presiding at his entertainment, given to his royal mistress at the aforesaid Palace of Croydon. I saw Elizabeth, surrounded by her warriors, her statesmen and her *flatterers*. Burleigh was there, Radcliffe Earl of Sussex was there, as was his more favoured rival, the unprincipled Leicester. Hatton, § in dancing only excelled by *our* Taglioni, enlivened the table by his wit. The gallant Lincoln was there, with Walsingham; and ladies, beautiful as heaven, gave both light and life to the splendid circle!—What else I might have seen, I know not,—but Somnus now left me, and with that drowsy god all vanished.

Starting up, not a little surprised on discovering this my unintended night's lodging, I recovered my Bucephalus, and was soon far from Croydon, its Palace and its recollections. G.S.S.

EPIGRAMS FROM THE GERMAN.

To the Pale Iris.

Doat thou, dear maid, thy lot bewail,
Because thy cheeks are ill y' pale?
Say then—"I love thee;" and instead
The rose's hue shall o'er them spread.

The Victory over Laura.

Mine is the conquest! Laura is my bride!
Long and with virgin grace she strove;
But in her favour how could fate decide?
The combatants were She and Love,
And I; and Love and I were of a side.

To a Prude.

Upon thy cheek Spring's beauties blossom;
Thine eye with beams of Summer glows;
And Autumn's bounty on thy bosom
The choicest of delights bestows:
How heavenly a maid thou wert,
Hadst thou not Winter in thy heart!

Love's Dart.

The dart of love has barbed spikes;
Who leaves it sticking where it strikes,
Will suffer but a trifling smart;

§ Archbishop Parker entertained Queen Elizabeth and all her retinue, consisting of the principal nobility of the kingdom (among whom were those mentioned) at Croydon Palace, July 11, 1553.
§ Sir Christopher, of dancing *notoriety*.

If proven counsel he decry,
And to extract the weapon try,
"I will rend each fibre of his heart."

Esculapion.

Yes, Betty, yes; I took the oath,
And fealty to your beauty swore;
And you that I have broken troth
Complain, because I love no more:
But you have lost your beauty now,
And I, unchanged, have kept my vow.

CURSORY THOUGHTS ON THE
QUESTION, WHAT IS A POET?

For the Olio.

As happy ignorance declin'd,
And reason rose upon his mind,
Romantic hopes and fond desires,
(Sparks of the soul's immortal fire)
Kindled within his breast the rage
To breathe through ev'ry future age;
To clasp the flitting shade of fame;
To build an everlasting name;
O'erleap the narrow, vulgar span,
And live beyond the life of man!

Montgomery.

THERE was a time when the paths of literature and science lay through thorns and briars, which spread their repulsive vegetation over dangerous pitfalls; when the axioms of wisdom were confounded with the arrogance of sedition, and genius was compelled to hide her glory in seclusion, lest her aspirings should lead to the scaffold; when the recorded speculations of the philosopher, and the efforts of the poet, were alike tempered with the aristocratic adulation peculiar to the "aspect of the times,"—and when to be "clerkly learned" was a degrading qualification, becoming only "the poor scholar."

If in fancy we unroll the icon of time, and look upon the pictured events which have reference to the destinies of literature, we shall behold some strange anomalies!—Here, we should see Learning awarding to her votaries honours and emoluments;—there, denouncing on them deprivation and death. On a random comparison of a few of the features which that picture would present, we should behold the lettered Raleigh immured in his dungeon, writing his "History of the World," unassured that his head would rest on his shoulders for twelve hours longer,—and his illustrious namesake at Abbotsford, surrounded by all the elegance and art of luxury, compiling his "Life of Napoleon." We should perceive the "matchless Shakspeare" dreaming away the "limping night," levant in Sir Thomas Lucie's park, awaiting the arousal of a well-fed buck, —and Washington Irving, in his re-

tirement on the banks of the Delaware, regaling the visiting cits of New York. We should glance from the masked executioner and mourning retinue of Lady Jane Grey, to the literary "pomp and circumstance" of Lady Morgan; from the prison of the gentle Surrey, to the state and elevation of the laureate Southey; from the cell of the monk to the lecturer's chair; from the abbot's mitre, to the student's cap; from the ruined abbey to the newly-erected college;—and, our vision satiated, and our astonishment subsided, we should mentally inquire by what agency had so astounding a reform been effected—the answer to which would be as obvious as the noon-day sun,—the establishment and liberty of the glorious press!

In no department of letters has this revolution been so manifest as in poetry—the intuitive art of which is, strange to say, so little appreciated or understood. It not being our design to analyze its nature, or to dwell on the history of its progression to perfection,—freed from the cells of monachal pedantry, and the trammels of political persecution,—we shall confine our efforts to the submittal of a few humble considerations on the isolated question—What is a poet?

Mr. Lockhart tells us, in his pathetic "Life of Robert Burns," that the poet had commenced a series of entries in his common-place book, the completion of which would have afforded the world materials wherewith to solve that knotty problem,—a poet's temperament. It is to be deplored that so interesting a work was interrupted by disease and death, since it is only from contemporary bards that our observations on the subject can be derived. Had the candid, self-examinant diary of Scotia's minstrel been matured, the question would have been bereft of that comparative mystery in which it must ever remain.

As a mirror of the passions and emotions, the presumptions and misgivings, the love and madness, which modern philosophy, by universal critical assent, has wedded to the name of poet,—we must look to the founder of the modern school, of poetry, Lord Byron—he

"Whose mind to all extremes and ends
And opposites could turn;
And, like the congelated lens,
Could sparkle, freeze, or burn."

Founding our criticism on the character of this illustrious man, we should come to the somewhat repulsive conclu-

sion, that the poetically inspired are characterised by haughty sullenness; an impatience of all becoming restraint and honourable competition; a burning ambition, which disdain to rest on spot of earth, seeks the very summit of the "Aonian mount," eschewing all fellowship, social and domestic, communing not with man, "nor woman neither;" a sarcastic scorning of human infirmity, shaming our helpless being, and yet gifted with the power to move us to the inmost core, with tones of wild and wonderful harmony—and, as a perplexing anomaly to the preceding attributes, dispensing wealth as freely "as a tree scattereth its leaves to the stripping wind."

Let us adduce, if a more humble, yet a more congenial example, in a reference to Wordsworth—that eremite of poesy. Shaping out the temperament and constitution of a professor of "the divine art," from the indications afforded us by the character of Wordsworth, we should say that the poet is unalienably estranged from the city, but not from man; that his unembodied musings are identifiable with "the everlasting hills," morioned in cliffs, and girdled by woods of sweet declivity; that, so far from detesting his species, his whole soul is absorbed by universal love; the poor and despised, more than the rich and mighty, have an interest in his lucubrations, and form the brightest adornments of his mountain song,—he being convinced,

"That he
Who feels contempt for any living thing,
Hath faculties he ne'er hath used:"

that the healthy tone of his chastened temper ensures him joy wherever he walks; and that, not impervious to tears, he finds occasions to weep—over the "dying lamb," no less than by the couch of the diseased and poverty-stricken peasant; that the wings of his fervid fancy bear him above the commotions which affect palaces and kings, his words binding up and healing the wounds of worldly sorrow, and his sublime witchery of verse unveiling the face of Nature, placid and imposing as the grand lake which mirrors his own romantic abode.

To complete this triple parallel with Mr. Montgomery—he whose infantile love of the muse was such that he kept the secret of his affection until, to quote his words, "he was like the Spartan boy who stole the fox and hid it under his cloak, and who, rather than confess that he had *lied* to cloak the theft,

bore the eating out of his vitals by the savage animal." Mr. Montgomery—the Cowper of contemporary minstrels,—furnishes us with deductions that the poet, as in the example of the sublime Milton, soars to the empyrean, but not with epic zeal; that the emanations of his genius are a Jacob's ladder, stretching through the night of earthly suffering to the "gate of Heaven," lit with the radiant morn of a perdurable sun; that his human nature has been purified from the detractions of ambition and avarice, by aspirations of heavenly origin; that he expostulates with man on the "sorrow of the world, which worketh death;" yet comforts himself in the reasonable philosophy, that God has made naught in vain—discouraging with himself in strains of wisdom outlining that of Plato—

"Whence came I?—Mem'ry cannot say.
What am I?—Knowledge will not show.
Bound whither?—ah! away, away,
Far as eternity can go:
Thy love to win—thy wrath to flee;
O God! thyself mine helper be!"

"Surely this is not walking in a vain shadow!" nor does genius of this order "disquiet itself in vain;" but, whilst its majestic eloquence woos us to a deep affection for the amiabilities of creation, its far-seeing wisdom warns us that "here is no continuing city—"

"And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,—
It tries each art, reproves each dull delay,
Allures to brighter worlds, and leads the way."

We might go on augmenting the bulk of the parallel, by contrasting with the foregoing the bard who revels in antiquities and expatiates in legends, and he who dims the "light from heaven" by blind devotion to the unvirtuous gods of heathen idolization, his verse undistinguished by metaphysical reasoning, and unredeemed by ethical precepts—but enough has been advanced to prove that the *true* poet,—the one whose strains are most consonant to the sensibilities of our fallen humanity,—is he who, to a love of nature surpassing all human conception, unites a love of his Creator which "passeth all understanding"—poets of which we have many such, whose labours give the negative to the conclusion of the perplexed, unhappy, and ill-treated Burns, that "man was made to mourn."

In conclusion, there is a task the execution of which we should hail with the most heartfelt delight,—a task which might be assigned to that ingenuous, indefatigable, and efficient author, D'Israeli,—viz. a history and analyzation of

the "outward and visible signs," and of the inward demonstrations of poetical genius, from that period at which the bard has been described as "a delicate and ingenuous child, moved to sorrow by the slightest chiding, and pining at the recollection of the most trivial neglect,"—to that more advanced stage, when

"The sad truth

Turns what was once romantic to burlesque."

Such a work, written by such an author, would be a novelty in literature. It would display to the eye of the unpoetical world the secret emotions, the unexpressed yearnings, the causeless misgivings, and the shadowless fears which characterize the poet, and the want of appreciating which has hitherto constituted his passions and temperament an unresolvable paradox.

G. Y. H—N.

THE JEWELLER OF WORMS.

IN one of the oldest houses, in one of the oldest streets in the ancient city of Worms, dwelt the worthy burger Philip Dorn. "Der Meister Philip" was one of that numerous class who will not, perhaps, go out of their way *very* far, to cheat you; but who, when a young and inexperienced customer is sent them by Providence, are very careful to make the most of the blessing by means of wearing a grave face, going to church, and carrying a gold-headed cane. Philip Dorn was universally considered a very respectable personage; but, as all is not gold that glitters, so neither was Philip quite so respectable as was commonly supposed, as will be seen hereafter.

Our hero was a jeweller, and a cunning workman in gold and silver. It happened that one day a young countryman came to his house, with a stone which he had found in the neighbouring mountains, and had brought to Philip, as an honest man, and one whom he could trust. The jeweller took the stone, and after examining it attentively, said with a careless air, that it was of small value, but that he would give him twenty thalers for it. The countryman, who knew nothing of the value of precious stones, instantly agreed, and Philip paid him the money. As soon as he was gone, our jeweller took the gem, which was a jacinth of great value, and regarded it with a well-satisfied smile. "This," said he, "is the very thing the princess has so long desired. Ah! Philip, thou art a lucky fellow, thy for-

tune is made: who will now be able to stand against the jeweller, Philip Dorn!" So, after again surveying his bargain, he put it into a case, in which he was wont to keep his most precious things.

In a short time another visitor came to Philip; he was a little man, of a well-fed appearance, with enormous green spectacles, a high-crowned hat, and high-heeled shoes. This person demanded a stone proper for a ring, such as a diamond or an amethyst.—Philip took down the case in which he had deposited his precious jacinth, and exhibited its contents to the stranger, who selected a fine diamond, for which Philip took care to ask double what it was worth; but the stranger paid him his demand without grudging, and went away, saying that he would soon see him again.

Philip replaced his case, and set out to inform his patroness the princess, of his newly-acquired jacinth. He went to the palace, and, with many bows, informed her highness of his good fortune, and was desired to return the next day, and to bring the gem with him. After dispatching this business, he returned home, and again took down the case to feast his eyes upon his jewel, when, on opening it, to Philip's consternation, no jacinth was to be found. In vain he searched every corner—the gem was flown.

In great distress of mind, Philip went out, and was pondering an apology for the morrow, when, on turning a corner, he felt some one tap him on the shoulder, and, turning round, saw the gentleman in the green spectacles, who, with a knowing wink, asked him what was become of his jacinth? The jeweller was rather surprised, as he did not remember having seen the stranger examine it; so very naturally asked him if he knew anything about it.

"That I do, Herr Philip," replied our spectacled friend, "and will perhaps help you to it if you behave well." Our hero eagerly asked where it was, but was told, that there were a few conditions he must agree to before getting it. On this Philip said something about "robbery," "justice," and "a prison;" but a vision of the poor countryman and his twenty thalers, floated before his eyes, so he held his tongue, and merely asked what conditions the gentleman spoke of, and said he would agree to any whatever to regain his lost jewel. The stranger informed Philip, that he could not tell him at present, but that, if he came that night to the forest at the

foot of the Schneeberg mountain, he would see, and perhaps regain, his jacinth. Philip eagerly agreed, and promised to be punctual, on which the gentleman said "adieu," telling him that he had some business to transact at Ratishon, but would be back in time. Philip thought this rather odd, as that city is at a considerable distance from Worms, but he said nothing; so making a polite bow, he returned home.

He waited, with the utmost impatience for the appointed time, and when at length it began to grow dark, he set out with a beating heart for the rendezvous; soon he approached the forest, and saw the clouds eddying around the summit of the Schneeberg. He went on his way rejoicing, and, although at the first step in the wood, he plunged up to the neck in a morass, so immersed was he in his delight at the prospect of regaining his jacinth, that he scarcely noticed his immersion in the water. On he passed, through bush, through brake, frequently coming in contact with the trunks of trees, to the utter discomposure of his sedate and sober wig; the bushes seemed to get thicker, and the pools deeper, the farther he proceeded, and at length he was fairly brought to a stand by a broad sheet of water, the leaping of which was out of the question, even to a much better leaper than our friend Philip. Whilst he was standing considering what was to be done, he heard a voice crying,

"Here comes my worthy friend, Philip Dorn; prepare ye the way for him," and shouts of laughter rung through the forest. At this Philip was sore amazed, but, seeing the pool disappear, he stepped boldly forward, and found himself at the rock appointed as the place of meeting.

The gentleman in the green spectacles made his appearance on the top of it, and greeted Philip with great politeness; and, although the rock was very precipitous, he walked down it with the greatest ease, and stood at Philip's side.

"Now," said he, "Herr Dorn, you will be good enough to follow me a little farther;" to which Philip bowed assent, though he would rather have been excused. On they went for a considerable time, through a part of the forest that Philip had never seen before, till at length they reached a wilderness of rocks, which appeared broken from the mountain. They still proceeded, between two high walls of rock, till they came to a wide cavern, brilliantly light-

ed, in which Philip saw his jacinth suspended by a gold chain, which seemed to ascend to an immense height, as its other end was lost in darkness.

"Now," said his companion, "there is your jacinth; you have but to stretch out your hand, and it is yours."

Philip stepped forward, and laid hold of his jewel, and attempted to take it from the chain, when suddenly he felt the earth sinking beneath his feet, and, attempting to withdraw his hand, found it firmly fixed to the jacinth. He turned round in agony to his conductor, and saw him standing laughing immoderately, with his spectacles in one hand, and his eyes flaming like burning coals.

"Hold fast, friend Philip!" he cried; "hold fast!" and instantly vanished in the darkness. The cavern closed up with a fearful noise—and shouts of laughter, mingled with cries of "Hold fast! hold fast!" were the last sounds that were ever heard by the Jeweller of Worms.

Edin. Lit Jour.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MADAME CATALANI.

THE transition from parts of dramatic dignity to the character she supported in private life, was never more easy than in the case of Madame Catalani. In person, manner and discourse, she was noble: and one was too often disposed to confound Catalani with *Semiramide*. The unusual respect shewn to her by crowned heads, seemed less accorded to the actress than the woman; and whether on the stage or at court, it ever seemed that *elle aspirait a descendre*. The last word pronounced, it is said, by the late King of Bavaria, was the name of the Roman songstress. The Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt took his seat in the orchestra of his theatre, as leader of the band, in honour of her genius; and even the Emperor of Austria forgot all meaner arts in admiration of Catalani. Charles John of Sweden himself conducted her through the Royal Museum at Stockholm, in 1827, where two magnificent vases of porphyry attracted her admiration; and some time after a similar pair was forwarded to her, at Paris, by the gallant prince, who deemed twenty-thousand francs a not too costly tribute to the enchanting actress. Yet all her sympathies were not devoted to royalty; for having visited Cracow, and consented to sing for one night at the public theatre, when the enormous amount

of her engagement was tendered her, she returned more than the moiety of the sum in aid of the erection of the monument in memory of the patriot Kosciusko.

At Weimar it was Catalani's good or ill fortune to be placed at table next to the venerable Goethe. It was intended by her illustrious host as a mark of respect to the fair Italian; but the lady was little acquainted with literature in general, or any other poetry than that which the fair translator to the King's Theatre murders so exquisitely for the benefit of its British frequenters. The peculiar attention paid to her neighbour, added to his imposing appearance, attracted the curiosity of the syren; and she inquired his name. "The celebrated Goethe, Madam."—"Pray on what instrument does he play?" was the next interrogation.—"Madam, it is the renowned author of Werther." "Oh! yes, yes, I recollect." Then turning to Goethe, resolved in her turn to compliment the aged poet,— "Ah! Monsieur," she exclaimed, "how greatly do I admire Werther." A low bow answered the distinguished enlogist. "I never read any thing so truly laughable in my life. What a complete farce, Sir!" "Madame! The *Sorrows* of Werther?" "Ah, Sir, was anything ever more truly ridiculous!" continued the laughing lady, as she recalled to memory—What! a Parody upon Werther, produced at one of the minor theatres at Paris, where all the sentimentality of the Teutonic swain had been cruelly, but laughably burlesqued. The poet's nerves were sadly affected by the applause so equivocally lavished on his unsuspected talent, and the lady's credit was sensibly diminished at the court of Weimar, by her ignorance of Werther and Goethe-sentimentality.

Illustrations of History.

ARCHITECTURE.

By J. Britton, F. S. A.*

The essentials of architecture are utility, strength, and beauty. Utility is evinced in the proper distribution of parts, so that their purposes be duly answered, and that each has its correct situation; strength arises from a sound and proper foundation, and the judicious choice and arrangement of materials; beauty is produced by the

pleasing appearance and good taste of the whole, and by the proportions of all the parts harmonising and agreeing with each other. It results from analogous ornament, symmetry, and propriety. The scientific part may be regarded as mechanical, and is to be attained by study and practice; but the inventive, or creative, part, which ranks among the fine arts, is only possessed by men of genius and talent; it is this, indeed, that separates and contradistinguishes the architect from the builder.

Architecture originated in the necessities of human nature. Where wood abounded, men would build their houses in the form of a cone, resembling the wigwam of the American Indians, at the present day. Such was the hut of the nomadic tribes and the aboriginal Britons. Grecian architecture exhibits traces of this simple origin; as the early Egyptian and Indian buildings display an imitation of natural caverns. Chinese architecture indicates its descent from the tent. In fortifications, the first step would be a continued embankment and a ditch; the raised wall and guarded gates would next follow, and in quick succession the towers and barbicans, for offence and defence.

History.—Respecting the history of scientific architecture, authors are divided in opinion; some commencing with the Egyptian, and others with the Indian. On a subject so remote, and where evidence is wanting, we must leave this controverted point to those who prefer speculation to proof, and theory to demonstration. We may briefly allude to the architecture of different nations.

Egyptian.—The architectural works of the Egyptians are remarkable for solidity, boldness, and originality; and of these the temples are the most important, except in magnitude, in which they are surpassed by the vast pyramids. To the temples are attached pylones of singular form and peculiar composition; which are constructed with walls of singular thickness, but the temples themselves consist of numerous massive columns, of varied proportions, having capitals greatly diversified in ornament. The roofs were formed by large blocks of stone, extending from wall to wall, or from column to column. "Walls engraven with hieroglyphics, not inelegantly arranged; stupendous blocks of granite and porphyry, highly polished;

* Part II. of a Dictionary of Architecture and Archaeology.

tall obelisks and colossal sitting statues, each carved out of single pieces of stone; and pyramids of tremendous dimensions, give the works of the Egyptians a more than human appearance, to which sentiment the perfect state in which they remain after a lapse of forty centuries not a little contributes." Herodotus states that, in the construction of the greatest pyramid of Memphis, the Egyptians employed one hundred thousand workmen at the same time, who were relieved by a similar number every three months. Ten years were occupied in hewing and conveying the stone, and twenty more in finishing that vast tomb.

Indian.—The buildings of the Hindus exhibit some similarity in style to those of the Egyptians, and indicate a date equally, if not more, remote, particularly in the subterranean temples, and in the pyramids. Of the immense and spacious caverns and excavated temples, the most remarkable are those at Salsette and Elephanta, near Bombay; and at Ellora, in the Deccan of Hindostan.

The Jews, Persians, and many other nations of the east, employed a mixture of stone and wood in their buildings; the first as a column, or pier-like support for the horizontal beams of the latter. Such was Solomon's temple among the Jews; and another at Persepolis, where the marble columns bear marks of having been connected by cross-beams of wood, supporting a roof of the same light material.

Grecian.—The first stone buildings of the Greeks are presumed to be the walls and gates of Mycenaë and Tirynthus, the fabled works of the Cyclops. They consist of ponderous masses of rock heaped one upon another, with little aid from the chisel or saw. Grecian art may be classed under three epochs; the first commencing with Rhæcus of Somos, and Theodorus, about seven hundred years B.C., and terminating with the introduction of Pericles into power, who raised the temple of Jupiter at Olympia; in which stone was used in the construction and marble in the decoration. The ruins of the temple of Jupiter Olympius, at Agrigentum, will afford some idea of the grand style of that period: each flute of the column would contain the body of a man. The second epoch extends from Pericles to Alexander the Great, a period of about 113 years. Architecture attained such excellence under Pericles, that, according to Sir William Jones, "we only

imitate it at a servile distance; but are unable to make one addition to it without destroying its graceful simplicity." The Parthenon, at Athens, the work of Phidias, Ictinus and Callicrates, is said, by Lord Aberdeen, to be a building, which, "for majestic simplicity of the general design, the grandeur of its proportions, and the exquisite taste and skill displayed in its ornamental parts, is undoubtedly the most perfect, as well as deservedly the most celebrated, production of Grecian art." It is stated, that a few years previous to the death of Alexander the Great, the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates was raised at Athens. It is one of the most exquisite and perfect gems of architectural taste, and the only pure specimen of the Grecian Corinthian order remaining. The third epoch extends from the death of Alexander to that of Augustus, when Alexandria was the principal school of the architects.

Roman.—The earliest buildings of the Romans, like those of the Greeks, are said to have been of wood. In the regal and consular times, stone and wood were used together. Under Hadrian, many fine edifices of the Corinthian order were raised, both in Rome and in Athens, by the Romans. The Pantheon, the Colosseum, the Baths of Diocletian, with numerous palaces, temples, porticoes, triumphal arches, commemorative pillars, basilicæ or halls of justice, fora, bridges, aqueducts, &c. are so many evidences of the architectural grandeur of the Romans.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Note Book.

I will make a brief of it in my Note-book.
M. W. of Windsor.

THE EVILS OF INTemperance.—We have received a reprint of an Essay upon the inordinate use (we should say abuse) of Wines and Strong Drinks,* written by the Rev. Moses Stuart, M.A., Professor of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary. Andover, Massachusetts, full of learning and research. We have not space to give any thing like an analytical review of it; but we cannot refrain from copying the following into our columns, which we think is deserving of notice, and contains much truth.

"Were I to enumerate the evil consequences to society which intemperance occasions, where should I begin, or where end? Shall I speak of fami-

* London, 42 pp. 8vo. Edinham Wilson.

lies reduced to poverty and nakedness? Shall I summon for witnesses, abused, weeping and wretched wives, husbands, parents, and children? Shall we go to the lazarettos of the land, the hospitals, the houses of correction, the jails, the state prisons? These are filled with the intemperate; a burden to the community, a curse to society, a deadly plague in the midst of an otherwise fertile and healthy region. But this is not all. Nay, it is, I may say, the smallest part of the evil. Society groans, indeed, under the burden of such outcasts from God and man. But still, as they are despicable, their example, bad as it is, has little influence, compared with that of those who call themselves the *temperate drinkers* of ardent spirits. These are the men who do the most extensive and lasting mischief. They maintain their place in society; and many of them have great influence. They are to be found in every walk and station of life. The most exalted and sacred stations are not exempt from their occupation and influence. They appear at the bar, on the bench of justice, in our halls of legislation, in the sacred pulpit. To some of them we are obliged to commit the care of friends, under the influence of deadly maladies. In all these high and responsible stations, they act more or less under the excitement of alcohol. It is this which often dictates the tone of a plea at the bar, of a judicial decision, of a legislative debate, of a prescription for a patient in the greatest danger, of a discourse addressed to immortal beings in order to save them from eternal perdition. What then can be expected from all this?—Excitement is a natural and necessary consequence of drinking ardent spirits in any measure. This urges on to extravagant and injudicious purposes, declarations and measures. Contentions, jealousies, emulation, contumely, defiance, challenges to duel, slander and disrepute in periodicals and in pamphlets, lasting and bitter enmity, party feeling, disturbance of the general peace, oppression of those who will not yield to domineering claims—all these and a multitude of other evils are inseparably connected with it. It is *temperate drinking* which, I fear, will at last seal our country's doom, unless it can be arrested. Habitual drunkards, numerous as they are, and noisome as their pestilence is, are comparatively insignificant, when we once bring into estimation the mischiefs occasioned by the so called *temperate drinkers*."

Strength of Wines and Spirits.—It does not seem yet to be generally known, notwithstanding the efforts that have been made to circulate a knowledge of the fact, that a late analysis of spirituous liquors and wines, by Mr. Brande, one of the most celebrated practical chemists in Europe, has shewn that brandy, rum, whiskey and gin, are more than *one-half alcohol* by measurement. It created great surprise, even among chemists, to learn Madeira, Port and Currant wines, contain nearly *one-quarter part of alcohol*, i. e. that they are nearly one-half as strong as brandy and rum; and that Sherry, Lisbon and Malaga wines, approach very near to the same standard. It follows, therefore, that a man in drinking a *full bottle* of the stronger wines, uses nearly as much alcohol as is contained in a *pint of brandy*, or what is equivalent to a pint of ordinary rum. Even Claret and Champaign are about one-quarter part as strong as brandy. *1b.*

THE SPITY RUHTEN.—This is a very common punishment in the Russian army, and I believe it is confined to Russia, as I never heard of it elsewhere. The mode of inflicting it is as follows:—The regiment is drawn out and divided into two ranks, the men standing facing each other, at the distance of about three yards, each man being supplied with a willow rod or osier, which has for some time previous been soaked in water. The culprit, with his hands tied to the spear-end of a serjeant's halbert, is then led along the front of each rank—every man striking with all his force as he passes. To compel the men to do this disagreeable duty, the adjutant of the regiment rides slowly along by the side of the prisoner, and should any man be detected of flinching in giving his stroke, he is immediately led out, and undergoes the same punishment. The hands of the man being tied to the spear, prevent him from rushing forward, so that he has not the slightest chance of escape from a single blow. The excess which this punishment is carried to, makes it equal to, if not *worse* than the knout.

W.O.C.

SUPERSTITIONS CONNECTED WITH THE ASH-TREE.—Evelyn mentions, as some remains of the superstitious veneration paid to this tree, that the country people, in some parts of England, split young ashes, and pass diseased children through the chasm, as a means of curing them. They have another custom equally strange;—that of boring a hole in an ash-tree, and imprisoning in it a shrew-

mouse. A few strokes given with a branch of the tree is then considered a sovereign remedy for cramps and lameness in cattle, which are ignorantly imagined to be caused by that harmless little creature.—By the heroes of old, the ash was used for spears, and is still used for like staves. Pliny says it is preferable for that purpose to either the cornel or the myrtle. Sannazaro says, that it is better than the hazel, lighter than the cornel, and more supple than the service-tree.—It is recorded that the lance with which Hector was killed by Achilles was of this wood. Sannazaro remarks that the ash is ennobled by the circumstance:—

Molto e nobilitato per la lancia d'Achille.

Rapin, in his poem on trees, also alludes to it:—

But on fair levels and a gentler soil,
The noble ash rewards the planter's toil;
Noble, since great Achilles from her side
Took the dire spear by which brave Hector
died. J.C.

THE NEAPOLITAN LAZZARONI.—The real Lazzari are porters, who live chiefly in the district called Il Mercato, and who take their station in the day in the different squares and crossways, to follow their occupation of porters. They are a tall, well-made, muscular race, with intelligent countenances.—Their number has been much exaggerated; in former times, they formed a sort of company, and enjoyed some municipal rights, being under the direction of a chief magistrate, chosen from among themselves, called *Capo Lazzaro*.—Their number, however, as well as their importance, have much decreased of late. Their habits, also, have become more social; they have now almost all a home to resort to at night, while, formerly, many of them slept in the streets, on the steps of churches, or under the stalls in the market-places. The name of Lazzaroni, however, is indiscriminately given to the lowest class, who have no regular trade, including fishermen and boatmen. Among such an assemblage there are, of course, many bad characters, but their evil propensities have been much exaggerated. “The Lazzaroni of Naples,” says an intelligent modern writer, “follows freely his inclinations, like a wild boar in the depth of a forest;” but his inclinations are generally harmless: he is contented with little, and he works to procure himself that little, and enjoys his leisure during the remainder of the day, stretched at his ease on the seashore, listening to Rinaldo on the Mole, or gazing at Punch on the Largo del

Castello. There is much less depravity among the real Lazzaroni than in the other classes; those who are married look very strictly to the conduct of their wives, and *serventismo* is not in vogue among them. They are naturally shrewd, but jovial and good natured, except in times of political commotion, when they have been worked upon by intriguing persons. They are attached to the worship of their saints, and have taken up arms to defend that worship, when they thought it in danger. They looked upon the king as their patron, and they exposed their lives for him. When the French came to Naples, in 1799, the Lazzaroni defended the town for two whole days, with a courage worthy of a better success.

MAXIMS.—*Ceremony* is imperative, and likewise becoming, at all pageants, state occasions, and the like. *Ceremony* is necessary to good order and good morals—and gives a right feeling to society. *Ceremony* is well observed in all our forms of worship, and every religious ordination. Some *ceremony* is certainly good in every house—but all *ceremony* is bad between friends.

Party.—It is a great error to hold a party cheap, because it may happen to want a head: a factious leader may be turned off to-day, while another (fungus like) may spring up to-morrow.

The People.—Nothing is more dangerous than to let a people see that, while you attack them, you think only of self-defence. *Cavendo tutus* is a wholesome maxim, and second only to this—keep your own secret. F.E.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD ASSASSIN.—This word is said to be a corruption of Al. Hassan, the name of a certain prince of the family of the Arsacide, who insisted upon his subjects paying a blind obedience to his commands, and employed them in murdering the princes with whom he was at enmity. In the year 1192, they destroyed Conrade, Marquis of Mountserratt, a zealous crusader; and, in 1213, Lewis of Bavaria. The whole race of these assassins were put to the sword by Heligan Khan, a Persian chieftain, in 1261. J.R.J.

Customs of Various Countries.

ANCIENT ROMAN CUSTOM.—The burning of heaps of armour, gathered from the field of battle, as an offering made to the god supposed to be the giver of victory, was a custom that prevailed among some heathen nations; and the Romans used it as an emblem of peace.

A medal, struck by Vespasian on finishing his wars both at home and abroad, represents the goddess Peace, holding an olive branch in one hand, and with a lighted torch in the other, setting fire to a heap of armour. In Dryden's *Virgil* mention is made of the custom in the following lines:—

Would heaven, said he, my strength and youth
recall,
Such as I was beneath Preneste's wall.
Then when I made the foremost foes retire,
And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire.

BURIAL CEREMONIES OF THE NUBIANS.—Burckhardt, in his *Travels*, tells us that "the Nubians place an earthen vessel by the side of every grave, which they fill with water at the moment the deceased is interred, and leave it there. The grave itself is covered with small pebbles of various colours, and two large palm-leaves are stuck into the ground at either extremity: the symbol of victory thus becoming, in Nubia, that of death."

THE DELIGHT OF THE SABBATH, a Jewish practice. In honour of the Sabbath, the Jews are accustomed to light and burn a lamp, which they call the "Lamp of the Sabbath." Basnage, in his *History* of this singular race, says—"The rest of the Sabbath began on Friday, in the evening, half an hour before sunset. They then light a candle of four wicks, which burns part of the night; and this is one of the ceremonies which they observe with the greatest exactness. The poor are obliged to beg to get oil, or to deprive themselves of sustenance, rather than fail to have a lamp burning in their houses, because that it is necessary for the delight of the Sabbath, mentioned by the prophet Isaiah."

Anecdotes.

WISDOM OF DIOGENES.—The reason assigned by the cynic philosopher why he asked a small sum of a thrifty man, and a large one of a prodigal, was, that the former "might give him often, but the latter in a short space of time would have nothing to give."

SIR LUMLEY ST. GEORGE SKIFFINGTON.—This far-famed leader of the *beau-monde* once accosted the Duchess of St. Albans, (then Miss Mellon), when sitting with Mr. E—, the architect, the late Lord Blessington, and other friends, in her private box at the Surrey Theatre, in these words, tapping her gently on the back, at the same time, with his delicate bamboo:—"M-e-e-s M-e-l-lon, will you per-mit me to put my w-e-e-ked

head into your box for a moment?"—"Most certainly, Sir Lumley," replied that favoured daughter of Melpomene, glad of an introduction to so *distinguished* a character. Upon gaining egress, "Skiffy" remarked, that "It was likely—v-e-r-y likely—*he* might p-a-tron-ise the place." An "adieu" served as an *Epilogue*, for he said—no more!
G. S. S.

THE LATE MR. NORTHCOTE.—One day Sir W. Knighton called upon the veteran, (to whose friendship he had been much indebted before his distinguished connection with his late majesty), and asked him: "What do you know of the Prince Regent?"—"Nothing," said Northcote; "what should I!"—"Why he knows you very well," said Knighton.—"Who says so?"—"Himself."—"Pooh!" said Northcote; "it is only his *brag*."

A BIT OF WAGGERY.—A gentleman of considerable importance, and exceedingly conceited of his personal talents, being on his death-bed, and about to leave his last testimony, gave directions to his friends that his tomb-stone should bear a splendid eulogy upon his character and attainments, to conclude with the following pompous line:—

Honour! Honour! Honour!

A wag, who had one morning been amusing himself with reading epitaphs upon the different marble tablets, which form so conspicuous a part of the ornaments of an English church, being struck with the absurdity and vanity of the inscription we have mentioned, placed under it the following appropriate stanza:—

O cruel death! O cunning fox!
That would not let this calf grow to an ox,
To browse among the brambles and the thorns,
And wear upon his head—Horns! horns! horns!

A NEW CASE.—Whilst a party (depressing popular excitement) was assembled round the convivial board, last Epsom races, a heavy shower fell. This circumstance, untoward as far as it concerned the ladies then on the Downs, drew from one present, a lawyer (dreaming of calf-skin) this very professional remark—"What a fine *case* of rain!"
G. S. S.

EPITAPH ON MR. BEST.

If *Best* is buried in the earth,
What will become of *Better*?
Good may get *Bad*, of little worth,
And *Worse* to *Worst* be debtor.

Happy, if this could be reversed,
The living here might rest:
None would regret the death of *Worst*.
Though *all* the death of *Best*. J. R. P.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, Sept. 28.

*St. Eustochium, Vir. A.D. 419.**Moon's Last Quar. 23m after 4 Afternoon.*

As both Chimney-Swallows and House-Martins begin now to be very much diminished in numbers, particularly if the wind blows from the N., there seems no doubt but that the general migration of these birds in this part of Europe usually takes place about Michaelmas. As they do not arrive all at once, but come sparingly at first, their numbers daily increasing, so they retire, not altogether, but by several different flocks. The Swallow was a favourite bird among the Greeks; her first appearance made a holiday for the Greek boys, and a song has been preserved in Athens, by which the young mendicants used to levy contributions on the good-nature of their fellow-citizens. It is the general opinion of naturalists that the same pair of Swallows annually return to the village where they built the preceding year, and attach themselves to the same nest, if it remains; should it be destroyed, they erect another in the same station, and this as long as they escape the various contingencies of their migratory life.

Thursday, Sept. 29.

*St. Michael and all Angels.**High Water 7m after 7 Morn—43m after 7 Aftern.*

In the Romish Calendar, this day is called the Feast of the Dedication of St. Michael, from a church in Rome having been dedicated to that Archangel, by Pope Boniface III. A.D. 606.

The churches consecrated to St. Michael—among which the one in Cornwall, and another in Normandy, stand pre-eminent, as well for their lofty situations as for their traditionary histories,—are usually to be found on elevated spots, in allusion, no doubt, to his having always been regarded as the principal or highest of the heavenly host.

According to Bishop Hall, the red velvet buckler which the Archangel Michael made use of when he combated the dragon, is still preserved in a Castle of Normandy.

It used to be customary for sailors, when passing St. Michael's Grecian Promontory Malea, to invoke the saint with their best devotions, that *he would hold still his wings from resting too hard upon their sails.*

It is a popular saying, that "if you eat goose on Michaelmas Day, you will never want money all the year round." In the "British Apollo," the proverb is thus discussed:

Supposing now Apollo's sons
Just rose from picking of Goose bones,
This on you pops, pray tell me whence
The custom'd proverb did commence,
That who eats goose on Michael's Day,
Shan't money lack his debts to pay?

This notion, framed in days of yore,
Is grounded on a prudent score;
For, doubtless, 'twas at first designed
To make the people seasons muid;
'That so they might apply their care
To all those things which needful were,
And, by a good, industrious hand,
Know when and how 't improve their land.

Friday, Sept. 30.

*St. Honorius, abp. of Canterbury, 653.**Sun rises 9m after 6—sets 50m after 5.*

Sept. 30, 1568.—Revolution in the government of Sweden. Eric the 14th, the unworthy son and successor of Gustavus I. dishonoured the memory of his father by the most horrible cruelties. Unable openly to deprive his brothers of their inheritance, he resolved to assassinate them at a feast. The princes, informed of the dark design, immediately took up arms, besieged Eric in Stockholm, made him prisoner, and compelled him to renounce the crown. John III. second son of Gustavus, was put in his place, and the monarch, de-throned, ended his days in prison.

Saturday, Oct. 1.

*St. Remigius, bish. and conf. A.D. 533.**High Water 5m after 10 Mor—52m after 10 Aftern.*

OCTOBER is a month as various as April—clear skies and fogs, drought and rain, sunshine and storm, greenness and nakedness,—it has them all, and often in a rapid succession. In the early part of the month the hardy yarrow and a few other flowers remain, and the meadow-saffron and the autumnal crocus spring up, and give a last gleam of floral beauty to the year. The grass, if the weather be mild, is vividly green and luxuriant as in Spring. Fine clear days occasionally come out, affording in the perfect repose of the landscape, the blueness of the waters, and the strong shadows cast by the trees upon the sunny ground, the highest pictorial beauty; but they are speedily past, and rains and mist wrap the face of the earth in gloom. Yet the glooms and obscurity of Autumnal fogs, however dreary to the common eye, are not unwelcome to the lover of nature. They give an air of wildness to the most ordinary scenery; but to mountains, to forests, to solitary sea-coasts, they add a sombre sublimity that at once soothes and excites the imagination; and even when not pleasant themselves, they minister to our pleasures by turning the heart to our bright firesides,—to the warmth and perpetual Summer of home.

Sunday, Oct. 2.

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lessons for the Day.—Ezekiel, 20 chapter Meru. Ezekiel, 24 ch. Evening.

Oct. 2, 1187.—Jerusalem taken by Saladin. The Christians of Palestine, ill governed, effeminate, and betrayed by their supposed defender, Count Raymond of Tripoli, were attacked by the wisest, and best sovereign of that age, Saladin, Sultan of Egypt. Jerusalem fell almost without resistance, on the news of a battle at Tiberias, in which its two great orders of knighthood were nearly extinguished, and all the military barons from the west utterly destroyed. Saladin and his infidels treated the conquered with the tenderest humanity.—Far otherwise had the soldiers of Godfrey de Bouillon demeaned themselves at the taking of Jerusalem in 1099.

Monday, Oct. 3.

*St. Thomas, Bish. and Conf.**Sun rises 15m after 6—Sets 48m after 5.*

Oct. 3, 1692.—The surrender of Limerick, on the Shannon, in Ireland, on this day, to the forces of King William, put an end to the war in that country.



See page 179

Illustrated Article.

THE WHITE LADY ; A TALE OF THE HIGHLANDS.

WHOEVER has passed the old military road from the Black Mount to Fort William, will remember the deep secret corral which opens from the extremity of Kinloch-Leven. Surrounded by lofty precipices, it lies like a vast cauldron in the bosom of the hill, and it is only for two or three hours after noon, that the sun ever shines upon the little stream which murmurs along its bottom. Before the last century, its gloom was deepened by the forest of birch and pine trees which overhung the crags ; but, partially covered with short turf and deer's grass, it affords excellent pasture in the summer months. For this and its profound solitude, it was formerly the favourite haunt of the great stags at that season when they retire from the herds into the recesses of the mountains. Their passes were well known to the hunters of Lochabyr, and, at the twilight or full moon, the dark

figure of a deer-stalker might sometimes be seen watching behind the great stone of *Cean-glass*, or stealing down the deep hollow of *Sloch-dubh*.

It was on a bright still morning in February, that such a figure appeared, following the bank of the stream which descends from the corral. Though the sun had risen, the shade was still so deep under the mountain, that the green tartans of the Highlander were scarcely visible as they moved through the blue tint of the dewy heath, and at times he could only be distinguished by the motion of his long white purse and the little snowy speck of the cockade in his bonnet. At length his dark figure reached the gorge of the corral ; and as it passed into the sunshine, the light flashed brightly upon the long Spanish matchlock which he carried on his shoulder, and the dirk, pistols, and broadsword, which kept a continual glitter as he moved. The light now discovered the shaggy limbs of a large deer-greyhound, which followed at his foot, and sometimes stopped to stretch his nose to the wind, or prick his ear

at the forked thorns which shewed their grey, half-withered points among the cairns.

They had entered the parks which lie along the side of the lake, and were approaching the little peel-tower which then occupied the site of the present house of Kinloch, when suddenly the dog put his nose to the ground, and, raising his ears, tracked the path with increasing speed, till, all at once, he bounded forward, and disappeared in the winding of the ground. The hunter hastily unslung his matchlock, and, springing forward, glanced his keen eye to every bush and hollow from which the game might start.—Without, however, seeing any object, he came to the deep chasm where the stream falls over a lofty crag into a deep black pool overhung by birch-trees and aspens; but as he turned the rock which shuts in the ravine, he at once discovered the object which the dog had tracked.

By the edge of the pool stood a tall dark young man, wrapped in his plaid, and leaning on his deer-gun; his mantle was of the coarse thick tartan worn by a simple deer-stalker; but the broad eagle's wing, and tuft of heath in his bonnet, were distinctions which could be worn by none but a *dwine-uasal* of the clan Donnel. As he stood musing on the foaming water, he was roused by the dog, which bounded up the path, and, leaping on his breast, whined, howled, and saluted his cheek with his rough, dewy nose.

The young man received him with the caresses of an old friend, but, immediately looking round, hastened towards his master with the extended hand, and the exclamation, "*Foille, mo chalt fein!*"—"Welcome, my own foster-brother!")

The hunter returned his salutation with that mixture of affection and respect with which the inferior foster-brother regarded the superior. After the first words—"I fear, Kinloch, that I keep late tryst, since you are thus early abroad to meet me," said the hunter.

"No, Angus," replied the young laird, "you are before time; but it is I that am impatient to see you, upon an enterprise which will take all our space to concert. I returned last night from Loch Awe—"

"Loch Awe!" exclaimed the hunter, "and did you see the young lady of Fraoch-Elan?"

"No," replied Mac Donnel; "I had enough to escape the Campbells and

dubh-gaul, without crossing the laird of Mac Naughton, whose right hand is left unchristened to revenge his father's blood on me and mine. I saw red Duncan, however, who has not forgotten that I spared his life at Inverlochie: from him I learned that Beatrice is confined to the island, and that Allan Dubh Mac Allan has sworn by the holy rood that his daughter shall never cross the shore till she submits to give her hand to the Black Knight of Arcdonnel. Mac Lauchlin is unremitting in his endeavours to obtain her favour, but, during his visits to the island, she never leaves her room; at other times she often walks alone upon the narrow beach, and her white figure is seen standing on the little green rock above the water after the twilight has fallen."

"And is there never a bird on the lake would fly over the waves, and whistle a true song from the blue stone?" said Angus.

"I have a 'grey goshawk' would fly with 'Lord William's!'" replied Kinloch "Argyll is panic-struck by his defeat at Inverloch, and, expecting nothing less than to see Montrose at Inverara, has summoned all the chieftains who owe him service to bring their vassals to the castle on Saint Valent's day. By the help of Duncan, I have concerted a tryst with Beatrice; and on the evening after her father leaves the island, she will wait on the little *cladach* under the east rock. We must be on the lake an hour before sunset. Duncan will provide the boat, and I trust to you and your brothers to be in my aid."

"We are as the sword in your belt, and the gun on your shoulder," answered Angus.

As Kinloch was about to reply, his attention was drawn by the low restless growl of the dog, and, glancing down the ravine, he saw one of his men ascending the path with great haste. In a few minutes he reached the fall, and, without replying to the question of his master, delivered a small billet into his hand. As Kinloch glanced on the seal, his cheek became red as the collar of his crimson doublet, and, tearing open the paper, his eyes ran eagerly over the writing; but all at once his face changed deadly pale, and, turning suddenly to the attendant—

"Cross the larch with all your speed," said he; "warn Eachain Mor, and Donald Ladir and his brothers, to meet at the ferry of Glen Co' an hour before sunset; bid them bring their

mail-shirts and two-handed swords, and put balls in their pouches;—I shall wait you at Invercoe.”

Angus stood in silent amazement, while Kinloch gave some further brief instructions to his vassal; but as soon as he had left them, Mac Donnel put the letter into the hand of his foster-brother.

“Alan Mac Alan has discovered the tryst,” said he;—“Ardconnel is at Fraoch-Elan, and the bridal is fixed for to-morrow before vespers in the convent-church of Inishail.”

The clansman ran quickly over the fair but trembling lines which had been traced by the unsteady hand of Beatrice. “What will you do?” exclaimed he.

“That I know not yet,” replied Kinloch, “but there is not a moment to lose. Alan Dubh has not discovered the assistance of Duncan; and while we wait your brothers, we will take farther counsel with the black clerk of Kilmoray, whose silk gown and gray beard are often better than coat of mail and steel-winyard.”

Angus threw his matchlock over his shoulder, and his brother leading the way, they bounded into the ravine, and fording the brook, were lost under the copse-wood which descended to the tower.

The day began to close within the cloister of Inishail. The stained light faded in the narrow casements, and faintly touched the tall pillars and white figures of the tombs around the chancel. One by one the lamps appeared like twinkling stars through the dim and solitary aisle, and the black figures of the monks glided like shadows across the choir, and vanished at their stalls; but not a sound disturbed the profound stillness, except the faint hum of the water, and the slow toll of the vesper-bell, scarce audible within the building.

At length the bell ceased, the light was illuminated about the altar, the dark cowls of the monks appeared motionless in their stalls, and in a few moments, the white figure of the abbot, followed by the procession of friars, entered the aisle and passed towards the choir. The priests were scarce seated, when the faint sound of pipes peated through the cloisters; and as they gradually advanced, continued moving round the church with the wild thrilling clamour of a war-march.

The music stopped all at once, and,

in the succeeding pause, the heavy measured tramp of feet approached through the cloister, and suddenly the black shadows of an armed crowd entered the aisle. As they passed forward, the flutter of female drapery appeared beyond the dark tartans and blue mail; and the veiled figure of Beatrice, attended by a white train of bride-maidens, moved slowly towards the altar. Supported by their arms, the bride advanced like an inanimate shadow through the crowd of gazing monks and warriors. Her face was wholly covered by the veil of her white plaid, but, as she passed, the quick palpitation of her breath was visible on the mantle, and the hand which held it had the cold lifeless whiteness of death. Except from her place in the procession, she had not been distinguished among the rest of the female figures; for her dress had no other ornament than the simplest of her attendants, and the plaids drawn over their heads, discovered only the features of a few.

As the train approached the altar, the bride became visibly agitated, and once or twice her head moved as if her eyes glanced round for some object of hope or expectation; but there was none to meet them, except the black still figures of the monks; and as she drew her plaid closer to her face her slender fingers trembled like a leaf.

At length the crowd gathered before the altar, and the black knight, who had closed the procession with his own followers, advanced to the rail; but the bride never lifted her eyes, nor offered any reply to the few eager words which he whispered at her cheek. The abbot stepped down to the rail and opened the missal, Alan Mac Alan fixed his stern eye upon the bride, and all at once the deep voices of the monks began the chorus of the service. The bridesmaids fell on their knees before the rail, but the bride remained fixed and motionless, till Alan Dubh, taking her hand, signed to her to kneel, and she sank slowly down with the empty passiveness of an infant. The service proceeded without interruption, the *care cloath* was spread over the kneeling couple, the ring was placed on the finger of the bride, and the abbot was about to speak the final benediction, when several armed men rushed into the church, and, regardless of the sacred service, cried the alarm-cry of the Mac Naughtons, and, forcing their way towards the chiefs,—

“Alaister Mac Coll-cedach has come down Glèn O, with all Montrose’s Irish!” cried the foremost, “and is burning the lake-side down to the black wood of Arduitle!”

As he spoke, a dusk-red glimmer shone through the east windows of the church, like the glow of the setting sun. The organ and the choir stopped at once, and the whole bridal company, and many of the monks rushed towards the door. As soon as they passed the arch, they beheld the lights of burning houses, and pillars of glowing smoke glimmering through the distant darkness like a chain of watch-fires. Some of the conflagrations appeared as near as the crofts of Auchlian, and threw a dusky glimmer across the water, faintly touching the long black barges and confused figures of the armed men who were already hurrying into the boats, or launching them from the shore.

Alan Mac Alan and the Black Knight never quitted the hands of the bride, while the vassals and monks hastened the female attendants on board the barges. In the darkness and confusion, one of the bridesmaids was separated from her companions, and a group of monks who had been busy with their assistance, suddenly hurried her into a small skiff which lay beyond the rest, and before any could follow, leaped into the boat and pulled off from the shore.

For some moments the shallow kept her course with the crowd of barges, but by degrees she edged away, till their long black shadows disappeared one by one into the darkness. For a short time the splash of their oars could still be heard, but suddenly the boat changed her course, and, turning her head to the north, pulled straight across the lake. Not a word was spoken. Whether from alarm or ignorance of their direction, the lady made no observation nor inquiry; and as the black figures of the monks pulled at their oars, not a sound passed but the short dash of the strokes and the quick gurgle of the gliding boat.

The night was so still that every star twinkled in the black water, but their light was scarce sufficient to distinguish the pale figure of the bridesmaid in the stern of the boat; and it was only by a momentary shadow that the eye could discern the dark outline of a monk who sat beside her, and steered the skiff.

He kept the helm direct for the *Lettir-beann*, the ‘wide birch-wood

which covers the lower-half of Cruachan, and in less than an hour the broad red moon rose over Beann Luid, and showed the dark shadow of the forest and the tall silvery stems of the birch-trees above the shore. The boatmen redoubled their strokes at the sight, and at length the shallow grounded under the deep shadow of the wood. The monks leaped out on the beach, and the steersman, supporting the maiden from her seat, lifted her gently to the sand. As she descended, her plaid loosened from the brotche, and the breeze blowing back its hood, the faint moonlight glanced upon her face and illuminated the pale features of *Beatrice of Fraoch-Elan*. It was but a momentary blink, for a little white hand appeared from the fluttering mantle, and, drawing it close over her face, again confined it with the brotche.

The monk who had acted as steersman, now gave his arm to assist her from the shore; and as soon as the rest had drawn up the boat, they ascended the steep bank into the wood, and in a few paces reached the path which leads towards Glenurchy. They had not gone a bow-shot when one of the party gave a low whistle, and immediately a boy, mounted on a black Highland *garron*, rode out from among the bushes. The man who supported Beatrice asked a brief question, in a low voice; and at the reply the monks hastily unbraced their knotted cords, and, throwing off their gowns and hoods, discovered the armed figures of Ranaid of Kinloch and his five foster-brothers.

Each had a quilted acton and steel cap, a dirk and pistol at his belt, and the corch, or large black knife, concealed within his sleeve. There was a brief halt while they thrust their friars’ weed under the bushes; and Ranaid, hastily adjusting the pillion of the *garron*, lifted Beatrice to the seat. In a few moments they were ready to set forward; the *gille beg* proceeded in advance, to guide them through the darkness of the wood, and Ranaid, walking at the shoulder of the horse, was followed by the formidable guard of his foster-brothers, now completely armed with their match-locks and pistols, and the heavy two-handed swords which they had been obliged to leave for their disguise.

While Mac Donnel pursued his retreat along the north side of Loch Awe, Alaister Mac Coll pressed forward, with fire and sword, towards Inverara. The

numbers and valour of his celebrated legion left no thought for opposition, and the only consideration of Alan Dubh and the Black Knight was to remain secure within the walls of Fraoch-Elan. Their alarm, however, was chiefly excited for Beatrice; for though they had little apprehension that the objects of an inroad would incite an attack upon the fortalice, they much doubted lest the active and exasperated Kinloch should avail himself of the opportunity to attempt some enterprise to carry off his mistress. Continually expecting to see hosts appear through the darkness, the two chiefs sat on either side of the bride, with their hands on their swords, and never quitted her arms until they led her under the portcullis of Fraoch-Elan.

Ardconnel's heart bounded when he heard the heavy grate fall behind him; but the bridal company had scarce entered the hall, when he was summoned by Alan Dubh to concert preparations against the chance of an assault. Before he left the bride, he offered some hasty words of encouragement, which she heard with the same silence in which she had suffered the bridal ceremony; and the bridegroom, drawing back the plaid from her face, to offer a salute of consolation, suddenly started back at uncovering,—not the fair, pale features of Beatrice,—but the round ruddy cheeks of *dey* Margaret, her foster sister!

For a moment he gazed upon the apparition, looked to her slender figure, and stood confounded at the resemblance of shape and stature, which had enabled her so well to personate her mistress. But, suddenly seizing the wrist of the trembling maiden, he drew her forward after Mac Naughton.—“Alan Mac Alan!” cried he, fiercely, “here is a damnable treason!—and if with your knowledge, by St. Moray I will give light to your masking shall make the fire of Mac Colla like Friar Rush!”

Alan Dubh turned back, confounded at this address; but when he saw the face of Margaret under the plaid of his daughter, he uttered a shout of malediction, which was heard in the gate. Immediately he called for the warder, the irons, and his daughter, in one breath; and the terrified maidens hiding their faces behind each other, he ran from plaid to plaid, till, discovering the entire absence of Beatrice, and the presence but of *one* bridesmaid, the whole plot burst upon the con-

founded father and bridegroom. For several moments Mac Alan stood without speaking, but suddenly, “Malice!” said he, in a calm voice, “bring my hauberk, and let every man get on his arms.”

“Of what use are arms?” cried Ardconnel, contemptuously. “How shall we follow, who know not the road?—and, besides, she is doubtless fled to yonder sons of Satan, who are setting the fire of hell to your corns and crofts on the Loch side.”

“I care not for the road,” replied Alan; “wherever it is, it is with Rannald of Kinloch; and where should *his* road lie, but to his own fortalice? If they have taken the south side of the lake, they must make the round of the Mealach, or Glen Lochie, and we shall cut them off by the Glens, before they have crossed the Black Mount. If they are gone straight for Glen Co, we shall be but half an hour behind them; and it shall be hard but the deer's *chourra* shall overtake the silk slipper on Beann-Ani.”

Ardconnel gave a sullen acquiescence, but the whole tower was instantly filled with the clatter of mail and spear-staves; and in less than half an hour the long black line of barges, filled with gloves, hauberks, and steel bonnets, swept glittering through the moonlight water.

The bell of Caolchain struck midnight as they passed under the castle, and disembarked upon the level meadows of the Coish. The party was not fifty paces below the path from the Lettir-Beann, and the moon shone so bright that they could have seen the white figura of Beatrice at a bow-shot distant. For a moment the chiefs paused upon the brae, and gazed towards the wood; but immediately the long clinking line of hauberks and gloves filed into the narrow path, and marched rapidly towards Glenurcha.

To be concluded in our next.

THE BRIDE.
For the Olio.

Clad in that simple vesture, virgin white,
How beautiful, how heavenly she appears!
The robe itself an emblem of her innocence.
See! as she moves with trembling steps,
How may the feelings of the heart
Be read upon her face, alternate flush'd
With colour of the rose and the pale lily.
Then sometimes they meet, each holding power
O'er some delightful spot,—and yet,
So sweetly blending, that they seem
As if together they were form'd to reign!
She has left—her parents' fostering care,
The home of childhood—all she once held dear,
And with implicit confidence did give them up,
To link her fortunes with the man she loves.

Love is her whole existence ; her life and soul
Are given up to him ; whate'er his fortunes,
In good and ill report, she goes along,
The partner of his journey through the world,
And cheers him in his toil.

Oh ! how can man,
Seeing the prize he holds, injure the being
Who for him makes such a sacrifice !
Curst be the wretch (on whom such love is placed)
That withers up the feelings of the soul,
And breaks the heart by harsh unkindness !
May this bride, who, with her young companion,
Now has passed to the old church at distance
Down the vale, have the bright path to tread,
And be as blest as she deserves, with him
Who sacredly has sworn to love and cherish.

J.S.C.

PLAGUE OF 1665.

AMONG the manuscripts of Sir Hans Sloane, preserved in the British Museum, is one entitled "An Experimental Relation of the Plague, principally as it appeared in 1665, by William Boghurst, Apothecary, in St. Giles's in the Fields."—MS. Sloane. 394. It is a thin quarto volume, and was intended for publication by its author, as a General Treatise on the Disease. It contains numerous particulars, however, which at a moment when pestilence is depopulating some parts of Europe, may have an interest, more especially as it details facts which fell under the personal notice of the writer. De Foe's Journal of the Plague, published in 1722, as most readers are aware, was a pure fiction.

Speaking of the "Evil Signs or Presages of the Plague," the writer says,— "Among these were spots of different colours, hiccough, vomiting, carbuncles or buboes, shortness of breath, stoppage of urine, drowsiness and thirstiness, contraction of the jaws, and large and extended tumors. Almost all that caught the disease with fear, died with tokens in two or three days. About the beginning, most men got the disease with fuddling, surfeiting, over-heating themselves, and disorderly living.

Tokens appeared not much till about the middle of June, and carbuncles not till the latter end of July, but were very rife in the fall about September and October, and seized most on old people, adult choleric and melancholy people, and generally on dry and lean bodies. Children had none.

If very hot weather followed a shower of rain, the disease increased.

Those that married in the heat of this disease (if they had not had it before,) almost all fell into it in a week or fortnight after it, both in city and country, of which most died, especially the men.

Black men of thin and lean constitutions were heavy laden with this dis-

ease, and died, all that I saw, in two or three days. People of the best complexions and merry dispositions, had least of the disease ; and if they had it, fared the best under it. Pregnant females fared miserably. Strength of constitution was no safety. Death made the strongest assault upon strong bodies. All that I saw, that were let blood in the disease, if they had been sick two, three, four, five days, or more, died the same day. More of the good died than of the bad ; more men than women ; and more dull complexions than fair.

In the summer before the Plague, in 1664, there was such a multitude of flies, that they lined the insides of houses : and if any thread or string did hang down in any place, it was presently thick set with flies like a rope of onions, and swarms of ants covered the highways, that you might have taken a handful at a time. Also the small-pox was so rife in our parish, that betwixt the church and the pound in St. Giles's, which is not above six score paces, about forty families had the small-pox.

The Plague was ushered in with seven months' dry weather and westerly winds.

The Plague put itself forth in St. Giles's, St. Clement's, St. Paul's, Covent-garden, and St. Martin's, these three or four years, as I have been informed by the people themselves who had it in their houses in these parishes.

The Plague fell first upon the highest grounds ; for our parish is the highest ground about London, and the best air, yet was first infected. Highgate, Hampstead, and Acton also, all shared in it.

Many people, after a violent sweat, or taking a strong cordial, presently had the tokens come out, so that every nurse could say cochineal was a fine thing to bring out the tokens.

Those that died of the Plague died a very easy death generally ; first, because it was speedy ; secondly, because they died without convulsions. They did but of a sudden fetch their breath a little thick and short, and were presently gone. So that I have heard some say,— "How much am I bound to God, who takes me away by such an easy death !"

One friend growing melancholy for another, was one main cause of its going through a family, especially when they were shut up, which bred a sad apprehension and consternation on their spirits.

Many women giving suck freed them-

selves of the Plague by their children sucking it from them; but some continued well some days, sometimes weeks, and then fell into the disease after their children were dead.

The wind blowing westward so long together from before Christmas until July, about seven months, was the cause the Plague began first at the west-end of the city, as at St. Giles's, St. Martin's, Westminster. Afterwards it gradually insinuated and crept down Holborn and the Strand, and then into the city, and at last to the east-end of the suburbs; so that it was half a year at the west-end of the city before the east-end and Stepney were infected, which was about the middle of July. Southwark, being the south suburb, was infected almost as soon as the west-end.

The disease spread not altogether by contagion at first, nor began at only one place, and spread further and further, as an eating, spreading sore doth all over the body, but fell upon several places of the city and suburbs like rain, even at the first, as St. Giles's, St. Martin's, Chancery Lane, Southwark, Houndsditch, and some places within the city, as at Procter's Houses.

At page 26, the author states himself to have been bold and courageous in the exercise of his profession during the Plague. He says, he rendered himself familiar with the disease, knowing that to do good he must be neither nice nor fearful. He says he drest forty sores a day; and held the pulses of some patients sweating in the bed half a quarter of an hour together, to give judgment, and inform himself of variations. He let blood, gave glisters, though but to few, held them up in their beds, to keep them from strangling and choking, half an hour together; commonly suffered their breathing in his face several times when they were dying; ate and drank with them; sat down by their bed-sides and upon their beds, discoursing with them an hour together, when he had time, and stayed by them to see them die, and the manner of their death, and closed up their mouths and eyes:—"then," he adds, "if people had nobody to help them (for help was scarce at such a time and place) I helped to lay them forth out of the bed, and afterwards into the coffin, and, last of all, accompanied them to the grave."

At page 86, he says, "Old people that had the disease, many of them were not sick at all; but they that were sick, almost all died. I had one patient fourscore and six years old."

Of all the common hackney prostitutes of Lutener's Lane, Dog Yard, Cross Lane, Baldwin's Gardens, Hatton Garden, and other places, the common criers of oranges, oysters, fruit, &c. all the impudent, drunken, drabbing bayles and fellows, and many others of the Rouge Route, there are but few missing.

Authors speak of several kinds of Plagues, which took only children, others maids, others young people under thirty; but this of ours took all sorts, yet it fell not very thick upon old people till about the middle or slack of the disease, and most in the decrease and declining of the disease.

Cats, dogs, oxen, horses, sheep, hogs, conies, all wild-beasts, hens, geese, pigeons, turkeys, &c., and all wild-fowl, were free from infection.

"Great doubting and disputing there is in the world," says this author,— "whether the Plague be infectious or catching or not; because some think if it were infectious, it would infect all, as the fire heats, and heats all it comes near; but the Plague leaves as many as it takes: thus are they gravelled at such arguments, and cannot solve their doubts; and Van Helmont thinks all people catch it by fear; and generally every one is apt to judge by his experience; for if they have been in never so little danger, and yet have escaped without catching it, they presently think the disease not infectious; and if any one may draw his conclusion from this, I have as much reason almost as any to think it is not infectious, having passed through a multitude of continual dangers *cum summo vitæ periculo*, being employed all day till ten o'clock at night, out of one house into another, dressing sores, and being always in the breath and sweat of patients, without catching the disease of any, through God's protection; and so did many nurses who were in the like danger; yet I count it to be the most subtle infectious disease of any, and that all catch it not by fear neither, (though this doth much, as Helmont thinks,) for then children and confident people would not have the disease; but we see many of them also have it, and children especially, most of any."

A general flux, with vomiting and griping, followed next summer after the Plague, Anno 1666. This flux seized on all sorts of people. *Metropolitan.*

THE BEAUTY OF AVIGNON.

For the Olio.

"But the richest gem in the collection was a picture of Laura d' Sade, the celebrated mistress of Petrarch."
Letters from Avignon.

It is a face of love and light,
Whose angel beauty seem'd of heaven,
Almost too saintly and too bright
To be to earthly being given!
Yet who could look upon that face,
And wish it not of mortal race!
The violet and the laurel twin'd
With pearls amid her silken tresses,
Whose golden ringlets, scarce confin'd,
Pour'd from the clasping wreaths caresses,
In curls that seem of subueans wove,—
Whom do they speak her?—Petrarch's love!

The lady of his lyre!—the sun
Of his youth's hopes!—the beautiful!
The ever worshipp'd, though unwon—
The light time's self can never dull
The loved and loveliest of her clime!
The young heart's idol through all time!

The enshrined in song—the most sweet name
In the old tales of love,—undying
As her own sacred tree of fame—
The beauty—Love in deifying
Render'd immortal as the strain
Of him who worshipp'd her in vain!

She leans upon a marble urn,
And one round, snowy arm reposes
In jewell'd beauty half amid
The vase's crimson cloud of roses:
And at her feet a lyre, to prove
The homage of her minstrel love!

She seems as if she paused apart
From the gay throng a placid minute;
And that calm smile of lip and heart
Has more than festal brightness in it;
As if o'er her sweet face there stole
The radiance of her stainless soul.

The sparkling light of many a gem
O'er her white neck and vesture glancing—
The pearl and flower-wreath'd diadem—
All shed around that form, entrancing
The gorgeous magnificence,*
That check'd the poet's eloquence;

And made him gaze on her afar,
With an enrapt and pure devotion,
As he had singled out a star,
And offer'd up, with vain emotion,
His heart, with all its vows and sighs,
An unaccepted sacrifice

To the chaste lady of his heart—
Laura! the name that cannot perish,
While deathless love and minstrel art
Have but one votary left to cherish
The memory of that poet's fate—
The faithful, yet the desolate!

E. S. CRAVEN.

THE ORIGIN OF BEEFSTEAK EATING.

THE discovery of the chief sources of human enjoyment have all been attributed to some fabulous origin in the ancient world. Corn, wine, oil, music, and a multitude of similar things have all been ushered in by some antique tale. But some have had in later times a sort of second birth. The story of that important feature of the Englishman's happiest dinner, the beef-steak, was thus given in the middle ages.

Lucius Plaucus, a Roman of rank,

* "The richness of Laura's attire, and her personal charms, seem'd to make her appear a being only to be worshipp'd."—*Petrarca.*

was ordered by the Emperor Trajan, for some offence, to act as one of the menial sacrificers to Jupiter: he resisted, but was at length dragged to the altar. There the fragments of the victim were laid upon the fire, and the unfortunate senator was forcibly compelled to turn them. In the process of roasting, one of the slices slipped off the coals, and was caught by Plaucus in its fall. It burned his fingers, and he instinctively thrust them into his mouth. In that moment he had made the grand discovery, that the taste of a slice thus carbonadoed was infinitely beyond all the old, soddened cookery of Rome. A new expedient to save his dignity was suggested at the same time; and he at once evinced his obedience to the emperor by seeming to go through the sacrifices with due regularity, and his scorn of the employment, by turning the whole ceremony into a matter of appetite. He swallowed every slice; deluded Trajan, defrauded Jupiter, and invented the beefsteak. A discovery of this magnitude could not be long concealed: the sacrifices began to disappear with a rapidity and satisfaction to the parties too extraordinary to be unnoticed. The priests of Jupiter adopted the practice with delight, and the King of Olympus must have been soon starved if he depended on any share of the good things of Rome. The phenomenon at length attracted Trajan himself: he was a man of that indignant virtue, which hangs the criminal for the purpose of reforming him. The chief priest of Jupiter, and all his subordinates, were condemned to the halter. This venerable personage was a man of ancient years, of imperturbable gravity, and had the most prodigious and saintly length of beard in Rome. Trajan felt some human compunctions at the loss of a high-priest with such a holy prodigy hanging at his chin, but his word was irrevocable, and if he had ten times the length of beard he must be hanged. The emperor, however, did him the last honour, that of attending the ceremony. All Rome was on foot: there never had been any thing so melancholy since the death of the Emperor Titus the beloved, and the interest made by the Roman matrons of the first rank, to get conspicuous places in the Coliseum, was unequalled. How the high-priest would be clothed, whether he would be hanged or decapitated, and in the latter case have his beard or his head cut off first, were the whole conversation of the highest circles for a week, and the ladies

of the senators, and the royal family, wept and laid wagers on their own opinions of the matter, from morning till night. During the entire day before nothing was done but driving from place to place, to make bets on the length of time the holy criminal would take in dying, to hurry the robe-makers for new dresses for the ceremony, and to join their tears in weeping for the handsomest wearer of the handsomest beard, ever since the arrival of the ambassador from the Parthian king.

The day came, and the Coliseum was crowded to the highest bench, with all the youth and beauty of the metropolis of the world; the costumes magnificent, the gold and jewels incalculable, the loveliness divine, and the tears, only awaiting the beginning of the sacrificial song to fall in showers.

The ceremony at length commenced, and the high-priest, looking more venerationably handsome than ever, advanced to be hanged. Virgins and matrons rose on tiptoe, that they might not lose a single feature of a ceremonial, against which even the presence of Trajan himself could not prevent them from more than murmuring, as the most barbarous act of his reign, though they acknowledged that the general ceremony was worthy of imperial magnificence. In short, all were terribly interested, all miserable, and all delighted.

Trajan now approached, and the high-priest supplicated that he might be allowed to finish his career as he had begun it, by sacrificing to Jupiter. The last request of so high a servant of the state could not be refused. The altar was loaded with fire, the victim was laid on it in the accustomed pieces, and the ceremony was performed in the most perfect style. At its close the high-priest presented a fragment of the offering to the emperor, humbly entreating that he would but put it to his lips, as an evidence that he bore no personal resentment against the sufferer. Trajan complied, tasted it, and the slice, to the universal wonder, instantly disappeared. Another, and another followed. The ministers of the scaffold were still delayed. The matrons and virgins began to be impatient for the conclusion of the ceremony. At length, the whole vast assembly rose, and with loud outcries demanded how long they were to be disappointed? The emperor returned from the altar, and with a look that expressed all the offended dignity of the master of the world, resumed his seat upon his throne. Then with the

high-priest at his right hand, said—“Romans, clamourers against my imperial will, rebels against him who is a god on earth, bow your heads to the dust and be silent. Know the temptation before you adjudge the crime. The high-priest has given away only to an irresistible pleasure. Now you, in your ignorance, call him an offender against the laws of nature. I invite him to dine with me to-day. To-morrow, there shall be a public banquet, at which every dweller in Rome shall taste what I have tasted to-day; and on the third you will be erecting, in every street of Rome, statues to the great discoverer.”—All was so said and so done, and the Beef-steak was immortalized. *Mon. Mag.*

A TALE OF ELD.

For the Ollo
Continued from page 164.

In a lofty and spacious apartment of Hildobrand Hall, sat the much dreaded knight himself,—a tall, powerful-looking man, somewhat advanced in years, though his carriage was as firm and stately as it had been in his earliest youth. His face wore a stern and rather sinister expression that instantly struck the beholder with fear and dislike; his head was almost bald, and his brow was marked with several long deep furrows, the works of close and incessant study, more than the trace of time. Behind the knight's chair, stood his favorite slave Octar, erect and with his arms folded on his breast. His beautiful and gigantic form, of ebon blackness, was arrayed in a buff shape, leaving, however, the arms, neck, and legs entirely bare, and a small, loose jacket of crimson velvet, sprinkled profusely with gold flowerings, sandals, turban, heavy gold rings clasping his throat and wrists, and a dagger of exquisite workmanship, stuck in a belt, finished his equipment.

It was the morning which succeeded the events we have just narrated. Sir Hildobrand was perusing a pamphlet, wherein he seemed deeply interested, though a close observer might have seen at once that his thoughts had other matter for digestion. His eyes wandered occasionally around the room, as if his mind was in a state of deep perplexity and incertitude. He at length arose, threw the book aside, and called—“What ho! who waits?”

A vassal appeared.

“Where's Moncton?—hath he been seen?”

"He's below, your worship."

"Ha! good, send him hither. I will now tax him closely, and if I find he hath played me false, let him look to the consequences. Octar—thou art true to thy master?"

The slave replied with flashing eyes, and an appeal to the hilt of his dagger, which satisfied Sir Hildobrand more than words could have done. Moncton entered, and with a bold and dignified air confronted his angry lord. The knight seated himself, compressed his lips, and while his visage assumed its most odious expression, he thus began: "So, sirrah, what am I to think o' this goodly work o' thine?"

"If, Sir Hildobrand, you allude to the occurrence of last night," said Moncton, calmly, "think of it as you best please. I rendered assistance to a man overpowered by numbers, a friendship that I should have rendered to any in the like situation."

"And the man ye aided—ha!—"

"Is the foe of Sir Hildobrand Wendor, yet I befriended him. I could not forget the honesty of my nature."

"Look ye, Moncton," said the knight, sternly, "ye have dealt falsely with me—that I will overlook, so ye tell me where he hides."

"I know not," replied Moncton.

"Slave, thou liest!—hark ye, sirrah, tell it i' the instant,—reveal to me his lurking-place; ye know I'm not to be trifled with."

"Sir Hildobrand, I have said I know it not."

"'Tis well," returned his master, and glanced significantly at the slave, who instantly seized Moncton in his herculean grasp.—"To Harmene's dungeon with him!"

"Ha—hold—one moment; send me not there; wherever else ye will—but not there."

"Confess, then!"

"Malicious demon, never!"

"Hence with him!"—Moncton was dragged off.—"So—now to other matters. Gilbert Mowton hath arrived;—'tis well, he shall have the girl, and I am rid of her. But how to dispose of this other torment—this basilisk in my path? I tremble while he breathes;—would I knew his covert—Moncton knows it; ha! by Heaven, the slave shall tell it!—I'll have it from him if I have him torn asunder inch by inch! Who comes? Evelina, still so gloomy, girl! Come, come,—away with this grief: look blooming—thy husband hath arrived."

"Husband, Sir Hildobrand?"

"Ay, girl, that is he who shall be so—I mean Master Gilbert Mowton."

"Know, Sir Hildobrand, that I will welcome death sooner. Never shall this hand be given to Gilbert Mowton! Leave, me the free disposal of my person, I beseech ye; though you have usurped my fortune, you have no claim to that."

"Proud girl! beware how thou urgest me," cried Sir Hildobrand, passionately grasping her wrist, "I tell thee, Gilbert Mowton or abject beggary is thine—take which thou list."

"Anything is welcome, rather than thy savage tyranny," answered she.

The knight looked around him with kindling eyes, and seemed as he could have stabbed her on the spot. He threw her hand violently from him—and, in so doing, a billet chanced to fall unheeded from her bosom. Sir Hildobrand quickly caught it up, bade her retire, and read as follows:—

"Dearest Evelina, —To-morrow night, at eleven, expect me beneath thy chamber-window: thy rescue may be effected with ease. Fail not, as you value the existence of your ever-constant
LIONEL.

"A priest awaits at the chapel-ruins, to unite us for ever."

"So, so—this falls out well. To-night at eleven—hum—it will be moonless; Master Mowton may be well taken for Lionel, and so drops my prey at once into my grip. Holy Mary! this is excellent—I'll to Mowton straight, give him most hearty welcome, and counsel him of his enterprize."

"Look ye, fair sir," said Radleigh to Mowton, as they walked forth into the garden, after their conference with Sir Hildobrand, "I have had some proof o' this love matters in my day, and trust me, on my knowledge thereof, that it is a brainless and a witless act in a lover's approaching his mistress, without he go armed with a sonato, or a duetto, or the like; for what says Will Shakespeare!—ha!—says he not that music is the food o' love? Wherefore I say, serenade her,—and do't bravely. Look you, sir, were you in Spain, or in Naples, or in Venice, or in many other parts beside, and there neglected to treat your mistress with a nightly serenade—yea, though it rained vengeance—'s life! you would offend past pardon. Therefore, I advise thee, be poetical—woo the muses, mine Orpheus, and trust me, thou shalt thrive."

"Psha!" said Mowton, "thou well know'st I have no skill in such craft."

"Why, now, lo you there! Mass! I could serenade you from morn to midnight, and from midnight to morn again—yea, as easily as I could drink sack."

"In faith, I do not think 'twill win upon her—she is so beauteous."

"Out upon't, why thou'rt! a very coward in the lists of beauty. Couragio, man! be bold—pluck up—look cheerly. Not win upon her!—ha!—what said Sir Hildobrand!—said he not that she doth prize such wooing? 'Sdeath! take heart: beauteous—why thou wouldst not have her a Medusa—praise her, man—flatter her—say she hath charms past mortal, and she is in thine arms. Flattery be thine aim; what woman can resist it—ha!"

"But, in sooth, gentle Hector, I have no skill in rhyming."

"Come, come, sir, let not that affect you; an' that were all, I could fashion you some score of sonatos myself—as thus—let me devise—it should be ardent and eloquent. Aha! I hav't—"

By the valiant Hector, lady,
By the immortal gods that made ye,
By thy dazzling eyes so jetty,
I swear thou'rt most infernal pretty;
By thy form so straight and taper,—

Straight and taper—straight and—
I—I—"

Here the worthy captain paced impatiently to and fro, now beating his brow, and now halting with folded arms, vainly endeavouring to hammer out a rhyme with "taper."

"Psha! psha!" he at length pettishly exclaimed, "an' 'twere not for the measure, I could run you on for an hour together: thus it is that so many a brilliant idea must be thrown away for the sake o' rhyme. I cannot cramp you up my thoughts an' my life depended on it. But come, no matter, I'll have you one fashioned by night. So, for the present, mon cavaliero, adio!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

A GLANCE FROM A HOOD.

A Coronation Lay.

He comes, he comes! the news afar
Is spread by gun and steeple;
He seems (what many princes are)
The Father of his People.

That echoing cheer—it rises higher,
And seems to reach the stars;
No Life-Guard escort he requires
Who meets with such *Huzzas!*

A poet-King; nay, do not scoff;
The Monarch bath his *Mess;*
Like those whose pensions he cuts off,
He's followed by the *Bluss.*

Yet some our King and Queen must hate,
For see, besides a star,
Their houses they illuminate
With—"W. A. R.!"

He's near the Abbey; on the air
The guns their echoes threw;
And now the bishops make him swear
To mind *their* caasons too.

That organ seems on *ours* to play,
As if our love to nourish;
Be ruin'd by reform who may,
Those trumpeters must *flourish.*

A crown is brought, they make him King;
A King! why they mistake;
Two crowns, each child must know the thing,
But *half* a sovereign make.

Well, he is ours; along the way
He hears his people's vow;
And as he goes, he seems to say,
"Your *Bill* is passing now!"

New Mon. Mag.

BREVITIES.

DRINKING, with a view to heighten natural good-spirits, is like attempting to improve the natural fragrance of the rose by smearing it with pomatum.

A benevolent man would not so much wish for the lever of Archimedes to move the world itself, as for a moral lever that would enable him to lift its inhabitants one degree near to heaven; and this glorious privilege every such man does in a degree possess. His example operates as a strong arm, stretched out to raise his fellows to the eminence he has reached himself.

In the heathen mythology, Diana was twin-born with Apollo—a useful hint to poets of the luxuriant class.

It is a severe satire on mankind to say that prosperity is more difficult to bear than adversity. The maxim implies a natural meanness or malignity in those to whom it is applicable; for if a man has but the habitual wish to diffuse happiness, what more does he require to make his prosperity a blessing to himself and all about him!

Fame, like money, can never be enjoyed while we are obliged to dun the world for it. That only is worth having which comes unasked.

Genius is the wand of an enchanter; talent, the strength of a giant.

Continuing the game-laws in order to induce country-gentlemen to reside on their estates, reminds one of Master Billy enticed to school by his tender parents, with a promise that, if he is a good boy and minds his book, he shall kick the cat about when he comes home.

The Genius of Astronomy, with his starry wand, has effectually shivered the fortress of Superstition—shivered, but not destroyed;—almost every one possesses a piece of the ruin as a sort of relic; but it can never be re-united

as a place of strength to overawe the nations. Where Newton is freely studied and believed, we shall have no more religious wars.

Nations are sometimes, though rarely, ungrateful; but they much oftener commit the folly of being grateful infinitely overmuch. Let them beware of this! it is wasting one of the most precious streams, that Providence has ordained to fructify human genius and benevolence. *Mon. Mag.*

Illustrations of History.

ARCHITECTURE.

By J. Britton, F. S. A.

Concluded from p. 173.

Anglo-Roman—The buildings erected by the Romans in England do not appear to have been distinguished for grandeur of form or size, or for elegance of architectural decoration. Their villas, of which there are many remains, had all the apartments and offices on the ground floor: that at Woodchester, in Gloucestershire, the most magnificent yet discovered in Britain, was probably of wood, stone and brick. The principal features in the remains of these villas are the tessellated pavements, and the flues by which the apartments and baths were heated. Among the remains of Roman architecture in Britain are the ruined Pharos and Church in Dover Castle; a gateway at Lincoln; Hadrian's wall, from Newcastle to Carlisle; the Jewry wall at Leicester; part of the walls at York, St. Albans, Richborough, Silchester, &c., and Brixworth church, Northamptonshire. These exhibit evidences of the manner of constructing, and the materials used in their durable edifices.

The *Anglo-Saxon* was a corruption or deterioration of the Roman architecture. Bede, Alcuin, Gildas, and other old writers, mention buildings of the Anglo-Saxon age; but they are not sufficiently explicit in terms to convey very satisfactory information. With their domestic architecture we are wholly unacquainted. In the seventh century, according to Eddius, Bishop Wilfrid built a church at Hexham, Northumberland, "superior to any edifice on this side of the Alps." Richard, prior of Hexham, about 1189, notices the church as consisting of three stories, one of which must have been similar to our triforium. In the time of Edward the Confessor, material improvements were made in Christian

architecture, and it is believed that some arches of his church at Westminster are remaining.

Anglo-Norman Architecture may be known by the numerous specimens of this workmanship remaining in the cathedrals of Winchester, Canterbury, Rochester, Durham, Norwich, &c. It has been described by contemporary chroniclers, William of Malmesbury, Gervase of Canterbury, and other monastic chroniclers.

Pointed Architecture includes a peculiar and very numerous class of buildings, which branches into many varieties, both in its general form and extent, and in its diversified adornment. Commencing about the middle of the twelfth century, it continued to prevail in almost every nation of Europe till the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the neglected Roman orders were revived and adopted. The term *Pointed Architecture* applies to a great variety of buildings, and several names have been given to each variety. The earliest specimens of the pointed style occur, intermixed with the semicircular, in the Anglo-Norman church of Barfreston, Kent; in the church of Buildwas Abbey, Shropshire, founded in 1135; at Saint Cross, near Winchester, in progress at the same period; and in the west front of the priory church of Dunstable, Bedfordshire. A rapid advance in this style took place in the reign of Henry II, as exemplified in the pointed arch and vaulting of the choir of Trinity chapel, and of Becket's crown in Canterbury Cathedral, erected between 1175 and 1184. Other specimens of the same period are observable in the Inner Temple Church, London; and in Lincoln and Durham Cathedrals, than the latter of which no edifice is better calculated to display the transition from the Anglo-Norman to the Pointed style. In the reign of Henry III. this style attained its highest perfection in the cathedral of Salisbury, and in the eastern part of the Abbey Church, at Westminster. The former is remarkable for uniformity and symmetry of proportion, and arrangement of parts, and is the only large church completed from one design in this country. Westminster Abbey Church, from its eastern extremity to the entrance of the nave, was entirely rebuilt by Kings Henry III. and Edward I., and exhibits the Pointed style more graceful in its proportions, more ornamental in its details, more scientific in its principles, and lighter and more impressive in its effects, than

at any former period. From the beginning of the reign of Edward I. to that of the long reign of Edward III. pointed architecture attained its climax of excellence. During that period it abounds with grace, beauty, and almost endless variety. Richness of decoration, without exuberance, is its character, whilst science and skill are manifested in every part of a construction. The form of the arch then principally used admitted of an equilateral triangle being inscribed between the crowning point of the arch and its points of springing. Examples of this class may be found in the chapel of the Virgin, built between 1308 and 1326, at Saint Albans; at Exeter, commenced in 1280, and completed 1369; at Ely, in the priory chapel, erected between 1321 and 1340; and at St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, constructed by Edward III., between 1320 and 1348. In the reigns of Edward I. and II. a great advance, both in intricacy and elegance of design, is evident, particularly in the richly-sculptured corbels, in the diversity of subjects ornamenting the key-stones or bosses, and in the variety of patterns in the tracery of the windows: those in Exeter Cathedral are peculiarly diversified. Within this period, the spire was very generally adopted. Of corresponding time and class are the beautiful monumental crosses in honour of Queen Eleanor, at Geddington, Northampton, and Waltham cross. The Sepulchral memorials of the same era exhibit many fine examples of the richness which distinguished the pointed style. Another period (advancing in decoration), carries us to the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII., and exhibits a complete alteration both in the prominent features and in the ornamental forms of this style: it is generally called the Tudor style, and, by Mr. Rickman, the perpendicular. Striking parts in the buildings of this era are the horizontal lines of the door-ways, the embattled transoms of the windows, and the vast pendants "hanging in the air," which, from their immense weight, seem calculated rather to draw down than to support the vaults they ornament. One of the first examples is the north front of Westminster Hall, erected between 1395 and 1399; and the next is King's College Chapel, Cambridge, commenced by Henry VI. about 1443, "one of the most magnificent triumphs of architectural science in the kingdom." The collegiate chapel of St. George, at Windsor, completed about the tenth year of

Henry VIII., and Henry VIII's chapel at Westminster, then follow, and exhibit a profuse increase of masonic and sculptural decoration. The latter chapel is styled by Leland the "*miracle of the world*;" and however extravagant that eulogium may appear, there is probably no other edifice on the globe in which such profound geometrical skill has been displayed, mingled with such luxuriance of ornament. "It would seem, indeed, as though the architect had intended to give to stone the character of embroidery, and enclose his walls in the meshes of lace-work," so profuse and delicate is the tracery throughout the exterior and interior of this royal chapel and mausoleum.

After this period pointed architecture declined: of which Bath Abbey Church is, though not wholly a departure from the character and forms of preceding buildings, an evidence. To investigate the peculiarities of Christian architecture below this period would be foreign to the present work; but all its beauties were superseded by the heterogeneous forms of a debased Italian or Roman style, which prevailed in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.
— M. W. of Windsor.

KNIGHTS BANNERET.—The appellation given to an ancient order of knighthood. The making a banneret consisted in the promotion of a knight bachelor, by honouring him with a square banner, instead of a streamer, and thus placing common knights and esquires under his command. Part of the ceremony was cutting off the end of the streamer, thereby making it a square banner. This order, the origin of which is not exactly known, is first noticed in our history in the year 1347, when Copeland, governor of Roxburgh Castle, having taken with his own hand David, king of Scotland, prisoner, was made knight banneret by Edward III. who was then laying siege to Calais, and to whom Copeland had repaired to make his excuses for not having delivered up his prisoner to Queen Matilda. The last person who was made Banneret was Sir John Smith, by Charles I. in the action at Edgehill, for rescuing the royal standard. A knight banneret created by the king in person ranks, by 5 Rich. II., next after barons, and has precedence before the younger sons of viscounts.

R.J.

INTEMPERANCE.—According to the

last report of the American temperance society, there are in the United States 200,000 paupers—150,000 of whom, it could be clearly shewn, were reduced to poverty by intemperance.

THE DERIVATION OF SENESCHAL.—A correspondent to the 'Gent.'s Mag.' for the present month, states that he is convinced "that the true derivation of the word is from *Gesinde*, signifying household or family; and *Schalk*, which now certainly means a knave, rogue, or crafty person, but which, like knave and craft, may have acquired a dishonourable meaning which did not originally belong to it, and probably implied one who was skilful in superintending the various crafts of the servants under him, including the crafts and mysteries of the bakers, butchers, cooks, &c. which agrees with the Seneschal's early character of major-domo, maitre-d'hotel, and house steward."

THE PROVERB "TOUCH AND TAKE," seems to relate to a rule in France during the feudal ages, by which Jews were forbidden to touch meat in the markets, unless they bought it—so great was the detestation in which they were held.

THE EFFECTS OF SOARING TOO HIGH.—Giambattista Dante, a mathematician of Prussia in the 15th century, was surnamed the second Dædalus, because he invented artificial wings. Having succeeded in some experiments over the Thrassimene lake, he exhibited himself at Russia; but the iron joints of one of his wings giving way, he fell on a church and broke his leg. He was cured, however, by some able surgeons, and became afterwards professor of mathematics at Venice.

SCHILLER, THE GERMAN POET, addressed a memorial to the National Convention, in favour of Louis XVI. At a later period, the same assembly decreed him a diploma of French citizenship, as a compliment to his republican tragedy of 'William Tell.' Owing to the war with Germany, it could not be forwarded, and when the peace arrived, and the document was sent, all the persons who had signed it had perished in the storms of the revolution.

THE TREMBLING OF THE ASPEN LEAF.—The shaking propensities of the leaf of this tree are proverbial. By some it is supposed to proceed from the leaf-stalks being flattened at the end; but that is common to other poplars, whose leaves are not so restless. Dr. Stokes ascribes it to the plane of the long leaf-stalk being at right angles with that of

the leaf; thus allowing a freer motion than they could have had if the planes had been parallel. Dr. Aikin attributes it to the length and slenderness of the leaf-stalks; but the Highlanders set the question at rest at once,—they believe that the cross of Christ was made of this tree, and that therefore the tree can never rest. They can scarcely be conscience-stricken, for the cross could not have been made of the leaves; perhaps they struggle to escape from the wicked wood on which they grow. It has been maliciously affirmed, that of the leaves of the Aspen were made womens' tongues, "which seldom cease wagging."

Customs of Various Countries.

SINGULAR ORNAMENT AMONG THE INDIANS OF SOUTH AMERICA.—Their females have a singular method of ornamenting themselves. They bore a hole through the under lip, as low down towards the chin as possible, and stick several long thorns in the aperture, with the points projecting outwards. Observing that several of the tribe had decorated their lips with common pins, I gave one of the squaws a few that I happened to have in my possession. She immediately called to her a girl of about twelve years old, (apparently her daughter,) who had not as yet been distinguished by this ornament; pierced her lip, with equal indifference and dexterity, with a sharp instrument made of an aligator's tooth, and placed the pins in the orifice. The poor girl bore this operation with great patience; and appeared to be perfectly consoled by the possession of her newly acquired ornament, for the pain it must have given her.

HUMILIATING CUSTOM OBSERVED BY THE PERSIANS.—When Edward III. captured Calais, the six principal citizens presented to him the keys of the town, with ropes round their necks.—That this was a Persian custom, appears from Herodotus; he informs us, that "on the tenth day after the surrender of the citadel of Memphis, Psammetitus, the Egyptian king, who had reigned no more than six months, was, by order of Cambyses, ignominiously conducted, with other Egyptians, to the outside of the walls, and by way of trial of his disposition, thus treated:—His daughter, in the habit of a slave, was sent with a pitcher to draw water: she was accompanied by a number of young women, clothed in the same garb, and

selected from families of the first distinction. They passed with much and loud lamentation, before their parents, from whom their treatment excited a correspondent violence of grief: but when Psammenitus beheld the spectacle, he merely declined his eyes upon the ground; when this train was gone by, the son of Psammenitus, with two thousand Egyptians of the same age, were made to walk in procession, with ropes round their necks, and bridles in their mouths.

Anecdotes.

SPANISH HYPERBOLE.—A Spanish preacher discoursing on the temptation, exclaimed, "Happily for mankind the lofty Pyrenees hid this delightful country of Spain from the eyes of the Redeemer, else the temptation had been too strong for the blessed Lord."

AN INQUISITIVE SERVANT.—Talleyrand had a confidential servant excessively devoted to his interests, but withal superlatively inquisitive. Having one day intrusted him with a letter, the Prince watched his faithful valet from the window of his apartment, and with some surprise observed him coolly reading the letter *en route*. On the next day a similar commission was confided to the servant, and to the second letter was added a postscript, couched in the following terms:—"You may send a verbal answer by the bearer: he is perfectly acquainted with the whole affair, having taken the precaution to read this previously to its delivery."—Such a postscript must have been more effective than the severest reproaches.

HOW TO JUDGE POETRY.—A party, among whom were Arthur Murphy and some of the "Wits about Town," were dining at a tavern in Fleet-street, when two of them oddly began to quarrel about two poems which they were on the point of publishing. To appease the controversy, Murphy recommended a deputation to Johnson, to decide a bet, as to which was the superior work.—The deputation waited on the doctor, who, though surprised at dinner, was at length induced to listen to the statement of the affair. "What depends on my decision?" said he. "Five guineas," was the answer. "Give me the poems," said Johnson. He ran his eye down them, and reckoning the lines, made his award. "Gentlemen," said he, solemnly, "poetry does not always differ from real life. It is a right principle, of two evils to choose the lesser. Both

poems are as bad as poems can be;—therefore the *shorter* has won the wager."

ECCENTRICITY.—A Spaniard perched his house on the summit of the Sierra Morena; on being asked, "why he preferred that place of clouds, storms and solitude?" he said, "that he was tired of mankind, and the clouds hid mankind from him; that he was tired of his wife's tongue, and that the storms drowned her talk; and as to the solitude, he could not be solitary, who had the angels for his next door neighbours."

A LITTLE SEVERE.—It is related by Boswell, that, on the 2nd of May, 1778, he and Johnson dined with a numerous company at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, when the doctor attacked Boswell with such rudeness at some imaginary offence, that the latter shunned his society for a considerable time afterwards. Boswell has omitted to inform us of the particular nature of the offence, but attributes it to Johnson's ill-humour, resulting from the company's paying less attention to him than he was in the habit of receiving. Lord Wellesley, however, has communicated to Mr. Croker the following account of the cause of this quarrel, which probably Boswell's mortified pride would not permit him to do:—"Boswell, one day at Sir Joshua's table, chose to pronounce a high-flown compliment on the wits of Queen Ann's reign; and exclaimed, "How delightful it must have been to have lived in the society of Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay and Bolingbroke! We have no such society in our days!"—*Sir Joshua*—"I think, Mr. Boswell, you might be satisfied with your great friend's conversation." *Johnson*—"Nay, sir, Boswell is right; every man wishes for preferment, and if Boswell had lived in those days, he would have obtained promotion." *Sir Joshua*—"How so, sir?" *Johnson*—"Sir, he would have had a high place in the *Dunciad*!"—This anecdote Lord Wellesley heard from Mr. Thomas Sydenham, who received it from Mr. Knight, on the authority of Sir Joshua Reynolds himself."

THE SUN IN A BAD WAY.—Some astronomers, who had been making observations, thought they perceived several spots in the sun. Voitiere happened shortly afterwards to be in a company, where he was asked if there were any news? "None," said he; "but that I hear very bad reports of the sun."

Diary and Chronology.

Tuesday, Oct. 4.

*St. Diomysius the Areopagite, mar. A. D. 51.
High Water 04 56m Mor—14 18m After.*

Oct. 4, 1822.—Expired at Brighton, æt. 39, John Walters, a skilful architect. His principal works are a beautiful chapel in the pointed style, on the London Hospital estate; the Auction Mart, by the Bank; and the parish-church of St. Paul, Shadwell. In naval architecture he invented a diagonal truss, with metal braces, to be placed on the bottom of the vessels,—a discovery of considerable importance.

Wednesday, Oct. 5.

*St. Ammon, Hermit.
New Moon, 44m after 9 Afternoon.*

Blowing weather, with intervals of showers, is frequently experienced at this period: an old proverb expresses a wish for such weather, and desires—

A good October and a good blast,
To blow the hog-acorn and mast.

Thursday, Oct. 6.

*St. Prith, Vir. and Mar.
Sun rises 21m after 6—Sets 38m after 5.*

Our saint suffered death under Decianus, about the year 290, the most cruel torments being inflicted upon her. Vows of celibacy were highly esteemed in the early ages of the church, and even in our own times many rites still exist in honour of the virgin state. Upon the decease of a virgin, flowers are yet strewed before the corpse by young girls dressed in white, as emblematic of innocence. Garlands are also in some places attached to the beams of churches in which virgins have been buried.

Oct. 6, 1789.—The massacre of the Gards-du-corps in Paris. The king (Louis XVI.) and the Royal Family brought to Paris.

Friday, Oct. 7.

*St. Mark, Pope and conf.
High Water 47m after 2 Morn—3m after 3 Aftern.*

Oct. 7, 1571.—*The Battle of Lepanto.*—Pope Pius the Sixth, the Venetians, and the King of Spain, equipped a formidable fleet, in order to stem the power and cruelty of the Turks, the command of which was confided to Don John of Austria, natural son of Charles the Fifth. He attacked the Turkish fleet near the gulf of Lepanto, and obtained a signal victory, the Turks losing 80,000 men, 170 galleys, with 120 smaller vessels, while 11,000 Christian slaves were thus rescued from captivity. The Pope expired shortly after that great event, which rescued Europe from a general state of thraldom; when he was succeeded to the papal chair by Buon Compagne, who assumed the name of Gregory XIII.

Saturday, Oct. 8.

*St. Bridget, Widow.
Sun rises 23m after 6—sets 34m after 5.*

St. Bridget, also called Bright and Bride, was descended from Bergen of the royal blood of Sweden. After the death of her husband, she renounced the courtly life, and became a devout Christian. She made a pilgrimage to Rome, to venerate the reliques of so many saints as were to be found there, and afterwards died about the year A. D. 1573.

M. S. Craven has our most sincere thanks. The Legend of the Flying Fish's Wings,—May Forester,—and the Poetry, shall have early insertion.

Oct. 8, 1361.—Battle between the dog of Aubrey de Montdidier and the assassin of his master. The murder of Aubrey de Montdidier, in the forest of Bondy, has long been familiar to our readers, by the frequent repetition, at most of our theatres, of the drama founded on that extraordinary occurrence; but, as the more prominent feature of the event is omitted in the dramatic representation, we may add, that the King of France, believing that heaven would work a miracle to bring the murderer to justice, ordered a duel between Macaire, the suspected assassin, and the dog. The ground for the battle was marked out in the Isle of Notre Dame, which was then uninhabited. Macaire was armed with a large staff, the dog had a tub to retreat in. When let loose, the animal ran round his adversary, avoided his blows, until Macaire was fatigued, then sprang upon him, seized his throat, and bringing him to the ground, obliged him to confess his crime before the king and the whole court. The battle was painted in the great hall of the castle of Montargis.

Sunday, Oct. 9.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

*Lessons for the Day.—Daniel, 3 chapter Morn.
Daniel, 6 ch. Evening.*

Oct. 9, 1799.—*Shipwreck of La Latine.*—On the evening of this day, *La Latine*, a frigate of thirty-two guns, Captain Skvinner, was totally lost on the outward bank of the Fly Island Passage, near the Texel, on the coast of Holland. In the annals of our naval history, there has scarcely ever happened a loss attended with so much calamity, both of a public as well as a private nature. There was on board 600,000 dollars, about 140,000*l.* sterling in specie, which had been shipped by individual merchants in this country, for the relief of distressed commercial houses in Hamburgh. There were also several merchants on board, all of whom, together with the captain and crew, unfortunately perished. The only survivor was a Mr. Schabrack, a notary public.

Monday, Oct. 10.

*St. Francis Borgia, Conf. A. D. 1572.
High Water 20m after 4 Mor—31m after 4 Aftern.*

Oct. 10, 1661.—The French Ambassador insulted at London. Count d'Estrade, Minister for France, and Baron Vatteville, the Spanish Minister, making their public entry into London, disputed for precedence. The Spanish Ambassador, who had more money, and a more numerous retinue than his opponent, contrived to kill the horses in the French carriages, and the servants of Count d'Estrade, wounded and dispersed, suffered the Spaniards to advance first, with their naked swords in triumph. Louis XIV. informed of the insult recalled his ambassador, to tell Philip the Fourth, that in case he refused to acknowledge the superiority of the crown of France, and repair the affront by a solemn satisfaction war would be declared. Philip, unwilling to plunge his kingdom into a new war for the precedence of an ambassador, sent Count Fuentes to declare to the king at Fontainebleau, in the presence of all the ministers in France, that the Spanish ministers would never more contend for precedence with those of France.



See page 196

Illustrated Article.

THE LAST OF THEIR RACE: A TALE OF THE WEST.

For the Ohio

THOUGH romance, novel and tale have been poured forth with a liberal hand for many years, and human life (and often-times something beyond humanity) has been pictured in almost every shape and variety of circumstance, still there are large and unexplored fields, from whence an inexhaustible fund may be drawn, for the amusement of such as delight to ramble in the wilds of fiction, and lose themselves, their joys and sorrows, in those of an imaginary being, or one who lived "to grace the world some centuries gone bye." Every village has its tale—every romantic situation, torrent, or fountain, has its legend; and, long before an hundredth part has been given to the world, this generation will have passed away, and other men will fill their places.

The family of Trenance once held a distinguished station among the worthies

VOL. VIII.

N

of the west, but they have all vanished before the wand of the great magician death; their names are nearly forgotten, their mansion has sunk to the ground, and their lands are gone to other hands, who knew them not, or perhaps only as dependants upon the lords of the soil they now call their own. The following story of one of them was told me a short time since, and, like a good citizen, I hasten to give it to my fellow subjects and brethren of the realm; to repay some of them (as far as my abilities will permit) for the pleasure they have given me in the perusal of tales, with which mine can never be brought into comparison; to amuse others, whose good offices I thankfully acknowledge; to the public, "all and every of them," for I have long lived upon their bounty; and perhaps to indulge a little vanity of my own, willing to see myself in print.

Early in the morning of the 23d July, 1595, two galleys, making towards the land, were discovered by the inhabitants of the town of Mousehole. The terrors of the Spanish Armada had hardly subsided, and as these were evidently

209

vessels of war, they were viewed with much anxiety, and various were the conjectures as to the purport of their visit; that they were strangers was plainly seen by the working of their vessels, but of what nation could not be ascertained, as only one boat was at that time near them, and this they detained; whether to prevent the people on shore being alarmed and prepared to resist invasion, or as a pilot, was not known; but the inhabitants of the town were not left long in suspense, for on reaching the rock called the Merlin, they hoisted Spanish colours, and immediately landing, some men commenced hostilities. When taken by surprise, men have rarely readiness of mind to escape a threatening evil, and generally use methods to avoid danger quite contrary to what they would have done had the event been foreseen—thus, instead of opposing the invaders, the people fled in every direction, and the work of fire and plunder was carried on without opposition. Superstition, as powerful as an enemy, aided the bold intruders, in the shape of an old prophecy, which stated—“That strange men should land on the Merlin, and destroy Newlyn, Mousehole and Paul.” So universal was the panic, from the belief this prophecy was now about to be fulfilled, that it was some time before any one could be brought to oppose the enemy; but when the first alarm had passed away, they saw the absurdity of such conduct, and rushed to the combat. It was then the invaders had to repent of their temerity, and make a precipitate retreat, to escape being in turn reduced to the necessity of surrendering to the mercy of an incensed foe.

At this time the family of Sir Edward Trenance were on a visit to Mousehole, and in the confusion of the moment, when nearly the whole attention of every one was to secure their own safety, it was not noticed that the strangers, in their retreat, had carried off Uter Trenance, a fine boy, five years of age, and the crew of the boat they had first detained, as living testimonies of their courageous invasion of the British coast.

Sir Edward was at this time employed in the service of his country in another part of the kingdom. The mother, in her despair for the loss of her boy, knew not what course to follow, and several days elapsed before she could summon courage to inform her husband of the event which had robbed him of his greatest pride—his only son. This

delay, and the tedious travelling of that period, prevented immediate pursuit, and the Spanish galleys were far, far away before any attempt could be made to recover the infant prisoner. In the meantime gaily over the waves sped the barks of Spain; they were going to their homes triumphant; they were returning to the land of their birth, pleasure dancing in their eyes, while the olive cheek glowed with feelings of delight, and the gay and joyous songs of Spain echoed from one to the other of the crew, as they neared the port to which they belonged—their own dear home;—while the English prisoners, dejected and sorrowful, looked wistfully as the hills of Britain sank beneath the horizon, and the thoughts of a long and tedious captivity clouded the brow, and made tears involuntarily gush from eyes that would have looked on death with composure.

The vessels reached the Spanish port in safety; but beyond this, though thousands were expended to get tidings of the lost one, year after year, no information could be obtained. This was the first great stroke levelled at the prosperity of the Trenance family,—the commencement of misfortunes which humbled their pride, and taught them to respect the misfortunes of others, by the remembrance of their own.

Fifteen years had nearly passed since the loss of the boy; though Sir Edward was not old in years, sorrow had bent him down, and he bore the marks of extreme old age; he had lost his influence in the council chamber—bolder, if not better, courtiers had usurped his place; his wife and children were all swept away,—he had seen them, one after the other, go down to the grave, yet it was not till the last of his race had fallen asleep in death that man gave way to the father, and he wept, as he found himself, like the solitary palm of the desert, living amidst eternal barrenness, a dry and withered trunk.

Providence, in pity to our weakness, has given hope to illumine the dark passages in our lives, and now, when every other object on which he had to depend was gone, the thought of his long lost son came to his imagination, and a hope that he might once more be restored to his arms.

This hope, this joy was fondly cherished,
When every other hope had perished;

and supported Sir Edward in his loneliness,—perhaps he was now the only being of his name, the last of all his

father's sons and the sole survivor of a family who had inherited the title he bore for a long succession of years; but he hoped that one day, by some event, his son—his long lost son—would be restored; and, ere the grave covered him, that son would be at hand to minister to his dying hours, to transmit to posterity the name and virtues of his forefathers, and be the support and protector of the numerous tenantry and dependants of the family.

Another year passed, no tidings came to cheer the dwelling of Trenance, and he determined, as a last attempt, to embark himself for Spain. The following spring was to see him leave England, and a vessel, fitted up for his accommodation, was undergoing the necessary repairs in a little creek, called the Gannel, on the north coast of Cornwall.

Preparatory to this voyage, Sir Edward removed from his principal residence, to a small habitation near the place he designed to embark. February was to have been the time of sailing—December was already past—January had numbered some of his days, when a series of storms arose, and with them an event which entirely changed the prospects of Trenance.

Though the month of January 1602 was remarkable for tempestuous weather, yet the fifteenth of that month was peculiarly a day of storms; from sunrise to sunset the heavens were overshadowed with immense masses of black clouds, from which fell torrents of cold sleety rain; and the wind from the north-west, full on the shore, had lashed the waves into a sheet of foam along the whole line of coast. The labours of the husbandman and the inhabitants of the inland districts were entirely suspended, while the fishermen, seamen, and the dwellers in the villages bordering the sea, were on the alert to secure their own property, and, at the same time, keeping a sharp look-out to see if any vessel in distress approached the shore; this, from the nature of the coast, would in all probability be certain destruction, and from which many had and still hoped to derive great advantage.

Night closed upon the scene, and, saving the hollow, heavy roll of the ground sea, and the roar of the storm, all was at rest, excepting a few individuals rambling about among the cliffs, intent on securing such articles as the waves might throw upon the shore, and to appropriate them to their own benefit. The wind did not abate, but rather

increased with the night; still, however, nothing occurred to disturb the slumbers of those who had retired to repose, until about an hour after midnight, when the heavy boom of a signal gun told that some vessel was driving towards the shore. Another and another sounded gloomily over the deep, and roused the sleepers from their beds. In a short space of time, half-dressed people might be seen hurrying to and fro, and the rocks were covered with persons anxiously looking to the quarter from whence the signals of distress came, endeavouring to discover, from the lights on board, what she was, and the probability of her keeping the sea till daybreak, the time of high water, and the only period that any hopes of saving the vessel or crew could be entertained.

At this moment how fearful and terrible were the workings of Providence; the ocean bursting over the immense rocks of the Towan head was covered with foam, which the wind carried to the land like flakes of snow; the ship in the offing hanging between life and death as it were by a thread, while the exertions of those on board, as they appeared through a glass, seemed more than human; then the demoniac joy and yells of the plunderers waiting on the shore for their prey, contrasted with the determined air of those on the side of humanity, who were resolved to oppose any attempt of the other party to add to the miseries of the distressed mariners, proved that human passions were as wild and hard to be controlled as the fury of the elements. These were rough times: the people were but half civilized, and wanted powerful examples to subdue the natural propensity in uncultivated minds to consider property thus driven on the coast as their own; but now, the inhabitants of this country are as humane as any, who, moving in polished society, shrink with horror at the name of a wrecker.

The morning at last slowly began to dawn, and then the ship could be plainly discovered at a short distance from the headland, pitching at times with awful fury in the waves; and at another moment, lifted by the ocean swell high aloft, to be again lost in the foaming abyss.

Among the number who crowded the rocks was Sir Edward Trenance and some of the neighbouring gentry; to them the scene was by no means new, and they tried every method to restrain

the wild passions of those by whom they were surrounded, exhorting them to behave like men who had a love towards their fellows, and promising rewards to any who might rescue from a watery grave the expected victims of the storm.

It was now near high water, the only moment that a chance appeared of escape, and anxious were the thoughts of all turned upon the possibility of some one being on board, who, knowing the coast, might embrace the favourable opportunity. Till this time the ship had tried to weather the headlands and keep to sea, but now, all at once, her head was toward the land, and driving furiously on the wings of the storm to the shore.

"Bravo! bravo!" said an old seaman, "there is in that vessel some person who knows the land, and well too; I'll warrant he has boxed the old Towan before to-day many a good time; poor fellows, in a quarter of an hour, all will be over, perhaps asleep with old Davy—but no matter, here's to lend a hand to save them."

"As you hope for mercy when you die," said Sir Edward, to the men around him, "as you wish for the safety of your own when on the sea, do I entreat you save the lives, and let not your names be disgraced, and your after lives made miserable by the thought that you have not done your duty to your God, and your brethren in distress."

There was not time for further observation; the vessel with the velocity of lightning rounded the head; not a sail was on her—onward she dashed through the tremendous sea, and though she was managed in a most admirable manner, the chances of safety compared with that of her total loss were so feeble, that men seemed afraid to breathe lest they should break the chain of thought, and confuse the ideas which the helmsman had so skilfully brought into action.

Exultingly Sir Edward saw the dangers of the navigation one after the other avoided, and hoped that finally she would reach the creek at the bottom of the bay, where, ran on the beach, she would have been in safety; but the workings of Providence are mysterious, we see yet cannot comprehend,—the blow is struck, the thing is completed, though we know not the reason, the cause, the spring of all is veiled from human eyes; thus, the noble vessel which had withstood the buffets of

the waves, and had ridden through storms uninjured, was now doomed for destruction; the danger was nearly over—a minute, and all would have been well, when at only a cable's length from the shore, she struck on a rock at the entrance of the creek; swung round with her broadside to the waves, and in a few seconds was in pieces. Then was heard a confused cry of exultation and horror, entreaty and execration terribly mingled; the rushing of one party to plunder, the other to save, the ocean strewed with fragments of the wreck; men clinging convulsively to the floating spars and pieces of the vessel; some beating off the waves with their strong sinewy arms; while others, worn out with fatigue, sank before the eyes of men who would have risked their lives to save them, had the means been in their power. Two men were noticed beyond all the rest in this struggle for life; they had been seen at the helm nearly all the time the vessel was beating about before she ran on shore, and now appeared to act with a coolness and self-possession almost incredible; not an advantage or favourable circumstance occurred, but it was seized at the instant, and in all probability they would have saved themselves, when a huge curling wave broke over them, and dashed them both full against the rocky shore; another wave instantly succeeded, they were whirled around in the boiling eddy, and were then cast with fury on the land. As the waters receded, they were left on the beach, stunned with the force of the blows they had received, and so cut and bruised as to be incapable of moving. In the hope of rescuing them from death, several persons ran towards them, and before the waves again returned, they were removed out of their reach, though in all appearance dead; they were taken to the house of Sir Edward, and assistance immediately procured; but the storm had done its work, the victims were selected, and the sacrifice paid, for the elder of the two only recovered, the other slept in death. Better had it been for Sir Edward's peace that they both had died, then he would not have known the extent of his misery; but now he felt that intensity of grief, which, though momentarily, like the lightning's flash, sears up the heart, and instantaneously stops the life's pulse; for the stranger, on his recovery, had communicated tidings which deprived him of sense

and feeling, and completed the number of days allotted for his existence. The younger stranger, now brought to die as it were at his own door, was his son, returning from captivity in Spain; he who had suffered cruelty, oppression and slavery, had survived the tempest and storms, for many years toiling in the Spanish galleys, the evil effects of climate and every other misery, was now, when England's shores had opened to his view, and he was rejoicing at the near approach of happiness, cut off ere he had tasted the promised bliss, and the moment he had touched the land of his fathers, death (perhaps in mercy) loosed him from all captivity and set him free. Sir Edward and his son now rest in the same grave, the last of their line; their names and story are still sometimes mentioned, but to most of the world it is not even known that such persons existed; while others make use of their history to prove that God had inflicted this punishment, and destroyed the family of Trenance for some misdeeds of one of their ancestors; that such is said ought not to surprise us, it is sufficient to know

Men's evil deeds are written in brass,
Their good ones in water,

But they are gone to their dread ordeal,
where an all-wise and inscrutable Providence reigns, and we who live at the present should not condemn faults in others, but leave that to their maker, God.

J.S.C.

THE HARP OF CAROLAN.

For the *Olio*.

BY HENRY JAMES MELLER, ESQ.

Mute now is that harp on the damp, noisome wall,

Nor ever again shall it waken

The sorrows and joys that it used to enthrall,
In the hearts that once throbb'd in Donald
Brah's * hall,

Now lonely—deserted—forsaken.

Where the hands of the minstrel once proudly swept,

While the brave sons of Erin gay bounded,
O'er those strings to which all had laugh'd,
danced, or wept,

The pall of the spider, entwining, has crept,
'Mid the silence of years that surrounded.

Years have flown since that minstrel's fond lay
and song

Cheer'd each heart so blithe with his
numbers;

The loved one of Erin's gay, light-bounding
throng—

The friend of the poor, and the pride of the
strong,

'Neath the sod, so green waving, slumbers.

* An Irish Chieftain.

Yet often at night, 'neath the silver-orb'd
moon,

Tho' ne'er e'er those strings sweep the
fingers.

Still thro' them soft murmurs the winds lullaby
So mournfully sweet, that it seems like the
sigh

Of some grieving spirit that lingers.

Years—ages may come, and away swiftly roll,
Still the fame of the bard shall they
nonrish;

And the lay of bright genius, that lighten'd the
soul,

Will glide on the pinnons no time can controul,
And while Erin's remember'd, shall flourish.

THE LAMENTATIONS OF AN ANTI-INNOVATOR.

PLAQUE take the world! why cannot it stand still, and go on as it used to do when I was a boy? What do the people mean by the progress of events and the march of intellect? What good ever came by changes? How is possible that any man can be wiser than his father? Where can a man get his wisdom from, but from his father? and his father cannot give him more than he has got to give. Ah dear! ah dear! I remember the time when the parish beadle was a man of some consequence, when a lord was a thing to be stared at and a sight to be talked about—and the King!—why no man in his senses ever thought of the King, but with the profoundest respect. Every day after dinner, as soon as my father had said grace, he poured out a pumper of port and drank "Church and King." It did one's heart good to see and hear him; it was as good as a sermon. The wine itself seemed conscious of the glory of its destination to be swallowed not unblest, and it looked bright in the glass and seemed to dance with eagerness to meet his lips. But now o' days, if I venture to toast Church and King, I am forced to do it in a hurried irreligious sort of a way, with a kind of a sneer, as much as to say, it's all my eye; or my boy Tom will laugh at me and drink the Majesty of the People. The majesty of the People indeed! I should like to see it. There used to be some reverence shown to lords in former times, but how are they treated now! Snubbed at by the newspapers, elbowed in the streets, quizzed in epigrams, peppered with pamphlets, shown up in novels, robbed of their boroughs, and threatened with annihilation. People call that the march of intellect—I call it the march of insolence. When I was a boy, all the books we had in the house were the Bible and Prayer-Book and the Court Calendar;

the first two contained our religion, and the last our politics: as for literature, what did we want with it? It is only the means of turning the world upside down, and putting notions into people's heads, that would never get there without.

All the evil that is in the world came by innovation; and there is no part of the world free from innovation, neither the heavens above, nor the earth beneath, nor the waters that are under the earth. What business have men up in the air in balloons? What good can they get there? What do they go there for, but merely to come down, and perhaps break their necks? They would be much safer on dry ground. Our ancestors used to be content with the sun, and moon, and stars, and four or five planets,—now, forsooth, the impertinent ones must be poking their telescopes up to the sky and discovering new planets almost every night, as if we had not got as many planets already as we know what to do with. Comets too! Why fifty years ago there used not to be above one in a century, and now they are as thick as hops and as abundant as esquires. Now with their abominable telescopes,—I wish they were all broke,—the astronomers are peering about, and making their calculations about comets that are to come and burn us all up. Plague take them, I do not believe them, but they frighten one out of one's wits too.

Steam Engines—I do not think we should ever have heard a word about Parliamentary Reform, if it had not been for steam-engines. What did we want with steam-engines? Did not we beat the French without steam-engines?—There were no steam-engines at the battle of Agincourt. Did not we drive out Popery without the help of steam-engines? To be sure we did. I hate innovations. I should just like to know what is to become of all the hackney coach-horses, if we are to have steam-carriages. The poor beasts look half-starved as it is; they will be ten times worse if they are turned out to make room for steam-engines; and what shall we do for dog's meat if there are no horses to cut up? Then we must have Macadamized roads too! our ancestors did very well without Macadamized roads. They took their time in travelling from one place to another, and if they happened to be too late for the stage, they had nothing to do but to run after it and catch it. Let them try to do so now.

Buildings too! did ever any mortal see such an overgrown place as London is now! There is not a dirty ditch within five miles of London that has not got some Paradise Row, or Mount Pleasant, or Prospect Place stuck into it. Why can't the citizens live in the city as they used to do, and stick to their shops? There is no such place as the country now, it is all come to London. And what sort of houses do they build! Look at them—a bundle of matches for the timbers, and a basket of bricks for the walls.

Rail-roads—a pretty contrivance, forsooth! to pick the pockets of the good old waggon-horses, and the regular legitimate coach-horses that had stood the test of ages. Pray what is to become of the farmers if there are no horses to eat their oats? And how are the rents to be paid, and the taxes, and the tithes, and the poor-rates? and who is to pay the interest of the national debt? and what will become of the Church if horses do not eat oats to enable the farmers to pay their tithes and feed the clergy? Manchester and Liverpool were quite near enough without the assistance of rail-roads, and if the building mania goes on much longer there will be no need of a road from one to the other, for they will both join, and the people may be in both places at once. People are talking now of rail-roads superseding canals—the good old canals, half of which are already three-quarters full of duck-weed and dead cats.

What did the Wellington ministry mean by opening beer-shops? Why could not they let the good old gin-shops alone, and stick to the regular legitimate public-houses? Our ancestors could get as drunk as heart could wish at the genuine licensed old-fashioned pot-houses.

Look at the population too! People go on increasing and multiplying as if they never intended to leave off. Hundreds and hundreds of people are coming into the world who have no right to be born. The world is as full as it can hold already; there is positively no room for any more. There was nothing like the number of children to be seen about the streets, when I was a boy, as there is now. I have sometimes half a mind to ask those lubberly boys that I see about the street, what right they had to be born; but perhaps they would make me some impertinent answer, for they swagger about as if they thought that they had as good right to be born

as any one else. I wish they would read Malthus's Essay on Population, they would then be convinced that they have no right to be born, and they would be ashamed of themselves for existing to the manifest inconvenience of gentlemen and ladies, to whom they are exceedingly annoying.

Look at the Reform Bill, that sink of innovation, to speak metaphorically; that climax of novelty, that abominable poke in the ribs of our Constitution, that destroyer of all that is venerable. Its opponents have been accused of talking nonsense against it. Very likely they have talked nonsense, for they have been so flabbergasted at the innovation, that they have not known what they have been saying. The Constitution is gone—quite gone! Lord John Russell has purged it to death.

If things go on changing at this rate for the next hundred years as they have done of late, we shall scarcely have a relic of the good old times left. The weather is not what it used to be when I was a boy. Oh! those were glorious old times, when we had sunshine all through the summer, and hard frosts all through the winter; when for one-half the year we could bathe every day, and for the other half could skate every day. There is nothing of that sort now. If a man buys a pair of skates in the winter, it is sure to thaw next day; and if a boy buys a pair of corks one day, there is sure to be a hard frost next morning. There is nothing but wet weather all through the winter, and no dry weather all through the summer. Formerly we used to have an eclipse or two in the course of the year, and we used to look at it through smoked glass, and very good fun it was, only it used to make our noses black, if we did not take care to hold the glass properly. If we look into the almanack for an eclipse, we are sure to see that it is invisible in these parts; and even if it is visible we can never see it, for there is always cloudy weather. I scarcely know anything that is now as it used to be when I was a boy. Day and night have not quite changed places, but night and morning have. What used to be Sunday morning when I was a little boy, has now by a strange mutation become Saturday night. I wonder why people cannot dine at dinner-time as they used to do; but everything is in disorder; a wild spirit of innovation has seized men's minds, and they will do nothing as they used to do, and as they ought to do. Things went on well enough when

I was a boy; we had not half the miseries and calamities that one sees and hears of now. *New Mon. Mag.*

ODES TRANSLATED FROM ANACREON

For the *Olio*.

NO. I.—ON THE LYRE.

Atreus' son I wish to sing,
Cadmus, too, should wake the string;
But the cords I cannot move—
My lyre responds to nought but love.
Once—the lofty-sounding strings
Told of nobler, mightier things,
And Alcides' labours great
I began to sing of late,—
Now—the cords I cannot move,
My lyre responds to nought but love!
Farewell!—farewell!—henceforth for me,
Ye heroic themes of minstrelsy,
For you the chords I cannot move,
My lyre has sounds alone for love.

NO. II.—ON LOVE.

The Muses found
Young Love, and bound
Him with a wreath of roses;
Then led to bow'rs,
Where, crown'd with flow'rs,
Agalia fair reposes.

But Venus sought—
The pris'ner caught,
As they away were leading:
"Take me—oh! me,
Or give my boy,"
Nor ceased her bitter pleading.
Love cried, "No—no!"
And would not go—
A willing captive staying,
And serving still
Is heart and will,
With them is ever playing.

A TALE OF ELD.

For the *Olio*.

Concluded from p. 187.

WE must now revert to the fugitive Lionel, whom the reader will recollect we left pursued by Sir Hildobrand. He had no sooner gained the end of the village, than leaping a high fence he dived immediately into a thick wood, whose large and tangled branches, assisted by the growing darkness, screened him at once from his pursuers; they accordingly desisted from the attempt. The knight, however, in the chagrin of his disappointment, fired his pistols at random into the wood, and reluctantly returned: Lionel pricked on with unabated speed, and halted not for a moment until reaching the edge of a steep declivity he dismounted, and securing the horse to a tree awaited impatiently the approach of Moncton. True to his word, the latter presently came, and learnt from Lionel that he had apprized

his mistress of his intendment to rescue her the following night by means of a note, which, having fixed to an arrow he fired into her chamber. Moncton well knew his guerdon, when he appeared before Sir Hildobrand; but then he knew again that he possessed a firm and steady ally in the slave Octar. It was, therefore, agreed on, that Lionel should approach Hildobrand-Hall the following night at eleven as proposed in his billet to Evelina. The consequence of its having been found by the knight, and the subsequent events, we have now to detail.

The approach of night had been looked forward to by all concerned in our narrative with feelings of the deepest anxiety, and the approach of the eleventh hour summoned each to his adventure.

Radleigh had been exceedingly zealous in the cause of his friend; he had provided both music and musicians, and marshalled them as the appointed hour arrived beneath Evelina's chamber window, where Mowton shortly joined him.

"You have kept your promise," said he.

"Marry, have I, fair sir," answered the captain, "and you shall search me England over again and again, before you shall find me a choicer company. Hark ye, sirrah—you wi' the cittern or gittern, or whatever ye term it, ye have the words I gave ye?"

"Ay, sir," said the minstrel.

"'Tis well—we'll hear't."

Accordingly they began, and, accompanied by the instruments, the following stanzas were sung in a manner that certainly was well calculated to woo beauty from the arms of sleep.

SERENADE.

Night's pall is expanded,
The daylight is gone—
Hark! Philomel sings
Her farewell to the sun:
'Tis the moment for seeing,
No danger is near—
Haste, haste, Evelina,
Thy lover is here.

Haste, haste, Evelina,
All's silence and gloom,
No radiance is streaming
From starlight nor moon:
Unveil thy bright eye, love,
Haste hither to me—
Thy lover is waiting,
Sweet lady, for thee.

As the song proceeded, the casement above slowly opened, and Evelina looked forth. Wondering in some degree that music, so well calculated to create alarm, should be attendant on her flight,

yet not doubting that those whom she saw were any others than Lionel and his companions, she stealthily descended the rope-ladder that was thrown up to her, and sunk into the arms of Gilbert Mowton. Sir Hildobrand was among them; he had left Octar to dispose of Lionel, while he himself effected the union of Mowton and Evelina, thereby to secure himself at once in his villany and usurpation.

Lionel, on his approach to the Hall, accompanied by several whom he had summoned to his assistance, was instantly met and welcomed by Moncton, whom the slave had secretly released. Having, therefore, made prisoners of all that adhered to Sir Hildobrand, they hastened to the rescue of Evelina.

To the chapel ruin, as specified in Lionel's note, they at once directed their steps, doubting not that as he had instructed a friar to wait him there at the eleventh hour, that it was there their intent to consummate the bridal. The path leading unto it ranged a wild and dreary wilderness of trees, stunted furze bushes,—swamps and stagnant pools trailing and lurking amid the long rank grass and weeds. It was while piloting their way through this dismal chaos, that Lionel and his party heard a loud plunge into some morass near them, accompanied by the screams of a female and the hubbub of many persons in endeavouring to extricate the submerged party. Their pursuers were upon them before they were aware, and Lionel, aided by the glimmer of a few torches, was at no loss to recognise Sir Hildobrand and Evelina, who were both in the swamp up to the saddle girths of their steeds, and becoming more and more imperilled. Lionel took a hasty and careful survey of the scene, spurred round to another quarter of the morass, and driving at once into it, he caught hold of the bridle reins of the lady's steed, and brought her in safety to land. Sir Hildobrand followed close behind, and recognising Lionel, aimed at him a violent blow with his dagger as he sprung from the marsh. It was intercepted, however, by the timely interposition of Octar, who forced aside the knight's arm—a deed which cost him his own life, though it saved that of Lionel; for Sir Hildobrand, finding himself thus thwarted by one whom he deemed his truest adherent, started into absolute frenzy, and summoning his entire strength, drove his dagger into the slave's bosom up to the very hilt, and turned again upon Lionel. The

latter, however, was now prepared; he had consigned the lady to the care of Moncton, and confronted with ready weapon the maddened knight. Scarce a pass, however, was exchanged between them, ere Lionel's sword was through him: Sir Hildobrand reeled in his saddle and fell to the earth.

"Reptile!" he groaned forth, raising himself on his elbow, and gnashing his teeth in disappointed vengeance, "thou hast triumphed o'er me—had'st thou a thousand lives, I would have ta'en them all—my curses cling to thee and thine for ever!"

"By my faith he hath died game, however," exclaimed the well-known voice of Radleigh, who now sided heart and hand with the prevailing party; and having at length succeeded in placing himself and Mowton on a tolerable footing, attended the nuptials, danced, sung, brawled and vapoured, and finally drained a five-gallon flaggon of sack to the healths of Sir Lionel and Lady Wendor. T.F.

OH, SING THAT SONG AGAIN.

For the Olio.

Oh, sing that song again!
Once more! once more, I pray?
That song I've heard my mother sing,
When I was a wee totlin' thing,
And all the world was gay.

I've stood beside her knee and gazed
With wonder, as she sweetly sang
That little verse; and all amazed
I on her beauteous image hung,
And listen'd with increased delight
Each time I heard that song.

My mother, now grown old and grey,
Was, when she sung it, in the blaze
Of matron beauty; and her eye
Beam'd full of pleasure on her boy,
And happy seem'd to see the joy
She gave in that sweet song!

Then sing, oh, sing me once again,
That well-known, well-remember'd
strain. J.S.C.

THE WHITE LADY;

A TALE OF THE HIGHLANDS.

Concluded from page 181.

THEY had almost reached the ford where the road parts for Clachan Disart and Glen Strae, when they met a herdsman, who, from the general alarm of the inroad, was driving his cattle to join his friends, who had collected their herds under the walls of Castle Caolchairn. He had come by the very path which is the shortest track for Glen Co; and upon being interrogated if he had seen any who bore the description of Beatrice im-

mediately declared, that, not half an hour before, he had passed a lady, mounted on a black garron, and attended by six armed men, in whose bonnets he distinguished the badge of the Mac Donnels. Supposing them to be a party belonging to Alaister Mac Colla, he had driven his cattle among the bushes at their approach; but had lain concealed so near the path, that he overheard one of the men speak of passing into Glen Co's country, by Glen Eitive and Dalness.

At this intelligence Alan Dubh hurried forward the pursuit, and immediately ascending from the glen followed the path which leads over the range of mountains that separates Glen Strae from Glen Kinglass. As they ascended, the pursuers glanced to each grey stone or white birch that caught the pale moonshine, and more than once deceived them for the glitter of mail and the slender shape of a maiden figure. By degrees, however, the moon became obscured by shifting clouds, and a deep, black, sullen bank rose in the north, and gradually drew over the whole sky. The last light faded from the rocks as the pursuers passed the summit of Larich-Ouran; and as they descended into Glen Kinglass the darkness became so great, that each *carnack* could scarce discern the man by whom he was preceded.

They reached the narrow strath, forded the water, and followed the glen, without meeting any trace of their pursuit, till they came out beneath the deep woods of Glen Eitive. The night was profoundly still and close; not a breath of wind ruffled the broad lake, but a deep continual roar came from the mountain; and as they reached the bank of Alt-Chapel the black water was running over the largest stones with impetuous fury. The men made a sudden stand upon the brink, but all at once the sound of distant voices came through the thunder of the torrent. "Forward! forward! they are before us!" cried Alan Dubh; and, rushing into the water, the dark line of men locked their arms together, and after a moment's desperate struggle gained the opposite bank.

The voices were now lost; but the pursuers hurried on with unabated speed, though scarce able to distinguish the shadow of the scattered trees, when suddenly a flash of lightning shewed the distant summits of the mountains, and gave a momentary glimmer to their path. It discovered, however, no ob-

ject but the grey rocks and doddered oaks; and the sound of their steps was lost in the distant but heavy peal of thunder which rolled down the glen. The rising storm seemed to give new energy to Alan Dubh. "Press on!" said he, "they will shelter from the tempest; or if not, there is no maiden may ride the Eitive."

For several hours they continued their march with unabated speed and constant vigilance. All night the thunder rolled before them, and the unceasing lightning played and glimmered about the black ridges of Glen Co, as if the spirits of the storm were engaged in battle on their summits. All at once a terrific explosion of light blazed in the north, and for an instant the whole mountain of Dalness seemed on fire with the white forked lightning, which ran like serpents upon the air. For several moments a deep dark pause succeeded, but suddenly an awful peal of thunder burst in the wind, and the earth and air seemed to tremble beneath the reverberation, which rolled over the mountains, and rebelled from hill to hill, till it died away into the south.

Alan Mac Alan watched the tempest in silence, but his countenance betrayed no doubt nor fear for the fragile maiden, who was then exposed, unsheltered, to its fury; but after that terrific peal the lightning and the thunder continued to decrease, and the storm could be distinguished receding gradually into the west. As it passed away, a few large heavy drops of rain fell in Glen Eitive, but the close air remained still and breathless, as if it listened to the passing tempest.

The morning began to break as the pursuers approached the water of Eitive; but as soon as they came in sight of the stream they made a sudden halt. No mortal man nor horse could ford the swollen flood; and doubtful if Beatrice and her conductors could have passed before the rising of the water, Alan Dubh and the Black Knight debated whether to cross the river or search the neighbouring wood. At length they decided to leave a party of their followers behind the stream, and with the rest to hasten forward and gain the passes of Glen Co.

Having made the necessary division, the pursuers defiled over the tottering bridge, formed of the trunks of two trees, thrown from bank to bank; and having passed the narrow strath beyond, began to climb the steep chain

of mountains which closes the extremity of Glen Eitive, and bounds the royal deer-forest of Dalness. The gushing streams and rain-worn rocks now gave evidence that they had reached the tract over which the storm had passed; and as the light advanced and they ascended on the hill, they discovered the grey trunks of the scattered pine-trees, blown over from the crags, and the slopes of the hill torn into deep gullies by the rain. The stream by which they ascended had brought down vast fragments of its rock, and upon one of the heaps of shingle, now deserted by the abating water, lay a little doe, which had been surprised, and washed away by the sudden rise of the torrent.

The sun was about to appear as they ascended out of the deep black pass which leads towards Glen Co, and came upon the high naked *drim*, or back, which lies between Beann-Dubh and Scur-na-Bhouic. It is a wild, unsheltered, lofty ridge, so high above the natural region of vegetation, that it affords no plant but a short cold moss, which barely covers the black spongy soil. No trees have cast a seed so high, and, devoid of any pasture for the deer, it is frequented only by the solitary eagle, or a lonely fox crossing from the cairns. At intervals, a little black heap directs the track of the shepherds from glen to glen; and formerly, on the highest spot, the hunters had built a small hut, for shelter against the storms by which they were sometimes overtaken in passing from the forest.

As they approached this spot, "It should not be unlikely they might rest in the *bothy*," said an old Highlander, who followed Mac Alan. "There could be no better shelter, and they should never think to be followed into Glen Co's country, and Alaister Mac Colla in Glenurcha."

Mac Naughton made no reply, but his eye glanced eagerly for the hut, and he advanced up the step with increasing speed. They had nearly reached the summit, when one of the Highlanders observed a bright object glittering on the moss; and as he came to the spot, discovered it to be a fragment of double mail. On lifting it, he immediately recognised the gusset of a hauberk; but several of the links were torn and twisted in an extraordinary manner, and some marked as if partly fused. His companions examined it with surprise; but as they proceeded they picked up the lock of a pistol, the

hilt of a dirk, and several small fragments of dress and arms, till, as they came to the summit of the hill, they beheld a sight which froze them with horror.

Scattered over the moss and rocks lay the remnants of arms and garments, blackened and singed, and torn to shreds. The tatters of actons and plaids were whirled high upon the precipices, and hung fluttering from the points of inaccessible rocks; and below lay a two-handed sword, split and shivered like a lathe, and near it the barrel of a match-lock, twisted and writhed like a hazel withe. No living being, nor any remains of a human body, were visible; but the prints of recent steps were deeply tracked in the moss, and it was easy to trace the short tread of a small horse, and the stride of several men, who appeared to have passed during the storm.

After the first pause of astonishment, the Highlanders looked round for the hut; but it was gone, and nothing appeared against the sky except the smooth naked line of the moss where it had stood. Alan Dubh hastened forward to the spot. The earth was raised, and swept to the bare rock; and in the scattered drift was marked a faint circular trace, like the vortex of a whirlwind. At a considerable distance, rafters and stones were scattered along the hill, and upon one of the beams hung the tatters of a white plaid and a broad fragment of yellow silk, resembling the embroidered breast of an acton.

Mac Alan snatched the fluttering tartan from the tree, and spreading the folds beheld with horror the peculiar pattern of the *arisad*, worn by the women of Glenurcha. For a long while he stood motionless and speechless, the torn plaid fast clenched in his hands, and his eyes fixed upon the sullied colours. At length he was aroused by the reiterated voice of Ardcannel, who hastily called his attention to the indistinct figure of a man, seated upon a large stone in the glen below. They called, but he did not answer nor turn his head; and the whole company hastily descended the hill towards the spot.

As they approached, they discovered a grey old man sitting on the stone; his bow lay on the grass beside him, and between his feet a large deer-lurcher, apparently dead, and his long hair scorched and stained with blood. Regardless of the clank of the armed steps which advanced towards him, the hun-

ter continued leaning his face on his hand, his eyes fixed on the dog, and his grey head moving with a slow abstracted motion. There was a wild, fearful vacancy in his look; and as the Highlanders stopped and spoke to him, he returned no answer or notice, and continued with his gaze fixed upon the greyhound, till a beam of the rising sun flashing on his face from the bright corslet of Alan Dubh, he suddenly lifted his head. At the sight of the clear light he started up, and breaking into a laugh of fearful exultation, waved his hand to the red sunshine. "The fire! the fire of heaven!" he exclaimed, "the battle of the spirits amidst the clouds!" and tossing his arms, he broke into a wild Ossianic song:

"They came in the fire of the sky,
Like the terrible spirit of Loda,
When he rides in the rear of a thousand
storms,
And scatters battle from his eyes."

He stopped suddenly, and pointing to the hill, leaned forward and muttered, in a low voice, "The fire ran upon the ground! the rocks were lifted in the wind!—Bran! Bran! Bran!—Where is my dog?"

He looked wildly round, but instantly sitting down, wept over the greyhound, and a momentary gleam of reason seeming to come to his mind, "Mo chu fein!" he whispered; "Bran of the winged foot! The fire and the wind came from the cairn—he was fleet as the great stag of the desert, but he could not fly from them!"

Again he relapsed into silence, while Alan Dubh strove in vain to rouse his abstraction, by an inquiry to ascertain if he had seen his daughter; but at length, as he endeavoured to awake his notice, by describing the *nighaas gheal* (white maiden), and the *bratche solas* (broche of light) which she wore, he suddenly lifted his head: "Light! light!" he exclaimed, "it was all light!" And passing from one object to another, with the sudden transition of a maniac, he fell into that deep poetical Gaelic, which solitude, and the frequent recitation of ancient verse, rendered the familiar language of the old deer-stalkers. For a moment he pointed to the pass above.

"The White Lady sat on the stone," said he, in a low voice;—"the tall warriors were around the hut. Gaul! Ossian of the stately steps—the mighty form of Fion! Their hands were on their great swords—their looks were in the glen!"

He stopped suddenly, and his voice changed to a low, almost inaudible whisper. "She was pale—pale—like the flower in the blast. Her tears fell with the rain: there was no hall—no house, but the cold moss—the wet rock, and the fire, and the wind, and the water, around her!" His voice sunk to an inarticulate murmur; but still he continued that fearful abstracted motion of his grey head; and at times they could distinguish in his muttering the recurrence of the words,

"*Tha mi trom! trom!—Tha mi trom, mo nighean bhòtach!*"

Alan Mac Alan returned to Fraoch-Elan, but Ranald and Beatrice never came to Kinloch. Days and weeks elapsed, and some thought they had gone to France, to King Charles and Glen Garry. But King Charles came to Holyrood, and Mac Mhic Alaister returned to Invergarry; but when the traveller passed Kinloch there was no smoke on the tower, and no light in the casement; and when he asked for Ranald and his foster-brothers, the old warder turned away his face, and shook his head, and gave no answer. But long after in the Glens the hunters said they were seen in the mountain of Dalness, and that the faint cry of a female voice was heard at night amidst the storms.

Months, years, centuries, the hunters and the deer have passed away; but the shepherds say they are still upon the hill, in the same habits as they were seen passing up Glen Eitive on the night that Alaister Mac Colla "burnt Loch Awe." Their appearance always indicates a tempest, and some think that it precedes the death of a Macdonnel. Before a storm, the White Lady is seen standing upon the green heap of *cairn-bothan*, and more than once, at the twilight, *Ian Dubh Drinachan*, the last of the old race of deer-stalkers, has met on the hill the gigantic figures of ancient-looking men, in the antique habit of the former Highlanders. Some have affected to rally his failing sight; and upon these occasions he generally shook his head, and made no reply; but if questioned "discreetly," he would describe the sharp-pointed bonnets of the unknown hunters, the long Spanish '*spunk*' guns on their shoulders, and the gigantic two-handed swords on which they leaned, and seemed to watch the passes of Glen Eitive.

Fraser's Mag.

The Naturalist.

FLYING SERPENTS OF THE EAST.—Mention is made in the Holy Scriptures of the fiery flying serpent, a creature about whose existence and qualities naturalists have entertained a considerable difference of opinion. It is now generally admitted that in Guinea, Java, and other countries where there is at once great heat and a marshy soil, there exists a species of these animals, which have the power of moving in the air, or at least of passing from tree to tree. Neibuhr relates, that at Barra, also, "there is a sort of serpents, called *haie sursurie*. They commonly live on dates; and as it would be troublesome to them to come down one high tree and creep up another, they hang by the tail to the branch of one, and, by swinging that about, take advantage of its motion to leap to that of a second. These the modern Arabs call flying-serpents,—*hele ihtare*. I do not know whether the ancient Arabs were acquainted with any other kind of flying serpent."

Near Batavia there are certain flying snakes, or dragons, as they are sometimes called. They have four legs, a long tail, and their skin speckled with many spots; their wings are not unlike those of a bat, which they move in flying, but otherwise keep them almost unperceived, close to the body. They fly nimbly, but cannot hold out long; so that they can only shift from tree to tree, at about twenty or thirty yards distance. On the outside of the throat are two bladders, which, being extended when they fly, serve them instead of a sail.

Edin. Cab. Lib.

Illustrations of History.

THE DIVISION OF TIME BY THE ANCIENT HEBREWS.—The first application of astronomical principles is to the division of time, as marked out by the periodical movements of the heavenly bodies. The Hebrews combined in their calculations a reference to the sun and to the moon, so as to avail themselves of the natural measure supplied by each. Their year accordingly was luni-solar, consisting of twelve lunar months, with an after calculation to make the whole agree with the annual course of the sun. The year was farther distinguished as being either common or ecclesiastical. The former began at the autumnal equinox, the season at which they imagined the

world was created; while the latter, by divine appointment, commenced about six months earlier, the period when their fathers were delivered from the thraldom of Egypt. Their months always began with the new moon; and before the captivity, they were merely named according to their order,—the first, second, third, and so on, down to the twelfth. But upon their return, they used the terms which they found employed in Babylon, according to the following series:—

Nisan	March
Zif or Ijar	April
Sivan	May
Taanx	June
Ab	July
Elul	August
Ethanim or Tisri	September
Bal or Mareschuan	October
Chisleu	November
Tebeth	December
Sebat	January
Adar	February

One half of these months consisted of thirty days, the other of twenty-nine, alternately, making in all three hundred and fifty-four. To supply the eleven days and six hours which were deficient, they introduced every second year an additional month of twenty-two days, and every fourth year one of twenty-three days: by which means they approached as nearly to the true measure as any other nation had attained, till the establishment of the Gregorian calendar.

The Hebrews divided the space from sunrise to sunset into twelve equal parts, and hence the hours of their day varied in length according to the season of their year. For example, when the sun rose at five and set at seven, an hour contained seventy minutes; but when it rose at seven and set at five, the hour was reduced to fifty minutes, and so on in proportion to the duration of time that the sun was above the horizon. A similar rule applied to the night, which was likewise divided into twelve equal parts.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.

M. W. of Windsor.

THUNDER-STRIKEN CITIES.—According to Strabo, there were thirteen towns swallowed up in the Lake Asphaltites; Stephen of Byzantium reckons eight; the Book of Genesis, while it names five as situated in the Vale of Siddim, relates the destruction of two only: four are mentioned in Deuteronomy, and five are noticed by the author of Ecclesiasticus. Several travellers,

and, among others, Troilo and D'Arvieux, assure us, that they observed fragments of walls and palaces in the Dead Sea. Maundrell himself was not so fortunate, owing, he supposes, to the height of the water; but he relates, that the Father Guardian and the Procurator of Jerusalem, both men of sense and probity, declared that they had once actually seen one of these ruins: that it was so near the shore, and the lake so shallow, that they, together with some Frenchmen, went to it, and found there several pillars and other fragments of buildings. The ancients speak more positively on this subject. Josephus, who employs a poetical expression, says, that he perceived on the shores of the Dead Sea the shades of the overwhelmed cities. Strabo gives a circumference of sixty miles to the ruins of Sodom, which are also mentioned by Tacitus.

THE WEARING OF AMULETS.—These appendages have been used by all nations as a charm or preservation against mischief or disease. The Persians adopted, from the Egyptians, the custom of suspending to the neck small cylinders, adorned with figures and hieroglyphics. The Jews were extremely superstitious in the use of them. The Greeks called them phylacteries. Among the early Christians, amulets were made of the wood of the cross, or ribbons, with a text of Scripture written on them. The *agnus Dei* of the Pope are the amulets still worn by the Catholics. In the 16th century, we have amulets worn round the neck against pestilence, made of arsenic, and warehoused in large quantities. An item, noticed in Gage's Hengrave, says, "A hundryth wight of Amlets for neke, xxxs. iiijd." Though amulets are now fallen much from the repute in which they were anciently held, yet, notwithstanding the progress of learning and refinement, there is not any country in Europe, even at this day, where the lower order of the people do not believe in some charm. J. C.

ON THE TITLE ALDERMAN.—The term Alderman is derived from the Saxon *Elderman*: formerly the second rank of nobility among our Saxon ancestors, equal to the Earl of the Danes-Saxon. There were also several magistrates who bore the title of Alderman; and, according to Spelman, the *Aldermanus totius Angliæ* seems to have been the same officer who was afterwards styled *capitalis justiciarius Angliæ*, or chief justice of England. Al-

dermen were first appointed to cities in the year 882.

J. C.

THE ORIGIN OF ORGANS.—The most ancient proof of the existence of an instrument resembling a modern organ blown by bellows, and played upon by keys, is a Greek Epigram in the *Anthologia*, attributed to the Emperor Julian the Apostle, who flourished about 364. A literal translation of this epigram will best answer the historical purpose of ascertaining the fact of such an instrument being invented so early as the fourth century. "I am reeds of a new species, the growth of another and a brazen soil, such as are not agitated by our winds, but by a blast, that rushes from a leathern cavern beneath their roots: whilst a robust mortal running with swift fingers over the concordant keys, makes them, as they smoothly dance, emit melodious sounds." Nothing material is omitted in this epigram, or rather enigma upon the organ, though not a very ingenious one, for the Greek word for "the pipes" discovers the whole.

In the time of Cassiodorus, who flourished under King Vitigas, the Goth, in 514, the wind organ, then blown by hand bellows, became common. He gives the following description of that instrument:—"The organ," says he, "is composed of divers pipes, formed into a kind of tower, which, by means of bellows, is made to produce a loud sound; and in order to express agreeable melodies, there are, in the inside, movements made of wood, which, when pressed down by the fingers of the player, produce the most pleasing and brilliant tones."

Ecclesiastical writers mention the admission of the organ into the church at various periods, in different countries of Europe. To Pope Vitalian is ascribed its first introduction at Rome, in the seventh century; and ancient annalists are unanimous in allowing that the first organ seen in France was sent from Constantinople, as a present from the Emperor Constantine Copronymus the Sixth, in 757, to King Pepin, which, in confirmation of Julian's Epigram, attributes the invention to Greece. During the tenth century, according to Mabilion and Muratori, organs became common in Italy and Germany, as well as in England, about which time they were admitted into the convents throughout Europe.

J.

RICHES AND LUXURY OF THE ROMANS.—From the days of Polybius, the Romans increased in power and riches;

and, during the reign of Augustus, and for some time afterwards, riches and luxury came to the greatest height; the most extravagant prices were paid for delicacies; and the rich lived at an expense unknown to modern ages—which will be seen by the few examples here given:—

Crispus, a burgher of Vercelles, was worth 1,614,583*l.* 6*s.* 1*d.*

Demetrius, a libertus of Pompey, 4000 talents, 775,000*l.*

Seneca, the philosopher, in four years made 2,421,875*l.*

Lentulus, the Augur, was worth 3,229,166*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

C. Cæcilius Isidorus, though he had lost much in the civil war, left by will 4116 slaves, 3600 yoke of oxen, of other cattle 257,000, and in ready money, 484,275*l.*

There were some of very low rank and professions, who acquired great estates. Cobblers, dyers, and shoemakers, gave public shows to the people. As both estates and debts among the Romans were often vastly great, so their expences were great in proportion.

Apicius, after having spent in his kitchen 807,291*l.*, and squandered immense grants and pensions, being at last forced to look into his accounts for the first time, found he had a remainder of 80,729*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*, but thinking that too little, he poisoned himself for fear of starving.

Caligula spent on a supper, 80,729*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*

Vitellius, in eating and drinking, within the year, spent 7,265,624*l.* Nay, Tacitus saith he spent the same sum in a few months.

Tigellius, a singer, (perhaps a Brahman with his countrymen), spent in five days, 8072*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*

Lucullus's establishment for each supper in the Apollo, was 1614*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.*

Vitellius ate four times a day; no supper, breakfast, or collation, under 3229*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*

R. J.

Customs of Various Countries.

SINGULAR CUSTOM OBSERVED BY THE ATHENIANS IN HONOUR OF THE SUN.—"The people of Athens," says Porphyry, in his *De Abstinencia*, "annually celebrated a very curious and ancient festival to the honour of the sun and hours, which, in the simplicity of the offerings, remarkably resembled the practice of the first ages. During that festival, consecrated grass was carried

about, in which the kernels of olives were wrapped up, together with figs, all kinds of pulse, oaken leaves, with acorns, and cakes composed of the meal of wheat and barley, heaped up in a pyramidal form,—allusive to the sun-beams that ripened the grain, as well as to the fire in which they were finally consumed.

ARABIAN CUSTOM.—Burckhardt, in his Nubian Travels, informs us, that it is a general custom in the caravans of the Arabs passing through Nubia, as well as in the Arabian deserts, never to drink, except when the whole caravan halts for a few minutes for that purpose: the time of doing this is, in the slave-caravans, about nine o'clock in the morning, and twice during the afternoon-march, namely, about four and six o'clock. In the forenoon, also, every one drinks at the halting of the caravan, and again after the meal; and the same rule is observed in the evening. To drink while others do not, exposes a man to be considered effeminate, and to the opprobrious saying, that his mouth is tied to that of the water-skin.

Anecdotes.

A PHILOSOPHER'S PHILOSOPHY.—Solon's philosophy did not seem to be of a very austere cast, when he said that women, wine, and the Muses constituted the pleasures of human life.

THE FATE OF DOMENICCHINO'S COMMUNION OF ST. JEROME.—Connected with this splendid painting is related the following anecdote. The picture was painted by Domenichino for the church of San Girolamo della Carità at Rome. At that time the faction between the different schools of painting ran so high at Rome, that the followers of Domenichino and Guido absolutely stabbed and poisoned each other; and the popular prejudice being in favour of the latter, the Communion was torn down from its place, and flung into a receptacle for lumber. Some time afterwards, the superiors of the convent wishing to substitute a new altar-piece, commissioned Nicolo Poussin to execute it, and sent him Domenichino's rejected picture as old canvass to paint upon. No sooner had the generous Poussin cast his eyes on it, than he was struck, as well he might be, with astonishment and admiration. He immediately carried it into the church, and

these lectured in public on its beauties, until he made the stupid monks ashamed of their blind rejection of such a master-piece, and boldly gave it that character it has ever since retained, of being the second best picture in the world.

KING'S COCK-CROWER.—Amongst the ancient customs of this country which have long sunk into disuse, was a very absurd one, and which, however ridiculous, was continued so late as the reign of George I. During the season of Lent, an officer, denominated the "king's cock-crower," crowed the hour every night within the precincts of the palace, instead of proclaiming it in the ordinary manner. On the first Ash-Wednesday after the accession of the House of Hanover, as the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., was sitting down to supper, this officer suddenly entered the apartment, and proclaimed in a sound resembling "the cock's shrill clarion," that it was past ten o'clock. Taken by surprise, and very imperfectly acquainted with the English language, the prince mistook the tremulation of the assumed crow as some mockery intended to insult him, and instantly rose to resent the affront; nor was it without the utmost difficulty that the interpreter could make him understand the nature of the custom, and assure him that a compliment was intended, according to the court etiquette of the times. From that period, however, the custom has been discontinued of warning the court by the symbol which called back St. Peter to repentance; and princes and courtiers have been left to the voice of reason and conscience alone.

FACINO CANE.—A man in middling circumstances complained to the celebrated military chief, Facino Cane, that he had been stripped of a cloak by one of his soldiers. Facino, seeing that he had a good coat on, asked him if he was dressed in the same way when his cloak was taken. The man answered that he was. "Then get about your business," said Facino: "the man who robbed you is none of my soldiers; none of them would have left so good a coat upon your back."

REASONING BY ANALOGY.—A monk of extreme corpulence, coming very late one evening to the gates of Florence, asked if he could get in. "Oh, yes," said a peasant, to whom he had put the question, "a cart of hay can get in."

Diary and Chronology.

Tuesday, Oct. 11.

St. Philip the Deacon.

Sun rises 31m after 6—sets 23m after 5.

Oct. 11, 1303.—Died Boniface the Eighth, This was the Pope who canonized Louis King of France in 1297, and who instituted a jubilee for every hundredth year. He also added to his Tiara a second crown, and directed his cardinals to wear the red robe.

Wednesday, Oct. 12.

St. Wilfrid, bishop and conf.

High Water 23m after 5 Morn—41m after 5 Aftern.

Dr. Aikin, in his Calendar of Nature, has the following observations on bee-hives, and the taking of honey at this time of year:—"It is usually in October that the bee-hives are despoiled of their honey. As long as flowers are plentiful, the bees continue adding to their store; but when these fail, they are obliged to begin feeding on the honey they have already made. From this time, therefore, the hive grows less and less valuable. Its condition is judged of by its weight. The common method of getting at the honey is, by destroying the bees with the fumes of burning brimstone. This cruel necessity may be prevented by using hives or boxes properly contrived, or by employing fumes which will stupify but not kill them. In this case, however, enough of the honey must be left for their subsistence during the winter."

Thursday, Oct. 13.

St. Gerald.

Moon's 1st Quar. 59m after 11 Aftern.

Oct. 13, 1399.—The coronation of Henry IV. took place on this day, when he instituted the order of the Bath. He died in 1413, and was interred at Canterbury. At his coronation, Henry used many uncommonly solemn ceremonies, says Walsingham, to awe the vulgar; in particular, a new sword styled "the Sword of Lancaster," was borne before him, and the oil with which he was anointed (says an ecclesiastical writer) had been brought from heaven to Thomas a-Becket, by the blessed Virgin.

Friday, Oct. 14.

St. Dominic, conf.

Sun rises 36m after 6—sets 23m after 5.

Oct. 14, 1712.—*Ludicrous Effects of the appearance of a Comet.*—This year, Mr. Whiston, having calculated the return of a comet, which was to make its appearance to-day, Wednesday, at five minutes after five in the morning, gave notice to the public accordingly, with this terrifying addition, that a total dissolution of the world by fire was to take place on the Friday following. The reputation Mr. W. had long maintained, both as a divine and a philosopher, left little or no doubt with the populace of the truth of his prediction. Several ludicrous events now took place. A number of persons in and about London, seized all the barges and boats they could lay hands on in the Thames, very rationally concluding, that when the conflagration took place, there would be the most safety on the water. A gentleman who had neglected family prayer for better than five years, informed his wife, that it was his determination to resume that laudable practice the same evening; but his wife having engaged a ball at her house, persuaded her husband to put it off till

they saw whether the comet appeared or not. The South-sea stock immediately fell to five per cent. and the India to eleven, and the captain of a Dutch ship threw all his powder into the river, that the ship might not be endangered.

The next morning, however, the comet appeared according to the prediction, and before noon the belief was universal that the day of judgment was at hand. About this time 123 clergymen were ferried over to Lambeth, it was said, to petition that a short prayer might be penned and ordered, there being none in the church service on that occasion. Three squads of honour burnt their collections of novels and plays, and sent to a bookseller to buy each of them a bible, and Bishop Taylor's Holy Living and Dying. The run upon the Bank was so prodigious, that all hands were employed from morning till night in discounting notes and handing out the specie. On Thursday, considerably more than 7000 kept mistresses were legally married in the face of several congregations. And to crown the whole farce, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, at that time head director of the Bank, issued orders to all the Fire Officers in London, requiring them to keep a good look out, and have a particular eye on the Bank of England.

Saturday, Oct. 15.

St. Teresa, Virgin.

High Water 37m after 7 Morn—41m after 8 Aftern.

Oct. 15, 1791.—Expired, *Æt.* 32, Prince Potemkin, Field Marshal of Russia. His funeral was performed with great magnificence at Jassy in Moldavia; but his body was afterwards conveyed to Cherson, and interred in the principal church of that town. The Empress (Catherine II) allotted 100,000 rubles for the erection of a mausoleum to his memory. Prince Potemkin was 'one of the most extraordinary men of his time; he was at one period the lover of the empress; at another, he presented her with new favourites; became her confidant, her friend, her general, and her minister.

Sunday, Oct. 16.

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lessons for the Day.—Joel, 2 chapter Morning.

Micah, 6 ch. Evening.

Oct. 16, 1793.—The decollation of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. To-day, this unfortunate princess was conducted in a common cart, her hands tied behind her, to the place of execution, the mob saluting her funeral procession with shouts of exultation. The view of the Tuilleries caused her but a moment's emotion. She died with courage.

Monday, Oct. 17.

St. Eikhedreda.

Sun rises 42m after 6—sets 17 after 5.

Our saint was a princess of distinguished piety, daughter of Anna, King of the East Angles, and Herewitha his queen, and was born about the year 630 at Ixning, a small village in Suffolk. In the year 673, she founded the conventual church of Ely with the adjoining convent. Of this monastery she was constituted abbess, the monks and nuns living in society and regular order: it flourished for nearly two hundred years, but was destroyed, with its inhabitants, by the Danes in 870.



See page 210

Illustrated Article.

TALES OF AN IDLER.

PHEMIE MACKENZIE ; OR, THE CARVED
OAK CHAIR.

A Legend of my Ancestress.
For the Otto.

My mother's dwelling, in the mercantile town of — is situated in one of its busiest streets, and having been deprived of many symbols of ancient architecture, (particularly the Cross of the Templar Knights, shewing how wide once had been the rule and large the property of those heroes of Jerusalem, by this type of their valorous devotion marking every dwelling which contributed to their rents or rights), by the profane hands of some abettor of the "Improvement Act," and perfectly modernized into a plain brick building, by the tasteful endeavours of its *aujourd'hui* landlord, has nothing remarkable in its out of door appearance, but within the spoiler has not been, and its favourite apartments still present an

Vol. VIII.

O

air of gothic splendour, from the many relics of the old style of furniture which adorn them. I love this dwelling, not merely because my mother has, for many years, shed the sweet quiet of her gentle heart over it, till it almost appears to my imagination, when far away and clouded with the world's troubles, like that sanctuary on the waters to which the lonely dove returned, when she had "sought rest and found it not." In that house one was born and died,—a fair blossom, too beautiful for earth, on whose life I had founded my happiness ; but the destroyer came, and my heart's brightest feelings perished in the early grave of the loved and lost—for ever!

One evening, when the silver kettle and antique china were removed, I had nothing to divert me but the wild rush of the wind without, and the contemplation of the mementos of antiquity within. My mother's attentions being deeply engrossed by a superb piece of embroidered damask, on which the witchcraft of the needle had wrought, in coloured silk and silver, the white rose and the heathflower. This she was

210

forming into a cushion for a curiously carved and high-backed oak arm-chair, the possession of which was most irreligiously coveted by an antiquarian friend of ours, and as strenuously defended by my mother.

"Pray," said I, "what can you see so very interesting in that evidently decaying piece of furniture, to adorn it with such splendid hues?"

"Child," answered my mother, looking up from her employment, "has your heart not yet learned to look beyond the surface! There is a tale of woe and daring attached to this old oak chair—a legend of those times when men shed their blood like water, fighting for what each thought the good cause."

It is needless to say, that, inspired alike by curiosity, and the hope of passing away the long and weary winter night free from the tedium of ennui, I persuaded my kind mother to repeat to me her chronicle of the times of my ancestress, the original possessor of the carved oak chair.

"Father! the times are wild: we are far from that field which is to decide the fate of many—do not despair—our Malcolm will return; and think how well that gallant brow will look when the long-lost coronal of our race shines above it, and the bonnie earl shall come with a monarch's favour once more to his father's hall," said the fair-haired Phemie, as she kissed her father's reverend brow. Her race had long been devoted, with many of the proudest of the land, to the fortunes of the "Exile," and her brave brother was now out in the first of his fields to support the cause of "bonnie Prince Charlie." Her father, confined by severe ill-health, could only be there *in heart*; and was deeply anxious to learn the issue of that last decisive battle on the fatal field of Culloden. The rapid approach of a steed—its sudden stop—and the quick parley of its rider with the nearest domestic, (who, anxious as his master, was ever on the watch for the coming of the tidings,) made the old laird start to his feet, as the enthusiastic Phemie rushed to the outer portal, trusting to meet her brother's embrace. There was a slight pause—to the father an age of apprehensive torture,—when a wild and thrilling shriek was heard, and almost at the same time Phemie lay senseless at his feet.

"It is enough," said he, "raising her to his heart," "I now know that all

is lost!"—and for a moment the agony of his crushed hopes bowed his grey head, as the weeping domestics received from his failing grasp the fainting form of his daughter; then, suddenly looking round as if for the messenger of evil news, his eye rested on a stranger, who, wrapped in a tartan plaid, leant against the door, which he appeared to have hastily closed on his entrance into the apartment. He seemed almost sinking with fatigue, yet deeply interested in the scene before him.

"Oh, Scotland! how many broken hearts are thine!—how many hearths like this made desolate! and can— Pardon me, sir! you say true indeed—*all is lost!* I am a fugitive from the saddest field that Scottish blood ever stained—my wearied steed died at your gate—that maiden's words spoke to whom your hearts are pledged. I ask but an hour's shelter and the simplest of your fare—and I am again a wanderer on the earth!"

As the stranger spoke thus, he sunk upon an oaken chair near him, and drew the veiling tartan over breast and brow—but it could not hinder his low sobs of agony from reaching the ears of his auditors. Phemie, who had risen from her death-trance, and clung weeping to her father, first broke the silence,—

"Oh, father, think that our own Malcolm may have thus to plead, and cast not the fugitive from our gates!"

"Stranger, here you are safe—none will pursue into this rocky wilderness. Rest, then, thou whose heart seems broken as my own;" and the old laird kindly sought to press the hand of his guest—it was yielded to him, and its cold damp touch showed how worn the frame must be from necessity and want.

Phemie's eyes met her father's glance, and she hastily left the room, returning quickly with abundant provision, which the ancient domestics helped her to arrange, and heaping up fresh fuel, retired. During this time, the stranger appeared to have partly recovered himself, but still enfolded in his plaid, he traced unconsciously with his sheathless and broken dirk some characters on the arm of the chair in which he reposed; suddenly starting as his kind host addressed him, he, with a silent obeisance, availed himself of the plentiful repast, though still assiduously, with plumed cap and tartan, shielding himself from the gaze of his entertainers; much as the laird wished to learn, if the stranger knew aught of the

fate of his son, yet hospitality demanded he should not embitter the much wanted meal by a recurrence to circumstances that agonized his guest so deeply—none spoke, for Phemie could but weep, and the father mused on the fall of his own proud hopes and the fate of his only son; suddenly, in the stillness, the tramp of horses was faintly heard, and the stranger sprang wildly into the centre of the apartment.

"Hark! my pursuers!—they come!—they come!—then I am lost—"

"Nay, not so, stranger, the father of Malcolm Mackenzie will give his life for one who has fought beside him; here thou shalt be safe, wert thou Charles Stuart himself."

"I am Charles Stuart!" said the wanderer, casting aside his cap and tartan, his long fair curls falling brightly round his face, whose noble features had, amidst their mortal paleness, a sweet and touching dignity. "I am that outcast, and what can I expect from the father of Malcolm Mackenzie but his eternal malison. Curse me, old man, thy son's blood is yet upon my garments, he died to aid my escape—nay, sink not thus to earth,—speak, and let me in thy words, hear the curses of all whose hearts I have broken in lost, unhappy Scotland."

At these words Euphemia rose up; her bright eyes without tears, and her sweet girlish face beaming with the proud expression of her devoted heart. She rapidly crossed the room, and sliding back a part of the carved wainscoting, exclaimed—

"Fly, fly, my Prince, the sister of Malcolm will, like him, protect thee to the last;" then suddenly forced Charles (whose arm she had seized) into the aperture, and closing the spring, he found himself in utter darkness; then with the quickness of devoted and determined courage, she wrapped herself in the tartan he had thrown aside, and placing the plumed cap above her own fair curls, she turned to her astonished and agonized father, exclaiming—

"To the death, father! to the death for Charles Stuart!"

At the moment, when the crash of the yielding gates, the quick tread of many feet, and the hoarse voices and the clatter of steel announced the entrance of the dreaded pursuers, the door of the apartment was burst open, and the room half filled with soldiers.

"Ha!" said the leader, "behold our prize! Yield, sir, you are my prisoner!" and seizing the arm of the form

enveloped in the well-known tartan of Charles, there was a cry of "To horse!—to horse!" a rush of departing steeds, and the devoted Phemie was borne away a prisoner ere her father (whose broken exclamations were disregarded) could comprehend his heroic daughter's purpose. The sudden disclosure of his son's death, and the added agony for his daughter's fate, literally broke his aged heart, and Charles forced his way through the shattered panel into the room only to hear his death groan; with this fatal proof of the horrors of civil war weighing upon his soul, the Stuart fled far away into the darkness of the night, with the vain thought of yielding himself up, and saving the fair and fearless Phemie.

But time rolled away: the wanderer found a home in a foreign land; and Phemie, the early discovery of whose sex called forth the admiration of her gallant captors for such a proof of courageous devotion, was speedily returned in safety to her now disconsolate home. Time, it is said, does wonders, and the proverb must be true—for when Phemie Mackenzie cast aside her long worn mourning weeds, it was to don the bridal garment to meet at the altar the young warrior, to whom, as "Bonnie Prince Charlie," she had yielded herself prisoner. Her descendants have been many, but it has ever been their pride to preserve the oaken chair on which Charles Stuart traced with his dirk the initials of his name and the cross, alike the symbol of his faith and the type of his fate

"For ever *cross* and *cross*."

E. S. CRAVEN.

KING GATHOL'S CHAIR.

By *Str W. Scott*.

Dead were this spirit, by my fay,
To pass unsaid, unsung the day
When the Fourth William went
To claim the crown his fathers wore:
And, 'mid huzza and cannons' roar,
Approached Westminster's shafted door
By Parliament Street, never before
With human heads so pent.

Without, a nation's plaudits rang—
Within, the gates were open flung—
And horsemen cheer'd and chargers neigh'd,
When lighted down that cavalcade.
As up the nave the pageant went,
A thousand eager necks were bent
From galleries perched on high;
The choristers their anthem sang,
And in reverberation rang
Each aisle and archway nigh.

Boots not to tell, in order due,
With broider'd suit and buckled shoe,
Ermines, and silks, and satins new,
How lord and lady pass'd in view,
Their trains upheld by page:

Nor will our length of lay allow
To tell, in long succession, how,
By warrior and by sage
The King's and Queen's regalia borne,
Were, on that memorable morn,
Upon the altar laid;
While peal'd the martial clarions round,
Thrilling the hosoms with their sound
Of manhood and of maid :
Till, litany read, and sermon o'er,
The gray archbishop stepp'd before,
Nor longer could delay to pour
Oil on the royal head!

What next the vast assembly stirs ?
With supertunica and spurs
The dean invests the King ;
The sword and mantle, rich inwrought,
The orb and sceptre, next are brought ;
And last the jewell'd ring :
When all was hush'd, he handed down,
From altar-place, St. Edward's crown ;
And placing it on royal head,
With fervent voice cried he,
" Anointed King I thee ordain—
O'er Britain's realm long mayst thou reign—
A people brave and free."
Then roll'd the thundering drums ; and hark !
The canon from the Tower and Park,
Which made the cloisters ring ;
While evermore, as died away
The sounds without of wild fuzza,
Was heard—meet shouts for such a day !—
" Long live—God save the King !"

Oh for a cataract of verse !
The wond'rous history to rehearse
Of England's regal chair,
Which holds the stone, as legends say,
On which the head of Jacob lay
At Luz, through midnight's air :
Thence to Bragantia was it brought,
In Spain, by hands unknown ;
And Gathol, monarch of the Scot,
Sat on it for a throne ;
But afterwards, some thousand years,
Gallant King Kenneth, it appears,
Placed it in northern Scry :
May no such seat as this be found
On Pagan or on Christian ground !
Shame were it to pass o'er unsaid
How crown'd was also Adelaide,
Our good and gracious Queen ;
And how the peeresses, array'd
All in their coronets, display'd
Their rank and noble mien.
But I must close this rapid lay,
For time and tide for none delay,
And, on October's earliest day,
KICORNA meets the sight
Of all who wit and wisdom have ;
So, to the beautiful and the brave,
So, to the gallant and the grave,
I sing in haste this parting stave,
And wish a blithe " good night !"

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.*

Remarkable and Novel Hunt.—Among the varied, novel, and diversified experiments of a sporting nature, performed by the late Lord Oxford, perhaps none was more eccentric than his determination to drive four red-deer stags in a phaeton, instead of horses, and these he had reduced to perfect dis-

* From Captain Brown's Sketches and Anecdotes of Quadrupeds.

cipline for his excursions and short journeys upon the road ; but, unfortunately, as he was one day driving to Newmarket, their ears were saluted with the cry of a pack of hounds, which, soon after crossing the road in the rear, caught scent of the " four-in-hand," and commenced a new kind of chase, with " breast-high" alacrity. The novelty of this scene was rich beyond description ; in vain did his lordship exert all his charioteering skill ; in vain did his well-trained grooms energetically endeavour to ride before them ; reins, trammels, and the weight of the carriage, were of no effect, for they went with the celerity of a whirlwind ; and this modern Phaeton, in the midst of his electrical vibrations of fear, bid fair to experience the fate of his namesake. Luckily, however, his lordship had been accustomed to drive this set of " fiery-eyed steeds" to the Ram inn, at Newmarket, which was most happily at hand ; and to this his lordship's most fervent prayers and ejaculations had been ardently directed. Into the yard they suddenly bounded, to the consternation of hostlers and stable-boys, who seemed to have lost every faculty upon the occasion. Here they were luckily overpowered, and the stags, the phaeton and his lordship, were all instantaneously huddled together in a barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

The Philosopher Nonplussed.—De la Croix relates the following almost incredible instance of sagacity in a cat, who even, under the receiver of an air-pump, discovered the means of escaping a death, which appeared, to all present, inevitable :—" I once saw," says he, " a lecturer upon experimental philosophy, place a cat under the glass-receiver of an air-pump, for the purpose of demonstrating that very certain fact, that life cannot be supported without air and respiration. The lecturer had already made several strokes with the piston, in order to exhaust the receiver of its air, when the animal, who began to feel herself very uncomfortable in the rarified atmosphere, was fortunate enough to discover the source from whence her uneasiness proceeded. She placed her paw upon the hole through which the air escaped, and thus prevented any more from passing out of the receiver. All the exertions of the philosopher were now unavailing ; in vain he drew the piston ; the cat's paw effectually prevented its operation. Hoping to effect his purpose, he let air

again into the receiver, which, as soon as the cat perceived, she withdrew her paw from the aperture; but whenever he attempted to exhaust the receiver, she applied her paw as before. All the spectators clapped their hands in admiration of the wonderful sagacity of the animal, and the lecturer found himself under the necessity of liberating her, and substituting in her place another, that possessed less penetration, and enabled him to exhibit the cruel experiment."

Instance of great Docility.—A remarkable instance of the docility of a lion occurred some time ago in Chester: the head keeper of Messrs. Earl, James, and Son's menagerie being absent, the magnificent male lion, which forms part of this collection, was fed on Sunday night by a strange keeper, who omitted to fasten the door when he left the den. The watchman, when going his rounds about three in the morning discovered the king of beasts deliberately walking about the yard, and surveying the surrounding objects with apparent curiosity. The watchman immediately went to call the proprietors, and some of the people connected with the exhibition; and, when they arrived, they found the lion *couchant* on the top of one of the coaches in the coachmaker's yard, in Prince's street, as if he alone deserved to be free, and, conscious of his royal dignity, was giving audience to his quadruped subjects, who were in durance around him. With very little entreaty from the proprietors, the monarch of the forest deigned to descend from his throne, and very graciously followed a young lady, the proprietor's daughter, into his den again.

Attachment of Elephants.—That elephants are susceptible of the most tender attachment to each other, is evinced by the following occurrence, which is recorded in a French journal:—In the year 1786, two young elephants, about two years and a half old, were brought from the island of Ceylon into Holland, as a present to the Stadtholder, from the Dutch East India Company. They had been separated, in order to be conveyed from the Hague to the *Jardin des Plantes*, at Paris, where there was a spacious apartment fitted up for their reception. This was divided in the middle, to keep the animals apart, but communicated by means of a portcullis. These apartments were surrounded by a palisade of strong rails. The morning after their arrival, they were brought into this habitation, the male elephant

being first introduced. He examined, with an air of suspicion, the whole place, tried the beams individually, by shaking them with his trunk, to see if they were fast. He endeavoured to turn round the large screws which bound them, but this he found impracticable. When he came to the portcullis between the two partitions, he discovered it was secured only by a perpendicular iron bolt, which he lifted up with his trunk, pushed open the door, and entered the other apartment, where he received his breakfast. It was with great difficulty these animals had been separated; and, not having seen each other for some months, the joy they exhibited at meeting, after so long a separation, is hardly to be described. They immediately ran to each other, uttered a cry of joy that shook the whole building, and blew air from their trunks with such violence that it seemed like the blast of a smith's bellows. The pleasure of the female seemed the most lively: she expressed it by moving her ears with astonishing rapidity, and tenderly twining her trunk round the body of the male. She particularly applied it to his ear, where she kept it a long time motionless, and, after having again folded it round his body, she applied it to her own mouth. The male, in like manner, folded his trunk round the body of the female, and the pleasure he seemed to experience was of a sentimental cast, for he expressed it by shedding tears. After that time, they were kept in the same apartment, and their attachment and mutual affection excited the admiration of all who visited the menagerie.

UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS OF LORD BYRON.

For the Olio.

THE following relation involves a narrative for the truth of which I can confidently vouch; having been myself so intimately blended with its incidents. Young Ireland, availing himself of the popular opinion that Shakspeare wrote plays and poems which saw not the light, produced his inimitable forgeries of the unpublished works of the bard of Stratford; and, perhaps on the same principle, the insatiable public, not content with *the little* which Gay the poet had written, gave eager credence to the posthumous volume published under the title of "Gay's Chair," and which consisted of poems asserted to have been discovered in some secret drawers

of the poet's chair—a volume which the literary world ought to have been wary in adopting, after the salutary lesson taught them by that clever boy, William Henry Ireland. It may be inferred from these and similar facts, that the notoriety that a multitude of Lord Byron's minor poems remain unpublished, may, at some future period, tempt the ambition of some aspiring genius to follow the examples on record, and, by means of forgery, astonish the literati with a volume of the early poems of Lord Byron.

In the spring of 1825, I took up my abode in the house of a respectable cheesemonger, near one of the principal thoroughfares of the south of London; where, from the unsophisticated and homely habits of my eccentric landlord, I passed my leisure in the undisturbed enjoyment of the *otium cum dignitate*—interrupted only to laugh at the whimsical humour of my well-fed host. To digress a little respecting him—and really he merits such digression—I may mention that he had the reputation of being “a marvellous proper man,”—one who kept well to business, eschewed all public-house society, and kept his shop-door ajar for an hour or two on the Sunday morning, in order to accommodate a few particular customers. He used sometimes to fly into a passion; but then it soon went off him. But the most vociferous mood in which I have known him, was on one of those said Sunday mornings, when his eldest boy Tom had forgotten to put up the single shutter of the window, and close the door, time enough to evade the penalty enforced by the act. His voice would literally merge into a startling loudness, emulative of thunder—“Tom! the shutter, you rascal!—the *ten shillings' devils* are on us!” As to his temperance, sorry am I to say, that it was merely nominal. I have known him, on a Sunday evening, sit boozing by his own fireside, and when in about his fourth tumbler of rum-and-water, he would exclaim—“Harry—take down the Bible, and read us a chapter;” then, turning to me, hiccupping, and striking me on the shoulder, he would observe—“H—, my boy! you see I always set the lads a good example!” But these peccadilloes apart, he was one of the best and most benevolent men breathing. Undisturbed be his slumbers, in that verdant grave shadowed by the episcopal gloom of the palace-yard at Lambeth!

Well—to stick to my text:—it was one dull evening that, complaining of head-ache and the vapours, I obtruded myself upon the society of my landlord, who was busy in his shop.

“You are just the person I wished to see,” said he, his knife dividing, as he spoke, a globe of Dutch cheese: “Mrs. M—, the rich old lady at No. 8, in B—Place, whilst fishing up some *waste paper* to sell me, told me that she has got some *manuscraps*, I think she calls 'em, written by Lord Byron: they belonged to a distant relation of his, who *croaked* at the old woman's house, and that is the way she came by 'em. She wouldn't let me *touch* 'em; but you are to go this evening, and look over her *manuscraps* for her.”

I hastily thanked him for his kind recommendation of me to the undertaking of so interesting and delightful a task. I hurried to the old lady's residence, knocked at the door, and respectfully told my errand, coupling its mention with a reference to the too good opinion which my landlord held of my competency in regard to such matters. She received me affably, and desired me to be seated. Her presence somewhat awed me; for she had the solemn air and punctilious bearing of a matron of the old school. Opening a sombre-hued escrutoire, which stood in a dark corner of the room, she took from it a small portfolio, and placed it on the table before me, within arms'-length of me: observing, with a cautious movement of her hand, “I will open it, sir.” I gave in to the old lady's solicitous civility, and refrained from meddling with the depository of such precious relics; though my fingers itched to untie the ribbons of the mystery-hiding portfolio. Disposing of her massy bunch of keys, she took her seat at the table, and, after a long peroration respecting the death of the young lady alluded to, she opened the portfolio, and drew out, first, ‘Stanzas’ to some Highland fortress or castle, the name of which I do not remember. They were written in a good, school-boy hand, and signed with his lordship's initials. On the top was a scratchy drawing, with pen and ink, of some castellated ruin or other; and justice compels me to say, that, in my humble judgment, the verses were equal to any in his “Hours of Idleness.” Another poem which the careful old lady courteously handed to me, bore the title of “Written at Loch —,” but my memory entirely fails me

as to names. A third production was entitled "To E. M." or "E. L."—which of the two initials I cannot say. However, my forgetfulness in these particulars is of little consequence. The whole of the series of poems, which I minutely perused, had been written in the Highlands.

The stanzas to the female whose initials are prefixed to them, bore indubitable testimony to having been written by no other than his lordship. There was in them a portion of that highly-wrought sentiment and expression of immedicable sorrow, so conspicuous in his "Fare thee well!"

"What a beautiful hand he wrote!" mechanically exclaimed the old lady; as she hastily turned over the variously-sized papers, some of which were ornamented in a schoolboy fashion, having black borders made by the pen, with flowers and other devices at the corners. That they were some of them Lord Byron's first efforts, mingled with others of more mature origin, and *all* in his lordship's handwriting, I have not the semblance of a doubt. The eccentric owner of these documents asked my opinion as to the advisability of publishing them. I drew a rather intimidating picture of the publishers' market, which had the effect of causing the old lady to desist from the idea; and she committed the manuscripts to their faded and forlorn depository, heartily thanking me for my timely advice; and I bade her good night.

Many a time since that odd interview has my judgment revoked its former decision, and my conscience smitten me for that hasty counsel. Vicissitude and change have been my lot since the date of that adventure; and, on my different returns from the country to the metropolis, I have not failed to pass that important No. 8, P—Place:—but the marks of a displaced brass plate, a trampled garden, and "This House to Let," painted over the door, rendered my every wish to negative my advice to the enviable possessor of those manuscripts, abortive.

FREDERICK HELVERTON.

Historic Fragments.

THE FIRST PAVING IN LONDON.—In the year 1417, Henry the Fifth observing that Holbourne 'Alta via regia in Holbourne' was a deep and perilous road, ordered two ships to be laden with stones at his own cost, each

twenty tons in burthen, in order to repair it. This appears to be the first paving in London we have recorded.

ELECTION LAWS.—In 1429, (temp. Henry VI.) an important change was made as to the qualifications of voters for knights of shires. They were now obliged to prove themselves worth forty shillings per annum. Before this, *every* freeholder might vote, and the vast concourse of electors brought on riots and murders. Twenty pounds in modern days would not be an equivalent for our ancestors forty shillings. The freeholders were at the same time directed to choose two of "the fittest and most discreet knights resident in their county;" or, if none such could be found, "notable esquires, gentlemen by birth, and qualified to be made knights,—but no yeoman, or person of inferior rank."

A MAD ARCHDEACON OF OXFORD.—In the reign of Henry VI., Dr. Thomas Gascoigne was Chancellor of Oxford. He appears to have felt deeply the profligacy with which ecclesiastical affairs were conducted, for thus does he express himself:—"I knew a certain illiterate ideot, the son of a mad knight, who, for being the companion, or rather the fool of the sons of a great family of the royal blood, was made archdeacon of Oxford before he was eighteen years old, and got, soon after, two rich rectories and twelve prebends. I asked him one day what he thought of learning? "I despise it," said he; "I have better livings than you great doctors, and believe as much as any of you." What do you believe? said I. "I believe," said he, "that there are three Gods in one person. I believe all that God believes."

THE DISCOVERY OF LITHOTOMY.—The year 1474 shines in the records of chirurgery as the epoch of a most important discovery, that of lithotomy. A Parisian archer, much tortured for the stone, and condemned to death for a capital offence, offered to submit to the experiment. It succeeded; and his example tempted others to venture the operation. It does not appear, however, that during the fifteenth century the knowledge of this great secret was extended beyond France. J. J.

THE VALLEY OF LEMORNE.

For the Ollio.

THE Valley of Lemorne is celebrated throughout all the west for its singular beauty and grandeur; it is a scene fit-

ing the pencil of a Claude to delineate, for nowhere can a greater variety be found in the same space of ground;—there is every change, from the softest repose of nature to her wildest efforts, all beautifully blended together, and forming a *coup d'œil* truly romantic. At the head of the valley the land is laid out to great advantage, and nature is prodigal of every thing to cheer the eye and make glad the heart; the gardens are bright with flowers, and the hum of bees is heard among them; the orchards, rich in fruit, tempt the appetite, while all around, the fields teem with plenty: but lower down, as it approaches the sea, gradually a sterner cast pervades the landscape, and, at last, nothing but rocks piled on rocks, with small patches of green between, are to be seen, while the little stream, which at the upper end of the valley flowed tranquilly on, battles its way through the narrow passes of the rock, and then mingles with the ocean.

This is in summer, and then, when the sun's beams do brightly shine, many a gay party make this their place of rendezvous. Here, under the shade of its overhanging rocks, the toil-worn artisan, the merchant, the sailor returned from the sea, to snatch a moment of bliss,—the tourist, and those with whom pleasure is the whole business of their life, bid the cares of the world and the fatigue of a heavy hour for a time good bye, and prepare to enjoy life while it is in their power; if a judgment may be formed from the merry laugh which is frequently heard coming from among the rocks, and echoing up the valley in a calm summer evening, when they are about to retire from this scene of almost "faerie lande,"—one may safely conclude they have derived all the enjoyment they wished for.

But in the winter, all is solitude, and the only sound to be heard is that of the brook, swollen into a river, rushing fiercely down to its mighty master, the ocean, eager to pay the tribute of its stream. About half-way between the two extremes, ere the features of either are distinctly marked, nestled under a rock so as scarcely to be discernible by a passing stranger, stands a little cot; it is in a widely different form to what it was in former days, but twenty years ago, not a prettier could be seen within many miles of the place—nor happier hearts than its inmates, who were an old couple and their son. This son was the only remaining one of

a large family, who had been reared in this little cottage; the others were gone to distant parts of the country, settled out in the busy world, only now and then returning to their home, and then leaving it to play their parts in other places; but this one who remained never could be expected to leave Lemorne. In early youth, severe fits of epilepsy had so weakened his faculties, that he was generally considered as little other than an idiot: still he was their child, and the old couple even loved him the more for this very weakness.

From this deficiency of intellect, and weakness of body, exertion of the mind seemed out of the question; indeed, the Bible was the only thing he ever paid attention to: he would sit and listen to his father, when at night the daily portion of the scripture was read, and seemed as if his whole heart was wrapped up in the words of that holy book. Though the lights of literature and science never illumined the darkness of the mind of this unfortunate, there were times when it seemed as if the very spirit of inspiration was breathed into his soul, and his heart would pour forth with an almost inconceivable grandeur the sacred truths he had learnt and treasured up in his memory. This was his only study and delight; frequently was he missing for hours, and in the evening, when the old man would go to seek him, he was found in some sheltered place among the rocks, repeating to himself the miracles of the old times, when God made himself manifest to his people, or some portion of the writings of the prophets which had particularly attracted his attention; but when he saw his father approaching, he would hurry towards him, and kissing the old man's face, down which the tears often rolled, would go with him to their home.

About this time the disciples of Wesley were first spread among the western parts of the kingdom, and men's hearts were brought to feel that which before they scoffed at and treated with ridicule; the hill countries heard it and were glad, and the children of the remote valley welcomed the messengers of peace to their dwellings. Evil is never entirely rooted out, yet whatever revilers may say, these men laid the foundation of a mighty fabric of religion and piety, which their successors have built upon, and now have made so conspicuous over the world. Once, when Wesley himself preached, poor

Anthony contrived to be present; he had never before seen or heard a preacher like the one now before him; his visionary dreamings now appeared in bodily form, and to his bewildered brain it seemed as if one of the prophets of old had come again to preach in the deserts, and warn men of their evil ways. As the preacher spoke of the gospel of the poor, the love of God to man, and brought these things home to the feelings, his fervour was caught by all around, and sobs of grief and anguish were heard from many a stout heart among the crowd; poor Anthony was much affected—the tears ran down his face, and the gospel which even the man of little understanding was to have preached to him, fell upon his darkened soul, and lighted up the mind, till the whole man was full of the spirit of the Lord.

He returned to Lemorne, but from that time never remained long at home—the preacher and his words were ever in his mind; in his waking visions and in his midnight dreams appeared this majestic being, with actions of encouragement, calling him to the word. Urged on by the impulse of his imaginations, and with the enthusiasm of those who believe themselves as the instruments of God, he wandered forth from habitation to habitation, speaking the wonders of divine love. He was listened to as if an inspired person had been sent on a mission to the earth—thousands heard him, and were astonished: he that was of little understanding admonished those who were considered the lights of the world, and though the same obscurity clouded his intellects as to the things of this world, yet his language, when speaking on what he thought was the grand object of his existence, was full of majesty and solemn beyond any ever uttered by man like himself.

Constant and unceasing exertion, like that which the idiot of Lemorne—the fool who spoke wise words—now took upon himself, was more than his strength would allow; after his prayers and discourses, he would frequently fall down exhausted in the arms of those by whom he was surrounded, and only their care and attention would recover him to begin again on the morrow the task which he considered himself bound to perform. By degrees, the necessity of remaining near his home, occasioned by continued illness, threw him once more into the company of his parents, and led him to retrace the scenes of his

early youth; they thought the remembrance of the tranquil life he formerly led would have a power over his mind, and with all the tenderness of affection strove to persuade him to leave off his wanderings, and remain with them in their little cot.

“No, no! I must preach—good people must know the good God!” was all they could obtain, though he fell on their necks, kissing them, and showing that a want of love and affection was not in his heart. He recovered; again began his pilgrimage; but now he was well known, and the idiot preacher was received with a welcome in every house—he partook of the refreshments placed before him, without seeming to care what they were, and then proceeded to speak of his mission to another community.

One evening, in the latter part of Autumn, the cold north winds blew keenly down the valley of Lemorne; the leaves were beginning to fall from the trees, and the little stream to appear in its winter fashion, when the father of Anthony left his comfortable fireside, to look after and administer to the wants of his little stock of cattle, poultry, &c.; they were carefully housed for the night, and he was returning to his hut, satisfied that all was well—when he thought he heard a groan, as if from some one in distress, at a short distance; he listened—perhaps it was but fancy; who could be abroad in this secluded spot, in such a night? Again he heard it, and hurried for a light, to discover the object from whence it came. With his wife to assist him in case of need, he hastened up through the little garden, and there, near the stile which led to the house, was his son, lying speechless, and apparently dead. They lifted him up, and carried him to his bed, but the battle was over—the race was run, and the soul—the soul went to his maker God!

The old couple lived many years after this event—time kindly spread its healing balm over their minds—but it never effaced the memory of their son from hearts who had loved him with all a parent's fondness. When they died, no one came to inhabit the humble cot in which they had passed so many happy days: it gradually has fallen to ruin, and in a short time no trace of it will remain—but its former inmates will be remembered for many years, and the memory of the Idiot of Lemorne will be blessed by those to whom (a humble instrument,) he gave the first

lesson of repentance, and whose amended lives testify that his labours were not unrewarded.

J. S. C.

THE HURRICANE AT BARBADOS.

To the Editor of the Olio.

SIR—If the following extract from a private letter, giving an account of the late hurricane at Barbados, be of any use to you, it is at your service.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
C. C. CLARKE.

As the report of the terrible hurricane with which this devoted island has been visited on the morning of the 11th of August must have reached you, I hasten to assure you that we are still among the living, by the most miraculous providence, as the house which we inhabited, an upper story, of mason work, was entirely destroyed. The roof, walls, furniture—every thing carried away, leaving me buried under the ruins during two hours, whilst the storm was raging. It was owing to my iron bedstead, and a trunk underneath, that I was not smothered, as it broke the fall of the roof and walls, and protected me from destruction. My sister was likewise providentially saved by a mattress having been thrown upon her, and which she firmly retained during the storm. As daylight appeared, I was able to creep out of the ruins, all wet and bruised, and with seven contusions. I cannot describe to you the desolation caused in two hours by the infuriated elements. The wind was blowing tremendously, rain falling in torrents, lightning thundering meteors and balls of fire in all directions. I really thought it was the total destruction of the world. The desolation of the town and country beggars all description,—all was down—the largest stone-buildings and the humblest cottages shared the same fate!—the proudest tree and the humblest shrub lay equally prostrated. The dismal appearance of the inhabitants cannot be described,—lame and mutilated, they were wandering about houseless, in search of their friends and relations. The least ruined church served as an hospital, and the burials of the dead were made without any ceremony. Of the inhabitants, it is calculated that about five thousand were killed. At the garrison we had about fifty killed, and upwards of one hundred and fifty wounded. The loss of property is incalculable—all I possessed has been

blown away, or destroyed. I found a chest of drawers, broken in pieces, carried above one hundred yards from my house. The neighbouring islands have been very liberal towards the houseless and poor: from all parts vessels arrive with provisions, money, and building materials. Some pretend that, during the storm, shocks of an earthquake were felt,—as a proof of it they instance the tombstones in the cathedral, which were removed from their places.

Snatches from Oblivion.

Out of the old fields cometh the new corn.

SIR E. COKE.

VERSES BY
SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH, KNT. *

Goe, soul, the bodies guests,
Upon a thankless arrante,
Fear not to touche the beste,
The truth shall be thy warrant,—
Goe, since I needs must dye,
And give them all the lye.

Goe, tell the court it glorse,
And shines like painted wood;
Goë, tell the church it shows
What's good, but does no good.
If court and church replye,
Give court and church the lye.

Tell potentates, they live
Actinge, but, oh! their actions
Not loved, unless they give!
Not strong, but by their factions.
If potentates replye,
Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Here purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they do replye,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell those that brave it moste,
They begge more by spendinge,
Who in their greatest coste
Seek nothinge but commendage.
And if they make replye,
Spare not to give the lye.

Tell zeal it lacks;
Tell love it is but issue;
Tell time it is but motion;
Tell flesh it is but duste.
And wish them not replye,
For thou must give the lye.

Tell age it dally wasteth;
Tell honour how it alters;
Tell beautye that it blasteth;
Tell favour that she falters.
And if they do replye,
Give every one the lye.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In fickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom that she intangles
Herself in over-wisness.
And if they do replye,
Then give them both the lye.

* We may conjecture the above lines to have been written at Winchester, in 1603, when the unfortunate knight was under sentence of death, and expected it, (as appears in a letter to his wife, printed in his "Works,") the very night before the day appointed for his execution.

Tell phisick of her boldness ;
 Tell skill it is pretension ;
 Tell charity of coldness ;
 Tell law it is contention.
 And if they do replye,
 Then give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindness ;
 Tell nature of decay ;
 Tell friendship of unkindness ;
 Tell justice of decay.
 And if they do replye,
 Then give them all the lye.

Tell artes they have no soundness,
 But vary by esteeming ;
 Tell skollers lack profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming.
 And if artes and skollers replye,
 Give artes and skooles the lye.

Tell faith it's fled the citye ;
 Tell how the country crighe ;
 Tell manhood shakes off pyttie ;
 Tell virtue least preferath.
 And if they do replye,
 Spare not to give the lye.

So when thou hast, as I
 Command thee, done babbling ;
 Althoughs to give the lye
 Deserves no lesse than stabbing ;
 Yet stabb at thee whose will,
 No stabb the soul can kill.

Notices of New Books.

A Treatise on Coffee ; its properties and the best mode of keeping and preparing it. 8vo. 32 pp. London ; Baldwin and Co.

The author of this brief and well written little treatise has evidently made the history and properties of the coffee berry his study, and the fruits of his experience has enabled him to produce a work well deserving of attention.—We think every lover of this nourishing and exhilarating beverage will read the following extracts with pleasure.

“ To the Greeks and Romans, coffee appears to have been unknown, as well as to our ancestors in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, for we do not find any account of it in the records of the crusaders. In some parts of Ethiopia, according to Bruce, coffee grows spontaneously in great abundance, and has doubtless done so from a very remote date. The name is said to have been derived from *caffè* or *caffa*, a town of Ethiopia, in the province of Narea on the banks of the Nile, far to the southward of Egypt. In that uncivilized region a decoction from coffee is understood to have been used at a very early period, but the country from which coffee was first exported as an article of trade was Arabia. How long its properties may have been known to the natives we have no means of ascertaining. The earliest authentic account of

its becoming an article of commerce appears to be in 1450, at which time it was introduced by Magaladdin Muffi, of Aden, a city of Arabia, and by him and others exported to different parts of Asia.

“ Aden and Mocha are both sea-ports in the province of Yemen, in the south of Arabia, near the mouth of the Red Sea, in N. lat. 18 and 14, a climate which is found by experience to be very favourable to the cultivation of coffee. From these ports it was conveyed eastward to India, and westward to Mecca and Medina, the well known resort of the Mahometan pilgrims, through whose means the use of coffee was gradually introduced at Cairo, Damascus, and other populous places.

“ At Constantinople the use of coffee was introduced about the year 1550, and the coffee-houses soon becoming the resort of loungers and politicians, a jealous government might have (and did for a short time.) forbid its use ; but a sagacious financier fixed on it as the object of a tax, which proved productive to a considerable extent, and relieved it from an injudicious interdict.

“ The consumption of coffee now extended rapidly, among all classes in the Ottoman empire, whether Turks, Jews, Greeks, or Armenians. It became a custom among them to offer coffee to all visitors ; and it is a curious fact, that a husband refusing his wife a proper supply of coffee was an act, when joined to other provocations, on which a claim of divorce might be grounded. Our first accounts of the use of coffee in Turkey were from travellers ; one of these, a German named Rauwolf, visiting Syria and the eastern countries about the year 1570, described it as in general use ; as did, in 1603, our countryman Biddulph, who went over nearly the same regions. Another of our countrymen, and one of more distinguished name, we mean Lord Bacon, writing towards the close of his valuable life in 1624, adverts to coffee as “ a healthy beverage well known in the east.” The Venetians who carried on the chief trade with the Levant, were the first to import coffee into the west of Europe for the purpose of sale. It was thus brought to Marseilles in the early part of the seventeenth century, and somewhat later (about 1657) to Paris. In 1669, a Turkish ambassador, Soliman Aga, arrived in that capital from Constantinople, and by his example, as well as by making liberal presents both of coffee and of the apparatus for preparing it, established its use among the

higher classes, from whom it gradually extended to the middle and lower ranks. Since then the consumption of coffee has increased almost every year, more particularly in Germany, France, Holland, and other parts of the continent, where it has been fostered by commercial enterprise, instead of being opposed, as in this country, by the influence exerted for another article by great capitalists. In London the use of coffee seems to have been first introduced about the year 1652, when a Greek, named Pasqua, opened a coffee-room in George-yard, Lombard-street, but for some time with very little success. A Frenchman fitting up a coffee-house sometime after with more taste and regard to fashion, was better supported by the public. The first mention of coffee in our statute books occurs in 1660, when there was imposed on this beverage a duty of fourpence a gallon—more than equal, considering the difference in the value of money, to one shilling a gallon at present. In 1663 another statute contained an enactment that no coffee-house should be open without a license from the magistrates of the district. After that period coffee-houses were more frequented, and becoming, during the troubled reign of Charles II. (1675), obnoxious to the court, a proclamation was issued ordering them to be shut up. But the inexpediency of this ill-judged prohibition was soon felt, it was recalled in a few days, and no such interference on the part of government has taken place since. Coffee-houses continued to increase, and in 1688 it was computed by Mr. Ray, the botanist, that they were nearly as general in London as in Cairo, where the use of coffee had been very early introduced.

“One of the earliest descriptions of the coffee-tree was given by Prosper Alpinus, in his history of plants. A writer of later date, Lamarck the French naturalist, describes it thus: “An ever-green shrub, from fifteen to twenty feet high; the trunk erect, not more than two or three inches in diameter; the branches brachiate, two growing at every joint, almost cylindrical, flexible, loose, expanding, the lower branches extending horizontally; the leaves are four or five inches long, two inches broad, opposite, simple, smooth, green, shining on the upper surface, pale green underneath, on very short petioles;—flowers white, sessile clustered, four or five together, sweet scented, soon falling off; berries oval, globular, of a dark

red colour when fully ripe; and the seeds, one in each cell, oblong, cartilaginous, pointed at one end, not having much thickness.”

New Music.

Five Serious Songs for Three and Four Voices. Music by E. Cruse. London: J. Green.

These songs are arranged with both taste and skill, but are rather deficient in melody. The poetry of two of them is selected from the writings of H. K. White,—the others, which are original, are very graceful compositions.

GOD PRESERVE THE KING—a Quartett. Music by E. Cruse, the Words by Susanna Strickland.

This simple and pleasing performance possesses much originality and beauty,—the accompaniment is extremely pretty. Of the words we need not speak, as they have had a wide circulation in that ably conducted periodical, the *Athenæum*.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.

M. W. of Windsor.

SUPERSTITIOUS NOTIONS RESPECTING THE ASH-TREE.—Evelyn says this tree is reputed so sacred in Wales, that there is not a church-yard that does not contain one; and that on a certain day every person wears a cross made of this wood. Some authors give it the name of *Fraxinus Cambro-Britannica*, or Welsh Ash. “It is reputed,” says Evelyn, “to be a preservative against fascination and evil spirits, whence, perhaps we call it *Witchen*; the boughs being stuck about the house, or used for walking-staffs.”

ORIGIN OF THE COLOUR OF THE MULBERRY.—We learn from Ovid that the Mulberry derives its fine colour from the blood of the two unfortunate lovers Pyramus and Thisbe. He tells us that it was originally snow-white, but that when Pyramus, in despair upon the supposed death of his mistress, killed himself with his own sword, he fell under the shade of this tree; Thisbe, finding him in this situation, followed his example,—and their blood, flowing about the roots of the tree, was absorbed by them, and gave colour to the fruit.

Dark in the rising tide the berries grew,
And, white no longer, took a sable hue;
But brighter crimson springing from the root,
Shot through the black, and purpled o'er the
fruit. *Orger's Trans. of Ovid.*

TRIUMPHAL ARCHES.—An arch was the principal feature of these erections, and they were constructed to commemorate the achievements of eminent or illustrious persons in the state. Triumphal arches were often raised as monuments of gratitude or adulation,—as those of Galienus, at Rome, of Trajan, at Ancona and Beneventum, and of Adrian, at Athens. They were often adorned with sculptures in low relief, representing the spoils of an enemy, symbols of conquered cities, triumphal processions, sacrificial groups, &c.—Triumphal arches had one, two, or three passages; of the first are those of Trajan, at Ancona, Titus, at Rome, and Augustus, at Rimini. The arches of Septimus Severus, and of Constantine, at Rome, have each one large, and two smaller passages. The most considerable triumphal arch, in point of magnitude, is that of Constantine, at Rome, which was erected A.D. 312, and for the materials of which, the arch of Trajan was despoiled of its chief ornaments.

ARKS—were anciently large chests or coffers. Hunter, in his Glossary, speaks of them as “the large chests in farm-houses, used for keeping meat or flour. Arks were usually made of strong oaken planks, and frequently adorned with elaborate carving. Many of the arks are of high antiquity; the making of them must have constituted a distinct trade, as we have the surname of Ark-wright. The strong boxes in which the Jews kept their valuables were anciently called their arks—*arkas*, a word which occurs in the royal warrant in the Foedera, 45 Hen. III., to search all the Jews’ arks throughout the kingdom. As the Welch have *arh* in the sense of coffin, it is not impossible that ark may be a relic of the Celtic.” The press or cupboard in a vestry, where the clergy hung their vestments, was also called an ark.

THE AUDITORIUM,—with the Romans, was the place where their orators and poets recited their literary compositions; a portion of the nave of a church, where the audientes or catechumens stood; or where the congregation (who were not permitted to enter the choir) remained during the performance of religious ceremonies was often so styled; hence the term is sometimes applied to the whole nave. The auditorium was also an apartment in monasteries for the reception of strangers. In this sense it was called the *salutatorium*; and in Ælfric’s Saxon

Glossary, it is denominated the spræc-hus, parlour, or house of conference. In monasteries it signified the place where schools were held.

INDELICACY OF MANNERS IN THE NEAPOLITANS.—Decency and delicacy are not conspicuous in the manners of the Neapolitans. Every thing is done in public; the conversation runs upon the most extraordinary topics, and with as little disguise as possible. Boys are seen running about the streets, especially near the sea, in a state of nakedness, or nearly so. The entrances and stairs of the houses and palaces are filled with every kind of nuisance. The windows and balconies are generally left open, so that every thing is to be seen going on in a neighbour’s house. Neapolitans, of almost all classes, when they come home during the summer, that is to say, six months in the year, take off their coats and neckcloths, and sit down to dinner with their shirt sleeves tucked up to their elbows. This takes place also at the restateurs or eating houses. Ladies perform their toilet with the door of their dressing rooms ajar, in sight of servants and visitors. All this, however, admits of some excuse, as the heat of the weather is in a great measure one of the principal causes of such indelicate customs.

RULES TO LIVE BY.—Let the foundation of thy affection be virtue, then make the building as rich, and as glorious as thou canst; if the foundation be beauty or wealth, and the building virtue, the foundation is too weak for the building, and it will fall; happy is he, the palace of whose affection is founded upon virtue, walled with riches, glazed with beauty, and roofed with honour.—Be very circumspect in the choice of thy company. In the society of thine equals thou shalt enjoy more pleasure; in the society of thy superiors thou shalt find more profit; to be the best in the company, is the way to grow worse; the best means to grow better, is to be the worst there.

Customs of Various Countries.

ANCIENT CEREMONIES CONNECTED WITH EAR-PIERCING, AND THE WEARING OF EAR-RINGS.—The custom of piercing the ears, which originated with the Jews, was borrowed by other nations, particularly by the Arabians, as appears from a passage of Tetronius Araber, where he introduces one Giton

expressing himself in these terms:—
 “Circumcide nos, ut Judæi videamur;
 et perfunde aures, ut unitemur Arabes.”
 Jovenal puts the following expressions
 in the mouth of Libertinus,—

“Quamvis
 Natus ad Euphratom, molles quod in auro
 fenestra
 Arguerint, licet ipse negem.”

A trace of this custom has been preserved among many people of Asia, in the practice of piercing the ears of children consecrated from their birth to the service of the deity, or some saint.—“The Persians,” says Olearius, “know also the custom of devoting unborn children to one of their saints, that he shall be his slave; and when he is born, they pierce a hole in his ear as a sign of this service. Hence some of them receive the names Mohammed, Kuli, Aali-Kuli,—Mohammed’s, the Imaum’s, or Aali’s slave. This happens either when they do not soon have any children, or when the first are dead; they are also devoted to the monastic life as Abdalles, (servants of God). If, when any child grows up, he will not perform the vow, he may free himself from it by paying money to holy places.”

The same custom is also found among the Hindoos, according to Abraham Rogel. After the child has received his name, they pierce his ears, which is often deferred for a time. Though they generally hang precious stones in these holes, this is not the proper object, but they have a very different intention. For when a child has its ears pierced, it is thereby consecrated to the special service of Vishnu and Esvara; and bound for its life never to leave the service of the god, or to go into the service of another. When the ears of a child are pierced, they congratulate him upon it. From this moment, such a child is called Dasa or Dasaya, i.e. servant or slave, and this denomination announces that he is consecrated to the service and property of a god.

It was not unusual among the Polish Jews, even at the beginning of the 18th century, when a woman had lost several sons by death, and she again had a son, to pierce his ears. Stones of greater or less value, according to the circumstances of the family, were suspended from the holes, and considered in some measure as sacred. Round the child’s neck was hung a thin silver plate, or a piece of parchment, on which one of the letters of the name of

a god was engraved or written, as a sign that the child was consecrated to the deity. Such a boy, if he was not very deficient in understanding, was generally designed to become a Rabbi.

J. J.

Anecdotes.

THE BEAUTIFUL HELEN.—Every one speaks of the beautiful Helen, but few are aware that she had five husbands—Theseus, Menelaus, Paris, Deiphobus, and Achilles; that she was hanged in the Isle of Rhodes by the servants of Polixio; and that in the war of which she was the cause, 886,000 Greeks and 670,000 Trojans were slain.

HENRI QUATRE.—When this monarch was besieging Amiens, he sent for the Count of Soissons, on whom he had bestowed a pension of 100,000 francs a-year, to assist him: the count excused himself, on the score of age and poverty, having, as he said, exhausted himself in former campaigns; therefore, all that he could do now, was to pray for the success of the king, which he would do most heartily. The king, upon receiving this message from the count, replied—“Will my noble cousin, the Count of Soissons, do nothing else but pray for me? Well, well, go thou back instantly, and tell him that prayer without fasting is unavailing; therefore, that his prayers may have due effect, I will cause him to fast also from his pension of 100,000 francs.” J. J.

SHARP REPLY.—At a time when the brave Henry the Great was suffering from a violent fit of the gout, the Spanish ambassador paid the king a visit, and observed that he was grieved to see his majesty so lame; to which the king instantly replied, “That lame as he was, if there were occasion, your master the king of Spain should no sooner have his foot in the stirrup, but he should find me on horseback.” J. J.

ADULATION.—The great have always been flattered, but never was adulation carried further than on the part of a lady of honour to Queen Anne. The queen having asked her what the time was?—“Whatever time it may please your majesty!” was the reply.

HOPEFUL PRINCES.—Dean Swift once observed, “That, considering how many *hopeful princes* we have had, it is perfectly astonishing that we have had so few *tolerable kings*.”

HOAXING.—The first hoax on record was practised by a wag in the reign of

Queen Anne, and is thus noticed in the newspapers of that period: "A well dressed man rode down the king's road from Fulham at a most furious rate, commanding each turnpike to be immediately thrown open, as he was a messenger conveying the news of the queen's sudden death; the alarm instantly spread into every corner of the city; the trained bands, who were on their parade, furled their colours, and returned home with their arms reversed; the shopkeepers displayed their sables; and many were desirous of purchasing mourning before the news should become more known." The author of the hoax was never discovered.

J. J.

NAPOLÉON'S PROPHECY.—Napoleon, in company with the Empress Josephine, made his solemn entry into Milan, on the 8th of May, 1805; the keys of the city were presented to him by the members of the municipality. On the 26th, he was crowned King of Italy, in the cathedral, by the Archbishop Cardinal Caprara. When the latter delivered to him at the foot of the altar, the ring, the mantle, and the sword, Napoleon gave the latter to his step-son, Eugene Beauharnois, whom he had a few months before created Prince of France. Then, ascending the steps of the altar, he took up the famous iron crown which had been brought from Monza for that purpose, and placed it resolutely on his head, exclaiming at the same time: "*Dio me l'ha data, guai a chi la tocca*—God has given it to me, woe to those who shall attempt to touch it!" This, like many other modern prophecies, has been proved by the course of events an empty and useless boast. It was not considered such at the time.

SALVATOR ROSA.—A somewhat laughable anecdote is told of the manner in which he and his friend Lippi employed themselves, when relaxing from professional cares, they retired to the country house of the latter, which was pleasantly situated on the side of the river, a few miles from Florence. It so happened that the high road wound along a walled and lofty bank which overhung the stream, and that when passengers arrived at the point which lay contiguous to Lippi's plantation, their reverted shadows could be seen in the river, though they themselves were not observable by persons in the grounds. Salvator and his friend, regarding this as a grand discovery, whispered it about with an air of great solemnity and mystery, that in one

part of the river it was possible to look through it and see the antipodes; whenever they met with any one who suited their purpose, he was, as a great favour, invited to witness the wonderful spectacle, and great was their delight when they beheld their visitor bending his head over the water, and watching with intense curiosity the people of the nether world walking with their feet upwards.

A PRELATE'S WIT.—On the day of the dissolution of the last parliament of King James I., Mr. Waller, the poet, out of curiosity or respect, went to see the king at dinner, with whom were Doctor Andrews, the Bishop of Winchester, and Doctor Neal, Bishop of Durham, standing behind his majesty's chair. There happened something very extraordinary in the conversation those prelates had with the king; on which, Mr. Waller did often reflect. His majesty asked the bishops, "My lords, cannot I take my subjects money when I want it, without all this formality in parliament?" The Bishop of Durham readily answered, "G—d forbid, sir, but you should; *you are the breath of our nostrils.*" Whereupon the king turned, and said to the Bishop of Winchester, "Well, my lord, what say you?" "Sir, replied the bishop, "I have no skill to judge of parliamentary cases." The king answered, "No put-offs, my lord; answer me presently." "Then, sir," said he, "I think it is lawful to take my brother Neal's money, for he offers it." Mr. Waller said, the company was pleased with this answer, and the wit of it seemed to affect the king mightily.

NAPOLÉON'S HORSEMANSHIP.—The emperor was an ungraceful rider, and seemed a firm one, only because the most extraordinary pains were bestowed on the training of his horses. They were first selected with the greatest care, as respected their dispositions, and afterwards went through a most severe system of discipline, being assailed by every species of annoyance, blows, fireworks, discharges of musketry, beating of drums, waving of banners, and even dead carcasses thrown among their feet, till they were perfectly accustomed to bear unmoved every sound or sight likely to occur on the field of battle.—Even after all this, the emperor could never manage a horse well, save at full gallop; and the feat, of which so much has been said, of his almost instantly stopping in mid career, was the result of practice in the animal, more than of skill in the rider.

Diary and Chronology.

Tuesday, Oct. 18.

St. Luke, A. D. 70.

High Water 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ 52m Morning—04 Om Aftern.

Oct. 18, 1748.—The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. This peace put an end to the war occasioned by the death of Charles the Sixth; in consequence of which, all the powers of Europe wished to divide the succession to the prejudice of Maria Theresa, his daughter.

Wednesday, Oct. 19.

St. Peter of Alcantara, conf. A. D. 1562.

Sun rises 46m after 6—sets 13 after 5.

Fair weather frequently occurs about this time, and lasts several days; it is called, in the south of England, St. Luke's Little Summer. A gentle breeze from the south, or perhaps, southeast, the thermometer about 60° of Fahrenheit's scale, a high and rather rising barometer, fair sky, with sonder clouds, curl clouds, and an elevated mass of the lighter modifications, much mixed with the sun slowly breaking out into full radiance, and the ground gradually drying, constitute the weather of this last act of summer, ascribed to the Saint, celebrated to day. 'Tis now that China asters, African marigolds, stocks, starworts, and all the autumnal, as well as what remains of the Aestival Flora, seem to shed their last smiles on the declining year; while the sun gilds the russet foliage, and is reflected beautifully from the yellow, red, and brown fruits of the forests in their variously coloured decay; when once this weather changes again, the gales of later autumn will sweep off the last leafy honours of the woods, and prepare for winter's dull reign.

Thursday, Oct. 20.

St. Ariadina, mart. A. D. 362.

High Water 04 5m Morning—14 18m Aftern.

Oct. 20, 1740.—The death of Charles the Sixth, Emperor of Germany. Charles the Sixth, son of the Emperor Leopold, disputed the crown of Spain with Philip of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV. and afterwards abandoned his pretensions when he became Emperor in the year 1711. He was the sixth and last emperor of the House of Austria. His daughter, Maria Theresa, succeeded him in his vast possessions. He had taken care to secure the succession to her by a solemn treaty with all the powers of Europe; but he had no sooner closed his eyes, than, forgetting their engagements, those same powers only thought of dismembering this vast inheritance. Maria Theresa, to preserve it, was obliged to sacrifice Silesia to the King of Prussia.

Friday, Oct. 21.

St. Ursula and other Virgins, mart. A. D. 650.

Full Moon, 44 m aft. 8 Morn.

Oct. 21, 1805.—Admiral Lord Nelson, killed at the Battle of Trafalgar. Horatio Nelson, born the 29th of September, 1758, was the youngest son of the Minister of Burubamthorpe, in the county of Norfolk. He commenced his brilliant career at twelve years old, on board the Raisonnable, with his maternal uncle Captain Suckling. After a succession of brilliant services, he displayed the finest manœuvre ever planned by any naval officer, at the battle of Aboukir, where he obtained a victory which must adorn the annals of England till time shall be no more. Raised by his grateful country to illustrious ho-

nours, he again met the foe off Cape Trafalgar, and completely defeated the enemy's fleet.—In that memorable engagement he received a shot, fired by a marksman from the top of the Bucautaire, which terminated his heroic life. He died two hours after the wound, leaving the command to Admiral Collingwood. Victory crowned the dying hero. Twenty ships of the combined fleet was taken and destroyed; four, which escaped, were afterwards captured by Sir R. Strachan, within sight of Rochford. The death of Nelson was deeply felt in England. His remains were interred with becoming solemnity in St. Paul's.

Saturday, Oct. 22.

St. Philip and other Martyrs, A. D. 301.

Sun rises 62m after 6—sets 7m after 5.

Oct. 22, 1707.—The death of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the celebrated naval commander, is recorded to have happened on this day in 1707 by shipwreck, whereby his whole crew were also lost. He was returning with the fleet from the siege of Toulon.

Sunday, Oct. 23.

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lessons for the Day.—Habak. 2 chapters Morning Proverbs, 1 ch. Evening.

42 before J. C.—The Battle of Philippi. Brutus and Cassius having collected their forces on the plains of Philippi, a city of Macedon bordering on Thrace, were routed by Octavius and M. Antonius. Brutus, after the last struggle was lost, seated himself by a spring, and uttered in despair the words which a Greek poet put into the mouth of Hercules dying—"O virtue, thou art no more than a vain sound. Unfortunately, in following thee, I have known thou art only the vile slave of fortune." Yielding to adversity, Brutus rushed on the point of his friend's sword, and expired at the same moment. Octavius cut off his head, with an intention to throw it to the foot of Caesar's statue. He added to his vengeance the massacre of the most distinguished prisoners.

Monday, Oct. 24.

St. Proclus, bishop and conf. A. D. 447.

High Water, 37m of 3 Morn—57m of 3 After

Oct. 24, 1154.—To-day, died at Dover, King Stephen, æt. 50, and was buried at Faversham Abbey in Kent. Henry the Second was his successor.

Tuesday, Oct. 25.

Sts. Crispin and Crispianus, m. A. D. 308.

Sun rises 57m after 6—sets 2m after 5.

St. Crispin's Day is still recorded, and kept a holiday in the English Calendars.

Two brothers, Crispinus and Crispianus, were born at Rome; whence they travelled to Soissons in France, about the year 303, to propagate the Christian religion. Being desirous, however, of rendering themselves independent, they gained a subsistence by shoemaking. It having been discovered that they privately embraced the Christian faith, and endeavoured to make proselytes of the inhabitants, the governor of the town immediately ordered them to be beheaded, about the year 308. From this time, the shoemakers chose them for their tutelary saints.



See page 237

Illustrated Article.

MAGNA CHARTA:

A TALE OF RUNNEMEDE.

For the Otis

Transcendent lords! who saw the coward's pen
Quiver and shake like isolated reed,
When he with fiendish glare the charter spann'd,
Which ask'd for freedom ere it hinted blood—
And on it traced his execrable name!
As wall of adamant ye hemm'd him in—
Eyes on the bond, and hands upon the sword.
Oh! lord of liberty, your names shall live,
Spite of the changes of continuous time,
Unto creation's gasp!

FLUSHED with the decided success of the revolt of the two thousand uncompromising barons, and their attack upon Northampton, the memorable twenty-five, deputed to witness the signing of Magna Charta by King John, assembled in London.* The determined spirit

* As an interesting note, compiled from rare materials, may be recorded the names of the twenty-five barons present at that critical scene, as also the arms which they bore:—

Richard, Earl of Clare: or, three chevrons gules.—De Fortibus, Earl of Ailmerie: bendy of six, argent and gules.—Geoffry Fitz Piers, Earl of Essex and Gloucester: quarterly, or and gules, an escarbuncle.—Saher 'com Winton: argent, a fess azure, and a file of many points, gules.—Henry

evinced by the refractory nobles, joined to the confidence consequent on victory, had brought the treacherous and vacillating monarch to the point; and however indisposed to concede to *right*, he saw that it was impossible to stand out against *wight*. Intimidated and beset,

de Bohun, Earl of Hereford: azure, a bend argent, between two cottizes and six lions, rampant or.—Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk: gules, a lion passant, or; but generally or, a cross gules.—Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford: quarterly, gules and or, in the first quarter a mullet, argent.—John, Earl of Mareschall, nephew to William, Earl of Pembroke: per pale . . . and . . . a lion rampant.—Robert Fitz Walter, descended from the Earls of Clare: or, a fess between two chevrons, gules.—Gilbert de Clare: or, three chevrons, gules.—Eustace de Vesci: gules, a cross argent.—Hugh le Bigot: per pale, gules and azure, a lion rampant ermine.—William de Mowbray: gules, a lion rampant, argent.—Major de Londonis: a fess, over three fleur de lis; the centre one erect, the others inverted.—William de Lanvallei: ermine, two bars vert; according to Dugdale, gules, a lion passant, or.—Robert de Roos, or Ross: gules, three water bouquets, argent.—John, Constable of Chester: azure, three garles, or.—Richard, or Robert de Percy: azure five fusils in fess, or.—John the son of Robert de Percy (who sealed): two chevrons.—Wm. Malet: azure, three escallops, or.—Geoffry de Say: quarterly, or and gules.—Roger de Mowbray, brother to William: same arms.—William de Huntingfield and Suffolk: or, on a fess gules three plates.—Richard de Moutfichett: gules, three chevrons, or.—William de Albini: gules, a lion rampant, or.

he dared not to avail himself of a recourse to his previous avowal, coupled with the expressions of rage, which the first intimation of the barons' demand called forth. On that occasion the passionate king exclaimed, animadverting on what he considered the unreasonable requirements of his nobles, "Why do they not demand my kingdom!" But the events of a few months had sealed his lips to refusal, and he plainly perceived that there was no alternative left him but that of concession.

Assembled in council, in the chief city of the kingdom, the illustrious twenty-five held conference as to the consulting of King John regarding the appointment of a day for signing the great charter. The Earls of Clare, Hereford, and of Essex and Gloucester, with William de Mowbray, Robert de Roos, and John, son of Robert de Percy, —(which latter was one of those who witnessed by his seal the signing of Magna Charta,)—were deputed to proceed to the king, and demand the fixing of fitting time and place for the required interview. The nomination of these nobles to the mission was productive of some hesitation on the part of De Roos, whose fiery spirit and impetuosity were proverbial.

"Send me not to confer with John Lackland," said he, "or mayhap ye may to-morrow be kingless. I lack patience when in his presence; and I wot not whether his cowardice or his insolence move me most. I took note of his frothy visage when he saw De Courcy rive the casque with one blow of his sword. He crouched in his chair, and withdrew behind Philip, the king of the French curs; who, as I hope for salvation, was less flurried than he. Now, expect ye, noble countrymen, faith or honesty from so very a dastard!"

"Think of the mills on thy lands, idle and unoccupied," remarked Roger de Mowbray, brother of William; "thy loitering retainers, and discontented villanes. I felt that my heart was in thy words; but deal them out with more sparing measure, De Roos, or that tongue of thine will be the ruin of our holy emprise. Stay thy rage with reflecting, that on our side are God and the invincible Church; let us beware, then, lest our own rashness—"

"By my love of the kingdom!" interrupted De Roos, thou art a dreamer of good, and withal ceaselessly auguring evil."—Mowbray strode towards him on hearing these words, and set his eyes fixedly on him.—"I will

suffer myself to be flayed breathing, if the Pope pronounce not upon us his curse of excommunication! Why fear, then, while we carry swords, either John or his Holiness!"

At these words, the buckler of De Roos, which had hitherto rested on the ground, supported by one hand, on his attempt to raise it, slipped from his grasp, and fell upon the stone floor of the castellated hall where the council were met. The reverberation of the concave iron, as it struck the ground, was loudly heard throughout the whole assembly, who, in accordance with the matchless superstition of the times, regarded this trivial mishap as a bad omen. The fall of De Roos' buckler was interpreted to be a certain prognostication of failure on the part of the embassy, and another was accordingly chosen in his stead. The journey to, and conference with, the king, with the return of the deputation, occupied somewhat less than two hours. During the interval of their elapse, tidings were brought the barons that the victorious two thousand, already in the suburbs, would confront the king in the city, if a conciliatory answer was not vouchsafed before the evening. The annunciation of this to John had the effect of stimulating him to a disposition for a more speedy truce; and he set apart the following day (June 15, 1215) for the signing of the great charter, the twenty-five barons to meet him at Runnede, in Surrey.*

The delegates returned, and related to the expectant council the success of their mission. Inquiries as to particulars elicited from them some details of the interview.

"The king rated us foully at first," observed Hereford, "and swore by 'God's teeth' that he would grant us but the half of our askings. I showed him, with soft reasoning, the state of disorder in which is now to be found the goodly west. De Mowbray enforced my persuasions with his regrets concerning the bloodthirstiness of the northmen; and the Earl of Clare spoke some right cutting words in favour of the king's poorer subjects, who, he said, scarcely knew whether he was man or wild beast—so much was he estranged from them, and so cruelly did he trample upon them without mercy."

* This celebrated spot is common land, consisting of one hundred and sixty acres, on the banks of the Thames in the parish of Egham. Its name is said by Matthew of Westminster, to be derived from a Saxon word signifying council, as several councils had been formerly held there.

"What replied he to that?" asked one of the council.

"Truly naught, for a moment," answered the Earl of Clare himself; "but his blood itched in his cheeks inasmuch as it did in his knees after he had knelt to Pandulph. He looked in such guise as though strangled Arthur had just dropped from his devilish fingers; then, the dismaying tidings of the two thousand having cowed him on the instant, he came to converse rationally of our just purpose, and promised us his presence to-morrow, at Runnemede; flattering himself in such sort as to conceit that the intervention of one poor day may bring about the relaxing of our zeal. He wots not in what place the two thousand are disposed; and his mention of Runnemede as the rendezvous was a beggarly affecting of courage, to show that he was not afraid of leaving the capitol."

"Deems he, then, that the city would be debased by our charter being ratified within its walls?" vociferated De Roos: "but ye bear with him too much—I would demand that the boon be conferred in London."

"Quiet thyself, noble De Roos," said Robert De Percy, "for the sake of our distracted isle. Let it not pass with the memory of our poor endeavours, that we suffered passion to supplant reason."

The news of the result was immediately transmitted to the clamorous barons, who had menacingly marched to even the outer walls of the city. The intelligence was accompanied by advices from the council, suggesting to them to retire from their position, and make stand midway between London and that part of the country chosen by King John for their place of meeting. This proposition was acquiesced in; the barons leaving behind them about three hundred men, as a sort of rear-guard.

The sun was just upon gaining his meridian height, when the splendid retinue of the barbarous and pusillanimous John neared the meadow of Runnemede, where the glittering figures of the steel-encased barons were seen grouped around the chair provided for the king. There was certainly a striking contrast between the tumult in the city, and the desirable quiet which pervaded the fair field of Runnemede.—Every tongue was hushed as the king dismounted, and was conducted to the temporary awning, where he was coldly received by the barons. There were some remarkable distinguishments on

the persons and armour of four or five of the discontents, on which the king's eye failed not to dwell: the costly helmet of De Vesci displayed a deep delve; the right-hand of Fitz-Walter, unglaiued, was bound up; the corslet of Albermarle bore the marks of recent battering; and an unseemly scar crossed the sombre cheek of Geoffry de Say—all honourable mishaps endured at the fight of Northampton.

King John, after some trivial salutations, took his seat, and cast his eyes sternly upon the parchment which lay before him on a table. He silently and hastily perused a few of its conditions, and then knit his forbidding brows, and protruded his surly lips, as he looked askance at the barons. Their eyes were not idle, but were telegraphs to each other of their inward emotions.

"By the Pope's head!" suddenly ejaculated the king, "but ye have less of wisdom than of rudeness."—Here he gnashed his teeth.—"Ye are whetting a knife for your own throats; for if I submit to your orderings, your knaves will demand,—ay, and *take*,—double the tithes of what ye now enforce, and which ye misdeem *rights*."

There was a solemn stillness throughout the assembly, which continued but for a moment, and then was broken by the sound as of some one grasping the hilt of his sword. All eyes, save those of the king, were turned to the mover—it was the hasty De Roos, who, with curled lip and reddening cheek, had stepped back as if to gain room for his object. The blood of the more cautious Mowbray boiled within him at the witnessing of this indiscretion, and he stretched forth his giant arm to bar De Roos' advance. Not a word was uttered by any party, and order was secretly restored. The writing stilet was in the one hand of the king, and his other rested on the great Magna Charta, to which, after considerable tremulation and delay, he affixed his name, his hand shaking the while like the leaves of the whispering aspen. His task accomplished, he threw the stilet from his hand, and fell back in his chair, evidently perplexed with thought. After the ceremonies of witnessing and sealing, the charter was confided to the keeping of the deputation, and the king first, and then the barons, bustlingly departed,—having conferred on Runnemede an immortality of which no time can deprive it.*

* The precious document of Magna Charta is still in being, in admirable preservation. It was

The country became tranquil in a few days; and King John retired to the Isle of Wight, to concert measures for annulling what he had been forced to grant. His frequent exclamation subsequently was, that he had had nothing but ill luck "since he had been friends with God and the Pope!" His treacherous treatment of the barons, with whom he invested Rochester Castle, together with his calling in the aid of the despicable Brabangons, to awe the nobles, were acts every way worthy of their wretched perpetrator.

The barons granted the same immunities to their vassals which the great charter had bestowed on them; a material concession on their part, when we reflect that they were men of the most extensive possessions. One family, that of the now extinct Mowbrays, may be adduced as evidence of this assertion. One member of that illustrious house, Robert de Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, had *two hundred and eighty* villages, which were confiscated by the crown. Subsequently the family were owners of the whole Vale of Mowbray, stretching from York to Durham, and now parcelled out into numerous estates. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the Mowbrays were successively Dukes of Norfolk, Earls of Nottingham and of Surrey, and Earls Marshal of England. The founder of this family was a descendant of Thomas de Brotherton, first son of Edward I. and seventh Earl of Norfolk. The Mowbrays had considerable hold upon popular affection, having distinguished themselves in numerous crusades against the Infidels.

It were tedious to dwell on the high titles and ample domains possessed by the twenty-five barons who were present at the signing of Magna Charta: suffice it to observe, that men of such power and affluence were host enough in themselves to compel a bad and weak monarch to temper his oppressive edicts

once possessed by Archbishop Laud; it afterwards became the property of Bishop Burnet; and from the executors of his son, it came to the British Museum, by the presentation of Earl Stanhope (1769). It is a parchment ten inches and three quarters broad, and twenty-one inches and a half long. The great seal of King John, little injured by time, of whitish yellow wax, is appended to it by a label. But the Great Charter, properly so called, consists of these articles reduced to form; and so large a number of these originals was made, that one was deposited in every county, or at least in every diocese in the kingdom. Two of these originals are extant in Sir Robert Cotton's collection, and another more perfect in Lincoln Cathedral; they are some inches wider than the former parchment, and not quite so long. One of these charters and the *capitula* are exhibited in an ante-room at the British Museum. *Vestigia Anglicana.*

with justice and mercy; and though the feudal system, with its evil and its good, no longer exists, yet the descendants of the immortal twenty-five—honour to the age in which we live!—have not tarnished the fame of their progenitors; but have evinced their readiness to give to the people what their ancestors so magnanimously took!

No livid cenotaph the dead records,
Above the banks of verdant Runnemedes,
Lay'd by the lucid river, city-freed,—
Yet deathless is your fame, illustrious lords!
The fadeless parchment, with its waken seal
Of kingly impress, hath surviv'd its date;
And gorgeous heraldries your honours state,
Ye noble zealots for your country's weal!
Yet these are naught.—Though monumental brass,
That seem'd impervious, hath resolv'd to dust;
Though granite pyramid, and marble bust,
Have fleetly faded like the spring-tide grass,—
Th' immortal bond will pass "from age to age,"
The people's trophy,—England's heritage!
G. Y. H.—R.

THE ANNUALS' FESTIVAL.

For the *Olio*.

In golden letters,—silken vests,
And colours soft and bright,
With splendid prose and simple verse
The *Annuaire* glad the sight
Their Artists, that, by midnight toil
Wasted their vital flame,
Wait with a calm and vivid eye
The guerdon of their fame.
Sweetly the pictures, by their skill,
Illustrate scenes and tales,
Which shed hope's radiance o'er the mind,
Like stars in gloomy vales.
The pledge of friendship's true controul
An annual gift selects;
And Love's desire makes dainty choice
Of that which Love reflects.
What evidence so kindly proved?
What token comes so free!
Remember'd yet? How sweet the thought,
The blessing comes from thee!
The father chooses for his child,
The guardian for his ward;
The husband for his faithful wife,
To merit her regard.
Each class of feeling is express'd,
Each taste for art display'd;
And every giver gratified
In the receipt that's paid.
Like pilgrims with another year
Of wisdom to their shrine,
And mental aspects incensed pure,
Beautiful and divine!
Amid the warfare of the world,
The magnitude of strife,
The *Annuaire* bring a precious store
Of unities to life! J. R. P.

THE FISHERMAN'S FATE.

THE Marsa-Muscetto of Malta has been for ages noted for the fine quality of its fish; the fishing, however, is restricted—it is government property, and is farmed out by it. The limits within which free fishing is allowed are mark-

ed out by stone pillars, and the sentries on their posts have the charge of warning all intruders from the forbidden precincts. A melancholy event, arising out of this regulation, occurred a short time since.

The soldiers of the garrison of Fort Emanuel, when off duty, had been in the habit of associating with the neighbouring villagers on the mainland, and among the rest with a poor but very cheerful and contented fisherman, well known to high and low. He had a young, good-looking and well-behaved daughter, named Mariana, his only child, and the only stay of his old age, for he was a widower. Mariana loved her father; she was an affectionate and dutiful child. But her heart had not been able to resist the fascinations of a young and amiable soldier, a native of the Emerald Isle, who had wooed, and, with his colonel's consent and that of the good old man her father, had married her. Still the bride continued to reside under her father's roof, as being a more respectable home for her than the common barracks. By this arrangement all parties were satisfied, the father and the daughter were not separated, and the soldier had the full assurance of his wife being well taken care of during his absence on duty. Mariana, on her part, divided her cares between attention to her venerable parent and love for her husband. The latter's conduct was so good, that Patrick (for that was his name) had leave to sleep out of the barracks, and the old man contrived to make his hut accommodate the whole party. They were happy, though poor, because they were virtuous and contented.

The young couple loved each other tenderly. Mariana was proud of her husband, of the high character he bore from his superiors, and of the cordial good-will shown towards him by his equals. And he was no less proud of her approving smile, than vain of displaying his various abilities before her. Among others for which he was remarkable, was that of being an excellent marksman, and often had Mariana admired and exulted in the precision with which her Patrick had hit the bull's eye at target practice, and had carried away the prize from all his competitors. Alas! poor girl, she little thought to what fatal consequences this boasted skill was to lead.

One day that her husband was on duty at the Islet point, her father took his basket and his rod, and went fishing

on the rocks under Fort Tigné, with the intention of bringing home, if he could, some of the choicest fish for their joint dinner, as a treat—it being New Year's Day—to his Mariana and her husband, when he should be relieved from duty. Either from inadvertence or from temptation, he passed a little way beyond the prescribed limits, where he seated himself, and was soon lost so intensely in his occupation, that he heard not the repeated calls of the young sentry to remove from where he was. Patrick, on the other hand, not over blessed with patience, provoked at the old man's stupidity, or obstinacy, as he at the time considered it to be—too vain of his own prowess, and trusting too much to the fidelity of his musket, of which he was not a little proud, and to his calculation of the distance—determined to fire in such a manner as would make the ball strike the water within a pace or two of where the old man sat. He succeeded in his aim, and, had the fisherman remained still, he would have been safe; but, unfortunately, he rose at that moment, and the ball, rebounding from the water, struck him in the groin. The poor old man, after lingering a few hours, died; declaring, with his last breath, his son's innocence and his own folly.

The fatal occurrence threw a gloom over all, and put a stop to many of the projected festivities of the day. As to the mental agony of the young man, it cannot be described—it amounted to derangement. He was tried; but during his trial he maintained a gloomy silence. He was honourably acquitted, and then a faint smile of satisfaction played for a moment on his countenance. But it was his last; he shrunk from his comrades,—from the cheering and well-meant words of his colonel and of his captain,—he shrunk still more from the caresses of his devoted wife; and at last took refuge in self-destruction. He was intitled with full military honours. When the ceremony took place, the firing company opened right and left to let the funeral pass; they had reversed arms, and leant their heads upon the but-end of their muskets, the oldest and sternest weather-beaten countenance among them swam in tears. Was Mariana there? She was.

The young widow and orphan, thus doubly bereaved, secluded herself from the world, and took refuge in one of those charitable asylums which the Catholic church provides for the wretched and broken-hearted. *Edin. Lit. Jour.*

LA FLEUR DE SOUVENANCE!

A LAY OF PROVENCE.

For the Olio.

FAREWELL, my true and loyal knight!—on yonder battle field,
 There's many a pearl and gem of price will gleam on helm and shield;
 But bear thou on thy silver crest this pure and simple wreath,
 As a token of thy lady's love, unchanging to the death!
 They seem, I know, those small, sweet flowers—(whose fairy stars of blue
 Look as ladies' eyes had smiled on them, and given them that bright hue)—
 As only fitting braid to bind a maiden's hair or lute,
 And not with war or warrior's crest in armed field to suit.
 But there's a charm in every leaf, a deep and mystic spell,—
 Then take the wreath, my loyal knight, our Lady shield thee well!
 And though many a prouder favour decks the gallant knights of France,
 Oh! be the first in every field—La Fleur de Souvenance!
 How still, how fair this Summer eve! was never gentler hour,
 For lay of love, or sigh of lute, to breathe in lady's bow'r;
 Then listen with a lover's faith, all thoughts of war forgot,
 To the legend of my token flower,—the charm'd Forget-me-Not!

Young Albert led his Ida forth, when the departing sun
 Still linger'd 'mid the golden clouds which lay like treasures won
 From some bright land of old romance, some Genii's diamond throne;
 A wreck of bright enchanted gems, in triumph overthrown!

"Look to those radiant clouds, sweet love, so like to fairy bowers,
 How proudly o'er the sea of gold they lift their ruby towers!
 And now, as if by magic chance, a bright pavillion seems,
 With its sweeping folds of sapphire light, where the parting sun-ray gleams."

She look'd to that bright heaven with smiles: one glance of her blue eyes,
 And Albert's heart forgot the clouds, and all their radiant dyes!
 All, all but that young smiling one, whose beauty woe might seem
 A fairy shape of loveliness, imagin'd in a dream!
 She took a chaplet from her brow, and gleaming soft and fair,
 Like a magic veil of amber light, stream'd down her silken hair;
 Shedding a perfume and a light from all its glittering rings,
 As if hallowed by the breath of love, and the glaucing of his wings!

"They look, these maiden roses, love, like pearls kissed by the sun,
 With its last rich gleam of crimson, ere its western throne be won;
 But should there not be some bright flower to light our bridal wreath,
 Whose hue might speak of Constancy unchanging to the death!"

"My Ida! from a thousand wreaths thy own sweet fancy chose,
 For its pure and stainless loveliness, this garland of the rose;
 And what can speak of truer faith, my own beloved one,
 Than the flower whose fragrance dieth not, even when its *life* is gone?"

"Look in that lone and lovely isle, that 'mid the silvery foam
 Of the blue waters seems to float, the wild swan's fairy home!
 A very cloud of *azure flowers* in rich profusion bloom;
 (Winds of the lake! your passing sighs breathe of their rich perfume!)
 In nameless beauty all unmark'd, in solitude they smile,
 As if they lived but for the stars, and birds of that lone isle;
 For never yet has mortal foot touched that enchanted shore,
 Long hallowed by a dim, wild tale of the mysteries of yore!
 Oh! well I love those distant flowers, whose pure and tender blue
 Seem as fitting emblems of a faith unchanging as their hue;
 And if thou wouldst venture for *my love*, as thou would'st for fair renown,
 Oh! win for me those azure flowers to light my bridal crown!"

One parting kiss of his fair bride, and fast and far away,
 Like the wild swan whose home he sought, young Albert met the spray
 Of rising waves, that came in night, as if some spirit's hand
 Awoke the waters of the lake, to guard the mystic land.
 The flowers were won . . . but, pale and faint, how comes he back again?
 The waters in their fearful strength, he sought to stem in vain!
 He looked to the far-distant shore, where, pale in her despair,
 His Ida stretch'd her white clasp'd hands to him, with shriek and prayer.
 Darker and darker gather'd on the tempest in its wrath;
 And eddying waves and blinding foam beset the fatal path;
 With the wild energy of death, almost he reach'd the spot,
 The azure flowers fell at her feet,— "Ida! Forget me not!"
 The words were yet upon his lips—the shore was almost won,—
 A mighty rush of mountain waves—he was for ever gone!

Within a proud cathedral aisle was raised a lonely tomb,
 Whose pure and snowy marble shone like light amid the gloom;
 No other trace it bore, to speak of lineage or of lot,
 But a maiden's name, a star-like flower, and the words "FORGET ME NOT!"
 There slept the fair, the desolate, the last of all her name,
 And he who perish'd for her love, in the morning of his fame;
 But when shall their fond legend die, or when shall be forgot
 The flower that won its name in death? Love's Flower—Forget me Not.

E. S. CRAVEN.

LAUGHTER.

For the Ollo.

Thy name to Phœbus and the Muses known,
 Shall in the front of every page be shown;
 For he who sings thy praise, secures his own.

If this is the wholesome advice of the poet Virgil, as good a judge as ever lived, how many natural pleasures incident to human nature, which are conducive and elastic, arise from a rational estimate of laughter? They reflect the most delighting pictures, and tickle the fancy, powerfully, by the simple recurrence of memory. In order, innocently, to punish the bitterest foe, it is only necessary, without pistol or blow, to laugh him to scorn; by which, the triumph is complete. What poetic inspiration is so nectareous and ambrosial to the taste, the feeling, the passion, as the never-tiring monotony of a hearty *Ha! ha! ha!* the echo of which is the good tidings of peace and unanimity; and, by which, the nerve-springs of the system are touched with enthusiasm, and the machine in which they act, is bettered

With breathing quicken'd and attracting souls.

Milton was not mentally blind, any more than his Grecian prototype Homer, in his effusions that smote Momus with the magic wand. The happiest, if not the loftiest, line, he ever composed as a humane sedative, is

'Laughter, holding both his sides.'

Only imagine, the personated figure drawn in full size and active luxury, a bold, ruddy-faced, kind-hearted, good-natured creature, impregnated with the feeling of natural infirmity, muscling old grizzly Care flat out of countenance, throwing his rusty, morose, shackles aside, and obliging him, in sheer spite of his teeth, to commence a career of laughter, manfully, heartily, and openly, lest his contorted skin should actually burst—necessity for his abstract personal safety, compels him to fix his clutched knuckles against his ribs and loins, to avoid aneurism and rupture. List to the infant in halcyon sleep—its little pallet shakes with the laughing images of fancied dreams! List to the louder burst of the boy, repeating the pleasure of his sport in the ring—how the accents are reverberated round his pillow, even to the disturbing the charm his laughter creates, and dissolving the spell of his sleep's enchantment. When, indeed, any person is heard chuckling in ecstasy, and

this exhilarating sentence is uttered—
 'I never laughed so much in my life.'
 Behold the gush of tears! What a volume of book learning is comprehended. Every drop is a pithy jest and a translucent moral of evanescence. How the observer's heart beats for penetration. Curiosity is stretched to its apex; slyly imagination, restless to the attaining it—an irresistible roar succeeds. If ignorance of the cause is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise—

'O pity! pity! joyful Laughter,
 Rankling sorrow should come after.'

If Joe Miller was not the greatest poet that ever lived, his remains constitute him one of the greatest natural philosophers. How true is this couplet to the truth—

'Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt;
 But every grin of Laughter draws one out.'

What a reasonable preventive against care! Instead of requiring the immediate and cherub ornamenting presence of the solemn faced coffiner, who can tell how long the visit may be protracted by a 'long laugh, a strong laugh, and a laugh altogether.' How soon its potent influence drowns the simpering, unearnest, *he—he—he!* nodded out of the laced nerves of half-sincerists; and snaps every hold of tention from the unstayed eyelet hole with an ebullitionary crack; in many instances, curing the imposthumes of disease and melancholy. Some tenderly notioned creatures are afraid to laugh, yet having the capacity, lest they should be esteemed plebeians. Laughter, of course, like speech, must be timed to its suitability and opportune application; for, there is a 'time to mourn,' a 'time to laugh.' But, as laughter will escape with the lapse of years, and demureness takes its position, it is advisable to laugh 'when we can.'

'Shoot folly as the flies.'

And like autumnal sportsmen bag the prize.

Whatever is the source of pleasure, it arises from a dismal one, if it will not yield a rill of laughter. Without intending the slightest offence to tailors, how many who know nothing of the sewing art, get the stitch with laughing. Putting the demon's laugh out of hearing, it does one good to see and hear any body laugh. There used to be seen a very chary print of the 'Laughing Boy' in a shop window in Fleet Street. He piped many a lively song as he trudged his way through the nerves of the metropolis—

'For, wise folk in bokin it expresse,
 Men shat nat worve, a wight in heiness.'

A ludicrous circumstance, or an outre figure; a medley of contradictions, or a sudden explosion of whims, will very pleasingly induce a merry veined spectator, or auditor, into a 'horse laugh';² which, if caught by other bystanders, will have the effect of electricity, by holding the chain and making the laugh go round; ringing the *shocking* changes in every tonic heart,

'Merrier than the nightingale.'

Of all the fits to which the highly excited are liable, their fits of laughter are the most amusing. Some are so smitten in the comic love, they add starts to their fits, till they become hysterically laughable,

'And
Set all the house in sad uproar.'

Who can for a moment suppose that our friendly modern melodists would not, if solicited, compose a beautiful song for any young lady vexed in her teens, as

'He laughed at me and passed aside,
Laughing at other ladies' pride;

which might produce a reconciling counterpart in a parodial strain to her satisfaction, as soon as she might be suited with a more faithful beau that would echo

She laughed at him and tossed her plume.

This would suffer neither to be a 'laughing stock,' and give both ample revenge, so far as 'Lover's Quarrels' extend.

'How can Cloe think it strange
Time should make a lover change?
How can Damon think it true
Cloe would another woo?'

Besides, it is a maxim, ratified into a stubborn proverb, that 'Love laughs at Locksmiths;' and many a heart-stricken couple has posted to Gretna in proof of its superior influence of the arrowy urchin to iron bolts and massive bars. Our Romeos and Juliets, indeed, in long drawn links, let down the silken chain, and tie their true love's knot in 'tryste' with a laugh, meaning more than expressive words, battering the gout of old Hectors and Guardians, in unison with Chatterton's imitation of Tom D'Urfey—

'*Me* husbnde, Lord Thomas, a forrester
boulda

As ever clove pynne, or the baskette;
Does no chery sauncys from Elynour houlde,
I have ytte as soon as I ask ytte.

Go, find out the Vicar of Taunton Dean,
And he'll tell you the banns they were
asked,

A thumpin fat capon he got for his pains,
And I skewer'd her up in a basket.'

Whether indebted to the fertile imaginations of the reporters, or the undrawn features of those Justice Shallows, who make teasing easy on the bench at the expense of the discordant wights that appear before them, it is not necessary to enquire, since it is certain such explosions of laughter are sometimes heard, as in the canine phrase, are enough to make a 'dog laugh.'

In the senate houses of the 'Commons' and the 'Lords,' notwithstanding their starry gravities and mitred presences, standing orders, precedents and political contrarieties, the vivacity of members and the good humour of their speeches would be unprofitably evaporated without 'great laughter,'—'immense laughter,' and 'uncontrollable laughter,' administered by 'hear, hear, hear!'—and 'general cheering!' It requires no comment that in the lower courts, down even to the Dogberry in the station, the motto 'laugh and grow fat' is practically cultivated, in opposition to lean sided and cold spirited erasticism, imitative of Gray, who says 'the laughing flowers around them blow.' The author of the *Ecclesiastes* says, 'I commend mirth, because a man hath no better thing under heaven,' and a 'merry heart makes a cheerful countenance.' Turn to a happy specimen of the 'Fair Sex'—

Love in her eyes sits laughing,
Love on her cheeks is playing.

Behold her teeth! and on each side of them the dimples are never so well portrayed as when they are shook by the bells of her sweet voice, and the bewitching and tingling effusions of an 'irresistible Cupid.' Every good tempered lover is a 'laughing hyena,' and Venus rose out of the sea in a laughing attitude in defiance of Triton, Vulcan, and the Cyclops.

Laughter's a bubble on life's teeming wave,
When burst, it bears more nearly to the
grave.

If laughter, then, is properly exerted in the course of human experience, the effects will be pleasingly demonstrated. To be wise in its most natural and easy sense, is to be of a laughable turn in proper periods without trenching on silliness. To be good is the consequent, and finally to be happy, the desire of the serene, the busy, and fortunate.

J. R. P.

² It clamor ad alta atria.

THE WIDOW.—By Mrs. KENTISH.
For the *Olio*.

Oh, all that now to me remains
Of hope and life and joy,
Dear soother of my hopeless pains,
My loved, my treasured boy!
While gazing o'er each infant grace,
With anxious tenderness, I trace
Each feature of thy father's face,
What strange emotions rise,
And mingle with my doubts and fears!
Yet hope foretells thy future years
Will pay thy hapless mother's cares,
And soothe affection's sighs.

Alas! while bending o'er the tomb
Of him so long, so fondly dear,
Despair, with overwhelming gloom,
Forbade hope's smile to re-appear.
And, oh! I wish'd no more to rise,
But sleep where thy loved father lies:
But then, my boy, thy laughing eyes—
(Unconscious of our woe);
Thy lisping tongue, thy cherub smile,
Had power my anguish to beguile;—
I gazed upon thee, and the while
Felt tears of transport flow.

I clasp'd thee to my throbbing breast
With tender ecstasy;
And while thy infant form I press'd,
I pray'd to live for thee.

And thou, my dear departed love!
If from the realms of bliss above,
Where cherubs smile and angels rove,
Thou can'st our wishes see,—
Our guardian angel! still employ
Thy care to shield our darling boy!
Oh! guide us—till we share thy joy,
And are restored to thee.

REMARKS ON THE BIOGRAPHER
OF DR. JOHNSON.

THE Life of Johnson is assuredly a great—a very great work. Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets,—Shakspeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists,—Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers. He has no second. He has distanced all his competitors so decidedly, that it is not worth while to place them. Eclipse is first, and the rest nowhere.

We are not sure that there is in the whole history of the human intellect so strange a phenomenon as this book. Many of the greatest men that ever lived have written biography. Boswell was one of the smallest men that ever lived; and he has beaten them all. He was, if we are to give any credit to his own account, or to the united testimony of all who knew him, a man of the meanest and feeblest intellect. Johnson described him as a fellow who had missed his only chance of immortality, by not having been alive when the *Dunciad* was written. Beauclerk used his name as a proverbial expression for a bore.

He was the laughing-stock of the whole of that brilliant society which has owed to him the greater part of its fame. He was always laying himself at the feet of some eminent man, and begging to be spit upon and trampled upon. He was always earning some ridiculous nickname, and then "binding it as a crown unto him,"—not merely in metaphor, but literally. He exhibited himself, at the Shakspeare Jubilee, to all the crowd which filled Stratford-on-Avon, with a placard around his hat, bearing the inscription of *Coaster Boswell*. In his Tour, he proclaimed to all the world, that at Edinburgh he was known by the appellation of *Faoli Boswell*. Servile and impertinent,—shallow and pedantic,—a bigot and a sot,—bloating with family pride, and eternally blustering about the dignity of a born gentleman, yet stooping to be a talebearer, an eavesdropper, a common butt in the taverns of London,—so curious to know every body who was talked about, that, Tory and High Churchman as he was, he manoeuvred, we have been told, for an introduction to Tom Paine,—so vain of the most childish distinctions, that, when he had been to court, he drove to the office where his book was being printed without changing his clothes, and summoned all the printer's devils to admire his new ruffles and sword;—such was this man;—and such he was content and proud to be. Every thing which another man would have hidden,—every thing, the publication of which would have made another man hang himself, was matter of gay and clamorous exultation to his weak and diseased mind. What silly things he said,—what bitter retort he provoked,—how at one place he was troubled with evil presentiments which came to nothing,—how at another place, on waking from a drunken doze, he read the prayer-book, and took a hair of the dog that had bitten him,—how he went to see men hanged, and came away maudlin,—how he added five hundred pounds to the fortune of one of his babies, because she was not frightened at Johnson's ugly face,—how he was frightened out of his wits at sea,—and how the sailors quieted him as they would have quieted a child,—how tipsy he was at Lady Cork's one evening, and how much his merriment annoyed the ladies,—how impertinent he was to the Duchess of Argyle, and with what stately contempt she put down his impertinence,—how Colonel Macleod sneered to his face at his impudent ob-

trusiveness,—how his father and the very wife of his bosom laughed and fretted at his fooleries;—all these things he proclaimed to all the world, as if they had been subjects for pride and ostentatious rejoicing. All the caprices of his temper, all the illusions of his vanity, all his hypochondriac whimsies, all his castles in the air, he displayed with a cool self-complacency, a perfect unconsciousness that he was making a fool of himself, to which it is impossible to find a parallel in the whole history of mankind. He has used many people ill, but assuredly he has used nobody so ill as himself.

That such a man should have written one of the best books in the world, is strange enough. But this is not all. Many persons who have conducted themselves foolishly in active life, and whose conversation has indicated no superior powers of mind, have written valuable works. Goldsmith was very justly described by one of his contemporaries as an inspired idiot, and by another as a being

Who wrote like an angel, and talk'd like poor
Poll.

La Fontaine was in society a mere simpleton. His blunders would not come in amiss among the stories of Hierocles. But these men attained literary eminence in spite of their weaknesses. Boswell obtained it by reason of his weaknesses. If he had not been a great fool, he would never have been a great writer. Without all the qualities which made him the jest and the torment of those among whom he lived,—without the officiousness, the inquisitiveness, the effrontery, the toad-eating, the insensibility to all reproof, he never could have produced so excellent a book. He was a slave, proud of his servitude,—a Paul Pry, convinced that his own curiosity and garrulity were virtues,—an unsafe companion, who never scrupled to repay the most liberal hospitality by the basest violation of confidence,—a man without delicacy, without shame, without sense enough to know when he was hurting the feelings of others, or when he was exposing himself to derision; and because he was all this, he has, in an important department of literature, immeasurably surpassed such writers as Tacitus, Clarendon, Alfieri, and his own idol Johnson.

Boswell's fame is great; and it will, we have no doubt, be lasting; but it is fame of a peculiar kind, and indeed marvellously resembles infamy. We remember no other case in which the

world has made so great a distinction between a book and its author. In general, the book and the author are considered as one. To admire the book is to admire the author. The case of Boswell is an exception—we think the only exception to this rule. His work is universally allowed to be interesting, instructive, eminently original: yet it has brought him nothing but contempt. All the world reads it: all the world delights in it: yet we do not remember ever to have read or ever to have heard any expression of respect and admiration for the man to whom we owe so much instruction and amusement. While edition after edition of his book was coming forth, his son, as Mr. Croker tells us, was ashamed of it, and hated to hear it mentioned. This feeling was natural and reasonable. Sir Alexander saw, that in proportion to the celebrity of the work, was the degradation of the author. The very editors of this unfortunate gentleman's books have forgotten their allegiance; and, like those Puritan casuists who took arms by the authority of the king against his person, have attacked the writer while doing homage to the writings. Mr. Croker, for example, has published two thousand five hundred notes on the life of Johnson; and yet scarcely ever mentions the biographer whose performance he has taken such pains to illustrate, without some expression of contempt.

An ill-natured man Boswell certainly was not. Yet the malignity of the most malignant satirist could scarcely cut deeper than his thoughtless loquacity. Having himself no sensibility to derision and contempt, he took it for granted that all others were equally callous. He was not ashamed to exhibit himself to the whole world as a common spy, a common tattler, a humble companion without the excuse of poverty,—to tell a hundred stories of his own pertness and folly, and of the insults which his pertness and folly brought upon him. It was natural that he should show little discretion in cases in which the feelings or the honours of others might be concerned. No man, surely, ever published such stories respecting persons whom he professed to love and revere. He would infallibly have made his hero as contemptible as he has made himself, had not his hero really possessed some moral and intellectual qualities of a very high order. The best proof that Johnson was really an extraordinary man is, that his character, instead of being degraded, has, on the whole, been

decidedly raised by a work in which all his vices and weaknesses are exposed more unsparringly than they ever were exposed by Churchill or by Kenrick.

Edin. Rev.

THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF SIR W. SCOTT.

THE reputation of Scott is built upon his works of fancy. He has laboured in other departments of literature with great vigour and success. His biographical sketches, particularly, have been distinguished by their manliness and candour, though, with the exception of Napoleon, they were written without much exertion of his strength. That great work has not satisfied the demands of the world, but we presume that no living writer could have given equal satisfaction; and the truth is, that the gigantic character he describes is still too near us to be painted; we must wait till the lights and shadows are blended into their right proportions by the effect of distance and time. There are those who are disposed to regret, that so great a character can be earned by one who, as they say, does nothing more than amuse the world, which they consider the highest aim and effect of Scott's imaginative writings; but let them vary their language a little,—let them call it giving happiness to the world,—and we hardly know how he could propose to himself a higher and happier end for the exertion of his splendid powers. We think that whatever makes men happier is apt to make them better; and the union of these two purposes being the glory of divine inspiration, we know not why human inspiration should be ashamed to follow the example. Let any one point out a work of Scott in which moral sentiment and character are perverted as in the mighty Corsair of Byron, or the paltry pick-pocket Paul Clifford, and we will take down his statue at once from the high niche in which it stands; but we cannot find in all Scott's writings a single page, nor a single character, in which shame is made glory, or glory shame, or in which any thing more is given to guilt, than the compassion united with aversion, which it ought always to inspire. We are confident, that if ever the mind can safely surrender itself to this enchantment, it is when the power is lodged in a conscientious hand like his.

North Amer. Rev.

Fine Arts.

Plates of the Winter's Wreath for 1832. Whittaker, London; and Smith, Liverpool.

WE have often taken occasion to give our almost unqualified approval to the illustrations of this much esteemed work. "THE WREATH" of last year was so near perfection in its pictorial display, that we thought it scarcely possible to be excelled; but it is with pleasure that we find ourselves mistaken upon gazing at the attractions of the present volume, which are of a still far higher character. Among these finished and masterly productions of art, those which have claimed our admiration most are the undermentioned: but it is invidious in us to make a selection where all is beautiful. However, to proceed, we pronounce "the Visionary," after Liversseege, by Engleheart, all that painting can express. "Martin's Highland Fortress of Leasing Cray" is just such a scene as might be expected from his powerful pencil; and the transferring of it to copper by Brandard is equally skillful. The venerable Stothard is not quite at home in "The Village Suitor's Welcome," though we perceive much of his genius and originality. The engraving of this plate is of a high order of merit. "The Wreck" of Williamson is a gem of wondrous brilliancy and truth, we know not whether the painter has ever beheld so fearful a scene; but if he has not, he possesses an imagination of unbounded power, nothing can be more vivid than the picturing of this appalling scene. "The Piper of Mull," after Goodall, by Robinson, is a clever picture of an auld Scottish minstrel, who appears, though eyeless, to have skill, lungs, and fingers, sufficient to move the soul of the sternest warrior to deeds of action.—Another charming subject is "Linton's Naples." This representation of the city of the blazing mount, of palaces and gondolas, is quite a panoramic display of the town and bay. The artists, both painter and engraver, have done their best. The ancient "Town of Abbeville," given by Roberts in his best style, cannot be passed by without exciting our warmest admiration, it is soft, flowing, and true to nature; the perspective and keeping are admirable. "The View of the Lake of Nemi," by Aglio, is a pretty romantic scene, ably embodied. What shall we say

of the "Reply of the Fountain?" can we do better than let the following beautiful illustrative stanzas, which accompany the view, speak the nature of this enchanting scene :

She came a wandering through the wood,
Whither, she knew not, nor did heed;
For weary-worn, in cheerless mood
She only yearned for solitude
Where'er the quest might lead.
But surely to that fountain lone,
Some pitying sprite allured her feet;
For stiller haunt the earth had none,
Where grief might hide, and brood upon
Its dreams of sick regret.

She bent her by the old archway—
She hearken'd to the streamlet's song;
Till, softening, from her cold dismay,
She seemed to part, and melt away
In tears, estranged how long!
For tones that earth had ceased to hear,
Her fancy lent the bubbling rill;
A loved low sound, remote, yet clear,
She thought it whispered in her ear,
'Thou trembling heart, be still.'

We must end our chapter of beauties with Barrett's "Evening scene, near the Bavarian Alps." The compositions of this artist are always full of character, we know none more capable of giving effect to the "grey eyed morn," or the "ruddy streaked evening sky," than himself: the scene under notice will speak to the truth of our remark. We have been warm in our praise of these delightful illustrations, but every admirer of the tasteful and beautiful will be free to confess that we have not exceeded the bounds of truth. To conclude, we sincerely hope that the "Winter's Wreath" will find the favour it merits, and that the proprietors will receive the ample reward their liberality justly entitles them to.

Historic Fragments.

For the Olio

A POOR PRINCE REBUKED.—In the infancy of Henry VI. when the Duke of Bedford exerted his address and bravery so successfully in the cause of England against France, the Dauphin was so poor that a pitiful leg of mutton and two chickens were the utmost fare the royal table could boast. He contrived, however, notwithstanding his privations, to have fetes and balls, and having asked the opinion of a veteran concerning the preparations made for one of these: "My opinion is," said the old soldier, "that no kingdom was ever lost so merrily or so carelessly."

FLATTERY.—We are told that the infant son of the hero of Agincourt,

when only eighteen months old, sat in his mother's lap to hear the speaker of the House of Commons thank God for giving the realm "so toward a prince and sovereign governor." Early flattery! "Princes," (says the honest, surly Ben Jonson) "learn no art truly but that of horsemanship." The reason is, the brave beast is no flatterer, he will throw a sovereign as soon as his groom.

THE ORIGIN OF THE CELEBRATED HOUSE OF SFORZA, DUKE OF MILAN.—The first of the family, says Comines, was a simple farmer's servant, named Jacomuzzo Attendulo, the son of a shoe-maker, living at Coltignola in the Romagna. As he followed the plough, the glittering arms and enlivening music of a band of soldiers allured him from his calling; he abandoned his team, and engaged in the military profession with such success, that his banner was followed by 7000 men. His aid was then requested by the various warring states of Italy; and (as neither Jacomuzzo nor any of his descendants suffered their principle or fidelity to counteract their profit) he became potent and wealthy, married the daughter of Pope Paul III. and, having driven King Alphonso of Arragon from the walls of Naples, he would soon have earned a principality, had he not been drowned, at the age of fifty-four, in crossing the Pescara. From this bright origin sprung six dukes of Milan, whose branches are grafted on almost every royal stem in Europe. The son of Attendulo (a name which had yielded to the higher-sounding appellation Sforza) following the steps of his father in valour and military skill, and not exceeding him in integrity, was raised to be son-in-law to the Duke of Milan, and as soon as a proper opportunity appeared, possessed himself of that opulent and powerful dutchy.

FIDELITY OF A SERVANT IN THE STORY OF A ROYAL JEWEL.—After the siege of Nancy, a diamond, which had adorned the cap of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, became the property of a private Swiss soldier as his part of the spoil, of whom it was purchased by one of the family of Nancy in France for 60,000 livres. The fate of this rich jewel afterwards was marvellous in the extreme, for it is related in the antiquities of France, that a descendant of the purchaser, affected by the distress of his sovereign, Henry the Third, when pressed by the Guise party, voluntarily offered to send this

valuable pledge to Switzerland, in order to raise an auxiliary band.

A domestic of approved fidelity was trusted with the jewel. He set out on his errand, but was heard of no more; and Henry, whose mind was narrow, mocked the credulity of Sancy; piqued at the royal sarcasms, the master pursued the path which his servant had taken. He traced him to a forest, and found that he and his fellow-travellers, after having been robbed and murdered, had owed their burial to the hand of charity. The persevering Sancy caused the carcasses to be disinterred, selected that of his domestic, and from his intestines produced an undeniable token of his fidelity; for he had swallowed the diamond, that he might preserve his precious charge even beyond his life. The Sancy, as this jewel was afterwards called, became some time after the property of the Bourbon family, and was stolen and privately sold at the wreck of French royalty, near the close of the eighteenth century.

J. J.

Snatches from Oblivion.

Out of the old fields cometh the new corn.

SIR E. COKE.

THE DEVIL'S DELIGHTS.

The following singular extract, taken from the Tenth Article of "The Ancient Discipline of the Evangelical Churches in the Valleys of Piemont," as given in Morland's History, is a curious specimen of the Waldensian discipline and morality in an age of licentiousness.

"A ball is the devil's procession, and whosoever entereth in there, entereth into his procession. The devil is the leader, the middle and the end of the dance. So many paces as a man maketh in a ball, so many leaps he maketh towards hell. They sin in dancing sundry ways. First in walking, for all their paces are numbered; in touching, in their ornaments, in hearing, in seeing, in speaking, in singing, in lies and vanities. A ball is nothing but misery, sin and vanity.

"Besides, the ornaments which women wear in balls are so many crowns for the several victories which the devil hath obtained by them over the children of God. For the devil hath not only one sword in these balls, but as many as there are handsome persons and well adorned. The tongue of a woman is a glittering sword. Therefore that place is much to be feared where the enemy hath so many swords, seeing that one

of his swords is exceedingly to be dreaded. Moreover, the devil in this place smiteth with a very sharp sword, for the women come not willingly to balls without painting and adorning themselves, which paint and ornaments are like the whetting of the devil's sword, and the ring which is made in balls, is the devil's grindstone, whereon he sharpens his sword.

"Balls are the pomp and the mass of the devil, and whoso entereth into balls, entereth into the devil's pomp and mass. For the woman that singeth at the ball is the prioress of the devil, and they that answer are clerks, and they which look on are parishioners, and the cymbals and the flutes are the bells, and the musicians that play are the ministers of the devil. For as when the swine are scattered abroad, and the swineherd maketh one to cry, straightway the others flock together to him; so the devil causeth one woman to sing at the ball, or *play on the music*, so that all the swine, that is, the dancers, may straightway draw together into a knot."

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.

M. W. of Windsor.

THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION UNDER BONAPARTE.

—Upon the first celebration of mass in Notre Dame, when the desire of the First Consul was fulfilled as to the re-establishment of the Catholic religion, which he looked upon as the firmest support of absolute power, the following scene took place. Bonaparte had risen early, and nearly finished dressing, when his brother Joseph and his colleague Cambaceres entered. 'Well, gentlemen,' said the First Consul, 'we go to mass this morning; what say they to that in Paris?'—'Many people,' replied Cambaceres, 'propose to attend the first representation, in order to hiss the piece should they not find it amusing.'—'If any one takes it into his head to hiss, I shall have him put to the door by the grenadiers of the consular guard!'—'But if the grenadiers themselves take to hissing like the rest!'—'As to that I have no fear; my old mustachoes will go here to Notre Dame, just as at Cairo they would have gone to the mosque. They will remark how I do; and, seeing their general grave and decent, they will be so too, passing the word to each other, — 'countersign — *Decency*.'—'But,' said Joseph, 'I am afraid the general officers will not be so accom-

modating. I have just been with Augereau, who is all fire and fury against what he calls your monkish mania. It will prove no easy matter to bring him and some others within the pale of holy mother church.'—'Bah!' interrupted Napoleon, 'so Augereau puts on airs! I know him: he will bluster; but if he has any imbecile cousin, for whom he finds it difficult to provide, he will send him to college in hopes I may make him an almoner. Apropos,' turning to the second consul, 'Cambaceres, when does your brother set out to take possession of the see of Rouen? I assure you it is one of the richest archbishoprics in France. He shall be a cardinal within the year; it is a matter settled.' The complaisant colleague made one of his best bows, with his sweetest smiles, and thenceforth became a strenuous supporter of the church and her establishments!—How many acted like Cambaceres? Was there any thing wonderful in Bonaparte's contempt of mankind, judging of the whole from those of whom he had experience? 'I have only to gild the badge for your honest republicans!' he would say, and could affirm with truth, 'and they are my humble servants; I have but to promise bread to your infidels, and they would be priests.'

THE BOATS AND BOATMEN OF MALTA.

—The Maltese boats are of a peculiar construction. Their prows resemble those of the war galleys of the ancients: many of them are fancifully painted, and otherwise ornamented. The dress of the rowers is singular;—a red or blue woollen cap sits closely to the forehead, in the form of a nightcap, and hangs over the neck in the form of a bag or purse, in which the Maltese carries his money, if he have any, and his provisions, such as bread, cheese, onions, garlic, and fruit. Trowsers made of Malta cotton, either white or brown, and perhaps dyed a blue colour; are rolled up to the midleg; the ankle and the foot are left bare, that is, neither stockings nor shoes are worn; a cotton check shirt, rolled up on the arm to the elbow, and a vest of cloth, silk, or velvet, fastened by a silver loop, or hanging buttons, with a sash bound tightly round the waist, complete the holiday costume of the Malta boatmen, and, generally speaking, of the better order of the Maltese peasantry. So fond are they of having at least one waistcoat adorned with silver buttons, that the old-fashioned ones of former days having

become scarce, they supply their place with English shillings and sixpences. The boatmen are a remarkably strong and athletic race of men, generally good-humoured, obliging, and ready to serve any one cheerfully who behaves properly towards them, but they will not brook ill-treatment or abusive language. They manage their heavy cumbersome boats in a manner that has sometimes provoked the sneer, and sometimes the jealousy of our own Jack tars; they row with their face to the prow, whereas Jack insists they should pull the other way. It is sometimes comical to see a British sailor and a Maltese pulling a boat together; of course it will not budge an inch, and neither will give way to the other.

THE ENGLISH NAVY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.—In 1572, the merchant shipping of England was said to be one hundred and thirty-five vessels, some of them of five hundred tons. The navy of Queen Elizabeth consisted of thirteen public ships of war; the rest were borrowed from her subjects.—In 1588, the number of merchant ships was one hundred and fifty; on an average, of one hundred and fifty tons each. The navy of the queen, which encountered the Spanish *armada*, contained about forty public ships, and the rest were borrowed for the occasion from her subjects, in all the maritime towns which possessed any shipping.

THE INVENTION OF VAUDEVILLES.—During the same epoch with Froissart, flourished the famous Olivier Basselin, whose name in poetic history takes the various shapes of Vasselin, Bachelin, Bisselin and Bosselin. He was the inventor of *Vaudevilles*, and a noisy apostle of *le bon vin*, and *le cidre de Normandie*.

MALHERBE.—This distinguished ornament of French literature is regarded by his countrymen as the father of their poetry. To him belongs the glory of having first developed the full power of the French language in many of the various branches of poetic composition. "Beauty of expression and imagery," says a French writer, "rapidity of movement and sublimity of ideas, enthusiasm, number, cadence, all are to be found in his beautiful odes. No one knew better than he the effects of harmony; no one possessed a more exquisite taste, or a more delicate ear. Grief and sensibility find beneath his pen expressions *natives* and pathetic, and the form of versification follows naturally the emotions of the soul."

ATHENIAN EXTRAVAGANCE—A good, serviceable horse was worth about forty-five dollars; but a handsome saddle, or carriage horse, would very readily command one hundred and eighty dollars. Yet who can set a limit to luxury in horses? It may be said of human nature, as of youth, *gaudet equis*. Bucephalus brought nearly twelve thousand dollars. The price of a pair of mules was from eighty to a hundred and twenty dollars. In the good days of the admirable Solon, before the precious metals were plenty, the pious devotee could purchase an ox for the altar at the moderate price of seventy-five cents. But when Athens had grown rich, the price of the best beeves varied from seven and a half to eleven and a half dollars. A hecatomb cost in one instance, seven hundred and sixty-seven dollars; in another eleven thousand and fifty-eight dollars. It is mentioned as one of the expensive fooleries of Alcibiades, that he gave one thousand and fifty dollars for a dog.—The festivals were a great source of extravagance. The Athenians, in the early days of the republic, sacrificed liberally, to display their reverence for the gods; afterwards prodigally, that the people might riot on the offerings of religion. In the splendour and in the number of her festivals, Athens surpassed all other Grecian states. The poets were invited to produce their magnificent dramas; tragedy was evoked with its splendid pall and its recollections of the days of demigods; the youthful beauty of the city appeared in the choirs; music lent its attractions to heighten the vivid interest of the stage; and splendid processions, with their glittering pageantry and solemn train, assisted in filling up a holiday with spectacles, that might attract and astonish the rest of Greece. "You never postpone your festivals," says Demosthenes, "and you lavish on them larger sums than you expend for the naval service; but your fleets always arrive too late."—"Count the cost of their tragedies," says Plutarch, "you will find that their *Cedipuses* and *Antigones*, and *Medeas*, and *Electras*, cost more than their wars for supremacy with the other Greeks, and their struggles for freedom against the barbarians."

Ancientiana.

HONESTY'S THE BEST POLICY.—Howell, in his familiar letters, relates the following circumstance which took

place in the year 1620, whilst he was staying at Barcelona. "The Duke of Ossuna passed by here lately, and having got leave of his Grace to release some slaves, he went aboard the *Cape Galley*, and passing through the *Churma* of slaves, he asked divers of them what their offences were, every one excused himself, one saying—That he was put in out of malice, another by bribery of the Judge, but all of them unjustly; amongst the rest, there was one sturdy little black man, and the Duke asking him what he was in for: 'Sir,' said he, 'I cannot deny but I am justly put in here, for I wanted money, and so I took a purse hard by Tarragona, to keep me from starving.' The Duke, with a little staff he had in his hand, gave him two or three blows on the shoulder, saying, 'You rogue, what do you do amongst so many honest, innocent men? get you gone out of their company;' so he was freed, and the rest remained still in a state of *stato quo prius*, to tug at the oar."

HENRY THE FIFTH.—When this prince, after his subjugation of France, was celebrating his union with the beautiful Catherine of France, he said to the Archbishop of Paris, who performed the nuptial ceremony, "Yesterday you gave me a wife, and to-day I restore you to yours;" at the same time restoring him to his diocese, from which he had been ejected by the dauphin. J. J.

EXCESSIVE EXERCISE.—At the court of Louis VI., there were two very fat noblemen, the Duke de L—, and the Duke de N—. They were both one day at the levee, when the king began to rally the former on his corpulence. "You take no exercise, I suppose," said the king. "Pardon me, Sire," said de L—, "I walk twice a day round my cousin de N—."

POWER OF THE PURSE.—During the sway of Richard of Bordeaux, an address was presented to the king, beseeching him to remove his ministers. Richard, in reply, said, "at the desire of parliament, he would not remove the meanest scullion of his kitchen."—Having occasion for a subsidy, however, which could not otherwise be obtained, he was obliged to comply with their demand. The Earl of Suffolk, the Chancellor, was not only removed from his office, but impeached and found guilty of misdemeanours.

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, Oct. 26.

St. Evaristus, Pope and Mar. A. D. 112.

High Water, 7m after 5 Morn—32m after 5 After.

A living poet thus very naturally describes a blowing wet afternoon at this time of year.—

An Autumnal Evening.

It was an Autumn evening, and the rain

Had ceased awhile, but the loud winds did shriek,

And called the deluging tempest back again.

The flag-staff on the church-yard tower did creak,

And through the black clouds ran a lightning vein,

And then the flapping raven came to seek
Its home; its flight was heavy, and its wing
Seem'd weary with a long day's wandering.

Thursday, Oct. 27.

St. Frumentius, bish. and conf. 4th Cen.

Sun rises 1m after 7—Sets 53m after 4.

Oct. 27, 1614.—Meeting of the States General of France. These *Etats Generaux* were convoked at Paris by Marie de Medicis, Regent of the kingdom during the minority of Louis XIII., at the solicitation of the Princes, who complained of the abuses of government. "The Estates," says a celebrated historian, "were not the depot of the laws, like the Parliament of England, and the Diets of the Empire; they formed no part of the supreme legislation, yet they had a desire to be legislators; that desire will naturally influence a body which represents a nation. The ambition of each member, in that respect, will become a general ambition. It was most remarkable, that, during the meeting of these Estates, the clergy demanded, without success, that the Council of Trent should be received in France. The *Tiers Etat* also demanded, in vain, the promulgation of a law, that no power, temporal or spiritual, should have a right to dispose of the kingdom; neither should subjects be released from the oath of fidelity, and that the doctrine that kings could be put to death by their subjects was impious and detestable. What is still more extraordinary, the *Tiers Etat* of Paris demanded the above law after they had endeavoured to depose Henry III., and after they had suffered famine rather than acknowledge Henry IV.

Friday, Oct. 28.

St. Simon and St. Jude, Apostles.

Moon's last Quarter, 0h 2m Morn.

Oct. 28, 1700.—Battle of Narva gained by Charles XII. of Sweden. Frederick IV. King of Denmark, Augustus, King of Poland, and Peter, Czar of Muscovy, wishing to profit by the youth of Charles XII. and to dismember his estates, entered into alliance against the young monarch. Charles attacked them one after another, and besieged Copenhagen, where he compelled Frederick to sue for peace. He then marched to Narva, which the Russians besieged with an army of 80,000 men. With only 9000 Swedes, he forced the Russians in their entrenchments. Thirty thousand begged quarter, and the rest fled, or were taken prisoners. Charles permitted half the Russians to return without their arms; the other half re-passed the river with their arms. He only detained the generals, to whom he returned their swords and money. Among the prisoners, there was an Asiatic prince destined to live a captive amidst the ice of Sweden. "He must find his si-

tuation," said Charles, "just as I should find mine were I prisoner with the Tartars of the Crimea." The observation was remembered when Charles himself was forced to seek an asylum in Turkey.

Saturday, Oct. 29.

St. Narcissus, Bishop, 2nd Cen.

High Water 19m after 8 Morn—7m after 9 Aftern.

At the very close of this month, a few flowers still cheer the eye, and there is a second blow of some kinds, particularly the woodbine. But the scent of all these late flowers is comparatively very faint. The green-house, however, is in high perfection at this period, and by its contrast with the nakedness of the fields and gardens, is now doubly grateful.

Unconscious of a less propitious clime,
There blooms exotic beauty, warm and snug,
While the winds whistle, and the snows descend.
The spiry myrtle with unwithering leaf,
Shines there and flourishes. The golden boast
Of Portugal and Western India there
The ruddler orange, and the paler lime,
Peep thro' their polish'd foliage at the storm,
And seem to smile at what they need not fear.
Th' Amomum there with intermingling flowers
And cherries, hang her twigs. Geranium boasts
Her crimson honours; and the spangled beau
Ficoides, glitters bright the winter long.
All plants of every leaf that can endure
The Winter's frown, if screen'd from his shrewd
bite.

Live there and prosper. Those Ausonia claims;
Levantine regions these; th' Azores send
Their Jessamine; her Jessamine remote
Caffraia; foreigners from many lands,
They form one social shade, as if conven'd
By magic summons of th' Orphean lyre.

Comper's Task.

Sunday, Oct. 30.

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lessons for the Day.—Prayers, 22 chap Morning Prayers, 3 ch. Evening.

Oct. 30, 1741.—A Prodigy of Nature. On this day was born at Wallingham, a village in Cambridgeshire, Thomas Hall, a youth who was considered as one of Nature's prodigies. When he was but three years of age, he measured three feet eight inches high, was proportionably large, and had a very strong and manly voice. He died before he had attained his sixth year, with all the symptoms of decrepitude and old age.

Monday, Oct. 31.

Allhallows Eve.

Sun rises 9m after 7—sets 50 after 4.

The minister of Callander, in Perthshire, mentioning peculiar customs, says, "On All Saints' Even they set up bonfires in every village. When the bonfire is consumed, the ashes are carefully collected into the form of a circle. There is a stone put in, near the circumference, for every person of the several families interested in the bonfire; and whatever stone is moved out of its place, or injured before next morning, the person represented by that stone is devoted, or fey, and is supposed not to live twelve months from that day. The people received the consecrated fire from the Druid priests next morning, the virtues of which were supposed to continue for a year."

Part 50, with four fine Engravings, is published with this Number. Vols 1 to 7 being again reprinted, they may be had; also all the Parts and Numbers.

The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XVI—Vol. VIII.

Saturday, Nov. 5. 1831.



See page 244

Illustrated Article.

THE LAST INTERVIEW W.*

A TALE OF A NIGHT-WATCH.

By J. R. Chorley.

“What! can the dead hold converse?”

A few years since, it was my fortune to be weather-bound in a solitary inn, on the northern coast of Yorkshire, in company with a disbanded officer of the German Legion. There were no other travellers in the house; and thus, being brought into close contact, we soon fell into a pleasant intimacy.—Major Zollermann was a tall, grim-looking Hanoverian, who concealed, beneath a cold exterior, much of the strong feeling, sober enthusiasm, and love of the marvellous, ascribed to his countrymen. I found his mind stored with strange, obsolete information, and legendary lore; as well as fertile in reminiscences of unusual vicissitude and adventure. To a conversation on the subject of his Peninsular campaigns, I owe the following narrative. I had

mentioned, as singular, the numerous desertions to the French which occurred amongst our Irish soldiers, during the campaign of the Pyrenees; and which were generally attributed to the repugnance of sentinels on the out-posts to keep watch, in that desolate region, near to the corpses of comrades who had fallen in skirmishing with Soult's troops. The Major, in reply, alluded to a similar feeling in the German, particularly the Hessian soldiers, and which, he said, was perhaps in some measure owing to strange traditions still current among them. “One of these,” he said, “is related in connection with my own family; it is such as you will hardly have heard in England; and if you are in the mood for listening to a wild story, I will repeat it to you.”—I gladly assented, and he proceeded as follows:—

“We have been naturalized in Hanover for the last two generations only; having been formerly subjects of the Duchy of Hesse-Cassel. Most of the males of my family were soldiers, and it has been the fortune of several among

* Winter's Wreath.

them to bear a part in singular occurrences. That which I shall now relate took place shortly after the peace of Utrecht. At this period there resided at the court of the Grand Duke Frederick of Cassel, the young Count Von Lindenau, a nobleman of remarkable personal beauty and accomplishments. He was a bold and successful soldier; and the Prince had rewarded his distinguished bravery by successive court preferments. The Grand Duchess Ludovica, a daughter of the house of Dessau, was also supposed to regard him very graciously, to the great envy of his rival courtiers: and upon his appointment to the post of *Oberhofmeister*, or grand Chamberlain to the Court, there were not wanting malevolent tongues to hint that his favour was procured by the Princess's influence, who was not unwilling that he should thus obtain a more frequent access to her presence. It must be remarked, however, that such observations were only heard after subsequent circumstances had lent some plausibility to a suspicion possibly erroneous. Von Lindenau was a passionate admirer of women; the young Duchess was the fairest of all the court beauties; yet it would have been hard to say whether the Count's homage went beyond the gallantry due to a lovely woman, and the devotion he owed to his princess. Ludovica, considerably younger than her consort, was supposed to form no exception to the many sad instances of feeling sacrificed to state necessity; and it is possible that the known harshness of the Grand Duke's temper, and his unequal age, may have been too hastily assumed as grounds for unjust interpretation of her favour to the gallant young officer. She was pale and stately in her deportment; the melancholy expression of her features but rendered them more touchingly beautiful; and she had not long been the bride of Frederick, before the old servants at court, too well read, alas! in such exterior indications, began to predict that she would not long occupy her share of the ducal crown. A few months after Von Lindenau's appointment, his favour with the Prince appeared to be on the wane, and his reception was more cold and ceremonious than it formerly had been. This, however, was not particularly commented upon: as the Duke, always harsh and stern in his manners, had lately displayed an unusual ungraciousness to all around him. Towards the Princess,

especially, this change had been most marked; until the pensive and timorous creature began to tremble in his presence, and to quail beneath the rude coldness of his look.

"Some attributed the change to Frederick's disappointment in his hopes of an heir; his union with Ludovica not having been blessed with offspring. The temporary gaiety, which the Court had assumed upon the accession of the young Princess, wore away by degrees; and a deep gloom seemed insensibly to settle upon its precincts. The courtiers and officers of the household prudently reflected the dark gravity of their liege's deportment; the sound of laughter was rarely heard within the palace; and the hunting parties and solemn banquets resembled funeral games rather than the gladsome festivals of courtly recreation. The Count Von Lindenau, alone, seemed to have escaped from the general infection; he continued, to all appearance, as gay and gallant as ever;—although the scrutiny of some well-practised observers would pretend to discover a perturbed spirit beneath his light and jovial bearing.

"The secrets of the heart, and the hidden counsel of princes' chambers, can but be traced by vain conjecture, until some violent burst of feeling, or sudden and startling catastrophe betrays their concealment. On the first day of the year of grace 1715, the court and city of Cassel were astonished by the unexpected intelligence, that the Count Von Lindenau had been banished from the presence, and imprisoned in the castle of Fichtenburg on the Plesse, fifty miles distant from the capital. At court, the news was received in the manner customary in such places upon such occasions: the disgraced favourite became the object of loud and ostentatious invective; although the several causes assigned for his banishment proved that the nature of his offence was, at least, a matter of conjecture. Still, a few of the more wary courtiers, observing that no public edict had yet declared the post of chamberlain vacant, cautiously abstained from any irrevocable censure of a favoured servant, whose disgrace might be but temporary. No certain information transpired respecting the cause of his punishment; but it was remarked, that from the day of its announcement, the melancholy Ludovica appeared no more at the court levees or banquets; some said that she, also, was subject to some species of restraint within the precincts of the palace; and

the ladies of her bed-chamber shook their heads with a mute and mournful gesture in reply to all inquiries concerning the Princess's seclusion.

"Time passed on: the Grand Duke went to chase, and gave audience, as was his wont; and the names of the Princess Ludovica and of Adolph Von Lindenau seemed as things that were forgotten. But on one of the first days of spring, word went through the palace, that the Grand Duchess was dead! Upon the publication of these disastrous tidings, all affected reserve or hypocritical indifference was changed into open wailing and lamentation. The calm and gentle beauty of the deceased Princess, her gracious meekness to all around her, and the beneficence which had flowed from her heart in secret acts of mercy, had won her the love of all classes; so that her death spread sorrow and consternation over the city and the court.

"From the moment that the event was made public, you might have heard a dry leaf fall from one end of Cassel to the other; the windows were darkened, and the streets deserted; save where scattered groups of the poorer burghers, with their weeping daughters, wandered in the square before the palace, as though their grief were soothed by gazing upon the walls which enclosed the remains of their beloved Princess. The court was truly 'a house of mourning;' the attendants of the household went to and fro, pale and silent as shadows; the lips of the old quivered, and the eyes of the young were red with weeping; while evermore you might hear, from the deceased Princess's apartments, the lament of woman's passionate sorrow, which crieth aloud and refuseth to be comforted. Amidst this alternation of silence and woful sound, the sharp impatient neighing of the Grand Duke's steeds, and the yelling of his hounds, weary of their unwonted confinement, thrilled at times through the palace court, startling the ears of the mourners with a suddenness almost fearful. The widowed Prince sat alone in his chamber; and admitted no one to his presence, unless to receive the needful orders for the solemnity of the corpse's lying in state and interment.

"Now my ancestor, Carl Zollermann, was at this time a Captain in the body troops of Cassel, amongst whose duties and privileges was the charge of keeping watch without the hall wherein the deceased members of the ducal family

were wont to be laid in state. This chamber is in the front of the palace, and is used for the same purpose unto this day; the outer, or guard-room, opening directly upon the esplanade of the grand staircase which leads from the western entrance. I must tell you, that Carl was a rough, thoughtless soldier, as were most of his rank at that period, but distinguished amongst his fellow officers by an uncommon fearlessness and hardihood. In his youth he had served with the Italian troops of the Emperor, and possibly owed to such incredulous associates his utter ignorance of superstitious belief or awe, at a time when most Germans were still strongly influenced by supernatural fears. In common with all the Grand Duke's soldiers, he had almost idolized the late Princess, who had bestowed his first pair of colours; and this feeling, no less than the distinction considered to attach to the service, made him receive as a high favour the order appointing him to the command of the night-guard over her corpse. It was on the evening of the festival of Good Friday, that the deceased was laid out in state; and Captain Zollermann proceeded at nightfall, with a body of forty-nine chosen soldiers, to undertake the honoured but melancholy service of the watch.

"The hall, which is of great extent, was hung round with heavy folds of black velvet in deep festoons, looped up with silver escutcheons, bearing the Princess's arms in funeral blazon. In the centre stood the *Prachtbette*, or state bed, whereon reposed the body, wrapped in gorgeous robes of dark purple, and decked with a profusion of jewels, which shone dazzlingly above the pale, uncovered brow. Beneath the canopy, on a broad black field, were traced the heraldic insignia of the deceased, as reigning Duchess of Cassel, and born Princess of Anhalt; imparting, with their glittering devices and pompous legends, an impressive solemnity to the funeral state of the possessor of so many honours. A number of tall wax tapers, placed around the bed, threw an intense light upon the face and body of the corpse; but the extent of the lofty hall seemed to swallow up the illumination, and the distant corners remained in fitful obscurity. The features of the Princess still wore their wonted expression of profound sadness; and, but for the sunken eyelids, and that indefinable air of motionless rigidity which the finger of death alone can impart, you might have thought (so pale

had she been during life) that she was still asleep in unaltered beauty. A tress of her long hair had, either by accident or design, been suffered to escape from beneath her tiara, and streamed upon the pillow in glossy waves which at times were slightly agitated by the wind that moaned through the chamber, and made the wax lights burn red and fitfully. The body was not strewn with flowers, the last adornment of the young and beautiful dead of humbler rank; but lay with its gorgeous robes in the proud solemnity befitting the obsequies of a Princess; a statelier and a more mournful sight. For there is a deeply pathetic significance in the pompous and public ceremonial of princely biers, undecked with the tribute of domestic love, and wet with no sacred tears of private sorrow;—the last cold pageant, in a career of unaccompanied state, frozen affections, and lone and lofty solitude.

“The officer led his company in mute procession around the corpse. One by one the rough soldiers stooped to kiss the hem of the pall, with tears streaming down their bronzed cheeks; and the ladies who had watched beside it during the day, slowly abandoned their mournful charge. When they had retired; the guard assumed its station for the night in the anti-chamber, from whence, through the half opened door of the funeral hall, the dark draperies of the bier, and the still features of its tenant, were distinctly visible. The footsteps of the female mourners had died away in the long gallery; and the hush of death and night sank down upon the palace. For the soldiers on guard occupied their respective stations in silence; or if they uttered a word to each other, it was in such whispers as caused the stillness, so faintly interrupted, to appear yet more profound.

“Carl, with his unsheathed sabre beneath his arm, paced the apartment slowly to and fro, until the unusual scene, and the deep silence of every thing around him, awoke in his breast a sensation more nearly allied to awe than he had ever before known. The anti-chamber was but partially lighted, while the brilliant lustre, streaming over the bier in the hall of state, increased by contrast the effect of obscurity without; the more, as the wood fire, around which the soldiers were grouped, waxed dim as the night deepened. Thus did the hours creep heavily on, until, about the second chime after midnight, Carl was aware of the

distant echoes of a horse's hoofs approaching through the deserted streets: the sound came rapidly nearer; the pavement of the court without rang to the fiery trampling of a steed; instantly the great doors of the palace were heard to open; and the clanking step of a cavalier ascended the western staircase. It approached the anti-chamber; while a voice from without demanded admittance of the astonished sentinel. The captain hastened to his side, surprised at the boldness of the untimely intruder; but far more, when, on throwing open the door, he saw that it was the Count von Lindenau, in his ordinary garb, but pale and covered with dust, as though he had ridden hard and long. He recognised Carl, who had served in his division, addressed him by name, and repeated his demand for admission. The officer respectfully refused; insisting on the express prohibition in his orders, the late hour of night, the Count's unseemly want of a mourning dress; and begged him to postpone his request until the morrow. To none of these reasons did Von Lindenau pay the least attention, but renewed his instances more sternly, until, finding them still resisted, he said, in a raised voice, ‘I claim, in virtue of my Chamberlain's office, the right of admission at all hours to the presence of my Princess, be she alive or dead; your authority touches not this privilege. I demand to see her while it is yet time; deny me at your peril!’ Embarrassed by the Count's resort to this plea, urged by the respect due to his superior rank, and perhaps a little confused by the strange air of the whole occurrence, the officer made no further opposition; and the untimely visitor passed forward to the chamber of the dead.

“It may be imagined that Carl felt the strongest curiosity to observe the result of this nocturnal intrusion; but it was necessary, in order to its gratification, that he should approach close to the separating door, the leaves of which had swung together upon Von Lindenau's entrance, remaining barely ajar. On placing himself so as to command a view through the aperture thus left, my ancestor beheld an awful and unnatural spectacle. The corpse of the Duchess had half raised itself from the bier, leaning upon one arm; and by its side stood the Count, who seemed as if he were speaking to the dead, although no uttered sound was heard. The head of the corpse was bent towards him, so that its long hair streamed over his

shoulder, and its lips were agitated with a rapid motion, as of one in earnest expostulation or entreaty, while the eyes remained firmly closed, and the body betrayed no appearance of agitation, save in this movement alone. The limbs were still rigid, the features marble white and motionless, nor did any sound proceed from the pallid mouth, although quivering with all the appearance of hurried articulation. They who have watched the contortions of a sleeper in the delirium of fever, or witnessed the lamentable gibberings of insanity, even they can but form a faint idea of the effect produced on the astonished soldier by this strange appearance. It was an appalling union of life and death; the sign of utterance without meaning, imparting an indelible ghastliness to the unmoved aspect of the corpse. All the while the Count appeared to listen with profound attention, seeming from time to time to make some inaudible reply. Carl gazed upon this fearful interview for some moments in incredulous amazement, until he persuaded himself that the appearance was some trick of the senses, the illusion of overwatching and weariness. In this belief, he beckoned his serjeant, a vigilant and sedate veteran, and, pointing to the place, desired him in a whisper to look into the state chamber, and tell what he saw there. The man gazed in that direction for more than a minute, though apparently with a strong effort, passed his hand repeatedly across his eyes, and then turned to the officer, exclaiming in a voice almost inarticulate with horror, '*Huths mich Gott!* the Duchess's corpse is talking with the stranger!' Without venturing to take a second glance, he turned away, muttering to himself a *Vater unser*, and other half remembered prayers, with tremendous rapidity. The sentinels, observing these tokens of alarm, crowded together, like frightened children; one of them, however, more curious, or bolder than his comrades, approached the door of the hall, and ventured to look in; he cast but one glance, and shrunk back to his companions in the stupor of helpless awe. These proofs of the faithfulness of his vision, sent a cold thrill into Carl's heart; but he retained enough of firmness to take his former station, and looked again steadily into the funeral chamber. At that moment the body was seen to sink gradually down upon the bier, and in an instant afterwards resumed a recumbent attitude,

in which it lay as still, and apparently rigid, as though it had never stirred. In the confusion which this sight created, Carl had barely sufficient composure to observe Von Lindenau, who now came with a hasty step from the side of the bed; passed through the folding doors, and as the sentinels on either post drew back on his approach, strode unchallenged through the guard room, with no further salutation than a mute gesture of courtesy. So sudden and uncommon had been the whole occurrence, that for a time Carl's senses were paralyzed, and he was hardly conscious of the Count's rapid exit, until a repetition of the loud trampling in the court below, succeeded by a gradually dying sound of horse's feet, awoke him from this lethargy, to the conviction that Von Lindenau had departed unquestioned.

To be concluded in our next.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILLIAN."

Lady Arabella Fustian to Lord Clarence Fustian.

— Sweet, when Actors first appear,
The loud collision of applauding gloves!
MOUTRAIS.

Your labours, my talented brother,
Are happily over at last;
They tell me, that, some how or other,
The Bill is rejected—or past;
And now you'll be coming, I'm certain,
As fast as four posters can crawl,
To help us to draw up our curtain,
As usual, at Fustian Hall.

Arrangements are nearly completed;
But still we've a lover or two,
Whom Lady Albina entreated,
We'd keep, at all hazards, for you:
Sir Arthur makes horrible faces,—
Lord John is a trifle too tall,—
And your's are the safest embraces
To faint in, at Fustian Hall.

Come, Clarence;—it's really enchanting
To listen and look at the rout;
We're all of us puffing, and panting,
And raving, and running about;
Here Kitty and Adelaide bustle;
There Andrew and Anthony bawl;
Flutes murmur, chains rattle, robes rustle,
In chorus, at Fustian Hall.

By the bye, there are two or three matters
We want you to bring us from town;
The fairs' white plumes from the hatter's,
A nose and a hump for the Clown.
We want a few harps for our banquet,
We want a few masks for our ball;
And steal from your wise friend Bosanquet
His white wig, for Fustian Hall.

Huncamunca must have a huge sabre,
Friar Tuck has forgotten his cowl;
And we're quite at a stand-still with Weber,
For want of a lizard and owl;
And then, for our funeral procession,
Pray get us a love of a pall;
Or how shall we make an impression
On feelings, at Fustian Hall?

And, Clarence, you'll really delight us,
If you'll do your endeavour to bring
From the Club, a young person to write us
Our prologue, and that sort of thing;
Poor Crotchet, who did them supremely,
Is gone, for a Judge, to Bengal;
I fear we shall miss him extremely,
This season, at Fustian Hall.

Come Clarence—your idol Albina
Will make a sensation, I feel;
We all think there never was seen a
Performer, so like the O'Neill.
At rehearsals, her exquisite fancy
Has deeply affected us all;
For one tear that trickles at Drury,
There'll be twenty at Fustian Hall.

Dread objects are scattered before her,
On purpose to harrow her soul;
She stares, till a deep spell comes o'er her,
At a knife, or a cross, or a bowl.
The sword never seems to alarm her,
That hangs on a peg to the wall,
And she dotes on thy rusty old armour,
Lord Fustian, of Fustian Hall.

She stabbed a bright mirror this morning,—
Poor Kitty was quite out of breath,—
And trampled, in anger and scolding,
A bonnet and feathers to death.
But hark,—I've a part in the stranger,—
There's the Prompter's detestable call;
Come, Clarence,—our Romeo and Ranger,
We want you at Fustian Hall.

The Gem.

AMY LESLIE.

A TALE OF THE INN.

For the Ollio.

I had been for a few days an inhabitant of a retired hamlet, whose medicinal spring had not acquired notoriety enough to disturb the tranquillity or the simplicity of its inhabitants, by making it a fashionable resort; but which was celebrated enough to call many a lowly worshipper of health to seek its healing waters. My humble domicile, for the time being, was dignified by the title of the 'Fountain Inn'; a simple dwelling with a thatched roof and curiously arched and latticed windows. There was a garden before it, embroidered with many a richly tinted tulip, and the gay mosaic of the enamelled auricula; the glorious dyes and velvet leaves of the carnation and ranunculus, and a cluster of various coloured pinks; the delicate freshness and fairy-like pencilling of whose flowers were the delight and pride of a little blue eyed nymph, the Hebe of the inn, so that, at almost all seasons for flowers, it was redolent with perfume and beauty; and even in winter, its mossy dial-stone—its fence of evergreens bright with the crimson berries and variegated leaves of the glossy holly, and its antique yews quaintly cut into some device, impossible to be discovered by uninitiated eyes (a relic

of the taste of the olden time) gave a charm to the little garden of the Fountain Inn. But, at the time I speak of, it was glorious in its first summer richness of colours and odours; the liburnin and the lilac hung their drooping clusters of amethyst and golden flowers over door and lattice, and the tapestry of the climbing roses on its walls looked, with its blushes and dewdrop, like the very Paradise of Butterflies!—Not far from this my dwelling in Arcadia, the village church lifted its lime fretted walls amid the quiet silence of its gathered tombs, grey with antiquity, and hallowed by the voice of simple yet true religion, and the prayers of the contrite during the flight of some hundred years. I had looked long on its patriarchal tombs and their inscriptions, transcripts of feelings touching in their simplicity, and consecrated by their mournful yet trusting tenderness and faith; and I had just read aloud the names of Amy and Reuben Leslie, with the triumphant "RESURGAM" chiselled with rude skill on a more recently placed stone, when, raising my eyes, I beheld a gentleman near, whom I knew at the first glance to be the pastor of the village; he had one of those mild saint-like faces which we meet with so often in the pictures of the old masters: a high pale forehead, shadowed by thought; a finely formed head, silvered more by sorrow than by years; eyes of that eloquent and indefinite colour which combine the eagle glance of the black with the touching expression of the blue, (were not such the eyes of Shakspeare!)—and so much of unassuming dignity about him, that the first look convinced you he was one to be venerated and loved, both for his sacred character and the goodness of his own heart. He spoke in that low, rich tone, which is so fascinating, and I soon found myself at home in the little parlour of the Fountain Inn, looking at the sunset through the lilacs, and listening to the kind pastor as he related to me the story of Amy and Reuben Leslie.

"Do you see that pretty fair girl so busy with her flowers and bees in the garden, with a shape like a wood-nymph, and eyes and hair, whose sunny richness and blue trembling lustre give such brightness to a face scarce past the smiling beauty of childhood? Such as sweet Lucy Arden is now, was the gentle Amy Somers, for she was but a beautiful child when Reuben Leslie bore her from us a

wedded wife to some far away city, and our 'Leslie of the May' soon became only a remembrance and a passing thought; when, one evening, a stranger was admitted to my presence, his appearance was that of the middling class, just above the hevers of wood and drawers of water of this unhappy world; touched by the agony of his countenance, and the earnestness with which he besought me, as a minister and an early friend, to interest myself in his behalf, I listened to a tale of woe and suffering: it was Reuben Leslie, and the tale he told me amid the dim twilight, and in the broken accents of despair, was indeed a sad romance of real life. Amy and Reuben had lived happily together, but the lily of the village of the Fountain faded away in secret, in the confined atmosphere and destructive weariness of a populous city and a life of the world's cares and toils, for even the love of Reuben could not always shield her delicate beauty from labour and wasting griefs, for his was a wayward lot in this world's pilgrimage, and she loved too fondly not to share with him sunshine and gloom alike. Time past away, and with it the strength—the bloom of Amy, till none could have recognised in her pale shadowy form the smiling beauty of the village; but Reuben loved with the heart's love—and oh! how much dearer was she who was perishing for his sake! Had the humble artizan possessed the world, he would have given it to recall one smile to Amy's lips, one tint of life to Amy's faded cheek. Medicine was tried in vain, and sorrow was almost sinking into despair, when Amy spoke of a dream, or rather a wandering of her imagination, which led her to believe that could she but reach her native village, its healing waters would restore her to health and happiness; but the home of her childhood was far—far distant; and how could she, worn to such shadowy fragility, bear a long and toilsome journey! The thought, however, became fixed in her heart—it was her unceasing theme; till, urged by her entreaties, and half inspired with hope by her enthusiastic prophecies, Reuben hired a covered vehicle, and set forward on his journey—alas! how different to the joyous one, when, ten years ago, he brought his girlish love to her new home in that proud city they were now leaving in sadness. Three weary days past on, and many were the sufferings of the uncomplaining Amy;—when, on the

evening of the fourth, she recognised the spire of her native village church. 'Tis there, 'tis there, Reuben, and I shall live to reach it!' But her lips were cold ere the echoes of her words had past away—the silver cord was loosened, and Amy Leslie lay dead in her husband's arms! Half frantic he bore her to the nearest cottage, and consigning her to the care of its amazed inhabitants, rushed, almost unknowing what he did, into the village, reached the house of his Amy's nearest relative, and there told his story of despair. They accompanied him back, when (if possible) to wound his feelings deeper, he was denied a last look of her he would have died to save. The cottagers murmured words of fearful import, and all shrank from Reuben as if he indeed were criminal. In this last distress he sought me, and poured forth at the altar of religion his anguish and his tears. I past the night with him beside the bier of Amy, and saw his fame cleared to the satisfaction of all. It was the anniversary of that day, on which ten years ago, I consecrated her early and innocent love, that I placed the withered lily in her ancestral grave, and ere many months had elapsed, Reuben Leslie, grown old in youth, was united by death to his first and only love.—I always thought," continued the good pastor, "that there was something pathetic in their story, and a nephew of mine, who was with me then, must have thought so too: he was fresh from college, his head and heart filled with poetry and romance, and among his papers I found some lines which, though they transport the actors in this sad drama back to the olden time of chivalry and superstition, seem evidently suggested by the leading incident of the story I have related; and you will pardon an old man's love for his fair sister's child, if it induces him to think them worthy of your perusal, they are entitled

THE PILGRIMS AT OUR LADY'S WELL.

A moment more, my love! my love! and we
reach the hallow'd spring,
Oh! can I look upon thy eyes nor wish to life
to cling?
Thy love to me is Paradise. I know no bliss
beyond
The transport that thou art my own! oh,
couldst thou read the font,
The deep idolatry that sways my spirits hid-
den shrine—
Alas from life I cannot part—I would be ever
thine!
I know what thou wouldst say, 'A brighter
world than this—
A sweet reunion for aye in holy love and
bliss.'

But oh, the darkness of the grave! the thought
of woe and dread
That thine arms that clasp me now would
shrink and *leave me with the dead.*
Would leave me—oh, I dare not think—*we*
must not—cannot part—
Oh, let me live!—say wilt thou not beloved as
thou art?
On, onwards to the virgin's well—our lady's
blessed spring.
Its waters will revive my heart that now is
withering.
Oh, fearful has the strife of pain and wasting
anguor been.
And the *despair* that crush'd my soul more
fatal tho' unseen!
When wearied with thy task of love, thy
watching and thy sighs,
The passing down of slumber's wing has rested
on thine eyes;
Then—then my soul has dared to pour in
words its anguish forth,
And pray'd in agony for *life!*—to me a trea-
sure worth
More than the empire of the world, than—shall
I dare to say?—
The heaven I have no wish to share, wert thou,
wert thou away!
In that delirium of despair there came a bliss-
ful dream.
An angel voice that bade me seek our lady's
hallow'd stream,
My very heart is weak, my love! but onwards
—Julian on!
Ere from the eyes that worship thee, the fail-
ing light is gone;
There is a shadow o'er them now—a shudder-
ing in my soul!
But now—so near—I must not sink beneath
its chill control—
The sun—the sun has not yet set—ah, look!
its glories shine,
Where, like a beacon star, the cross marks out
the blessed shrine!
If I have wrong'd or wearied thee, with this
embrace forgive—
A moment more the spring is gain'd, and I—
yes I shall live!
'SHALL LIVE!' say, were not these the words
the echoes gave again?
Sweet as a clarion's triumph note from the
consecrated fane!
Her heart is in that long embrace, love's fond
enthusiast—How!
Why shrinks he from the lips that press their
transport on his brow?
Why snatch away the long fair curls that veil
his lady's charms,
To meet her eyes fond rapture? no—a *course*
is in his arms.
And night came down—
Oh, fall not thou fair child
thy beads to tell,
For the pilgrim souls that past away beside
our lady's well!

E. S. CRAVEN.

PLAYERS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

For the Olio

Among the players of former times, Burbage, Tarleton, Kempe, Thomas Green, Hemmings, Condel, and Lowin, seem to have had great repute.

Richard Burbage was the Betterton, and William Kempe the Nokes of that age. Burbage was the original *Richard the Third*, and greatly distinguished himself in that character. The epitaph

of Burbage is preserved in *Cambden's Remains*, and is only—"Exit Burbage!"

Kempe was inimitable in the part of a clown: he succeeded Tarleton (says Heywood) as well in the favour of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, as in the opinion and good thoughts of the general audience. Thomas Green was also famous for performing the part of a clown.

Hemmings and Condel were two considerable actors in most of Shakspeare's, Johnson's and Fletcher's plays; the first in tragedy, the latter in comedy: but they are better known for being the first editors of Shakspeare's works in folio, in the year 1628, seven years after his death. They are both mentioned in Shakspeare's Will; as among the items there is the following: "And to my fellows John Hemmings, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condel, twenty-six shillings and eight pence a piece, to buy them rings."

Lowin, though something later than Burbage, is said to have been the first actor of *Hamlet*, and also the original *Henry the Eighth*; from an observation of whose acting it, in his later days, Sir William Davenant conveyed his instruction to Mr. Betterton.

W. H. PYNE.

GEOFFREY HUDSON.

GEOFFREY or Jeffrey Hudson is often mentioned in anecdotes of Charles the First's time. His first appearance at court was his being presented in a pie, at an entertainment given by the Duke of Buckingham to Charles I. and Henrietta Maria. Upon the same occasion, the Duke presented the tenant of the pasty to the Queen, who retained him as her page. When about eight years of age, he was but eighteen or twenty inches high; and remained stationary at that stature till he was thirty years old, when he grew to the height of three feet nine inches, and there stopped.

This singular *lusus nature* was trusted in some negotiations of consequence. He went to France to fetch over a midwife to his mistress, Henrietta Maria. On his return, he was taken by Dunkirk privateers, when he lost many valuable presents sent to the Queen from France, and about £2500. of his own. Sir William Davenant makes a real or supposed combat between the dwarf and a turkey cock, the subject of a poem called *Jeffreidos*.—

The scene is laid at Dunkirk, where, as the satire concludes—

“ Jeffrey stout was thrown, when, fat and weak,

The cruel fowl assaults him with his beak.
A lady midwife now he there by chance
Espied, that came along with him from France,

‘ A heart brought up in war, that ne'er before
This time could bow,’ he said, ‘ doth now implore

Thou, that *deltorred* hast so many, be
So kind of nature as deliver me.’

We are not acquainted how far Jeffrey resented this lampoon. But we are assured he was a consequential personage, and endured with little temper the teasing of the domestics and courtiers, and had many squabbles with the king's gigantic porter.

The fatal duel with Mr. Crofts actually took place and happened in France. The poor dwarf had also the misfortune to be taken prisoner by a Turkish pirate. He was, however, probably soon set at liberty, for Hudson was a captain for the king during the civil war. In 1644, the dwarf attended his royal mistress to France. The Restoration recalled him, with other royalists, to England. But this poor being, who received, it would seem, hard measure both from nature and fortune, was not doomed to close his days in peace. Poor Jeffrey, upon some suspicion respecting the Popish Plot, was taken up in 1682, and confined in the Gatehouse prison, Westminster, where he ended his life in the sixty-third year of his age.

Jeffrey Hudson has been immortalized by the brush of Vandyke, and his clothes are said to be preserved as articles of curiosity in Sir Hans Sloan's Museum.

Scott's Notes to Peril of the Peak.

ENGLISH NOVELISTS COMPARED.

The question is often asked, what rank will Scott take among our novelists, when time has set its seal upon the reputation of his works? We have no hesitation in saying, that he will stand as much above Fielding in durable fame, as he now does in interest and attraction. Fielding, no doubt, was a great genius, and in this respect, even Scott perhaps is not before him; but native strength will go but little way in such an enterprise; and Fielding was wholly destitute of the refinement and general cultivation, which any large view of life requires. Certain aspects of human nature, can no

doubt be seen in a London police-office and prison, or in the lanes and inns of that vast labyrinth of crime; but the very experience which fitted Fielding to describe these with such perfect truth and humour, not to say relish, rendered him utterly incapable of describing happy homes and hearts, or of giving any thing better than a misanthropic picture of a man. He rather describes England, than human life; his best sketches are those of individuals, not of classes; and like other painters of manners, he must give place to those who find their originals in human nature at large, rather than individual characters. We are not insensible to his grave humour; for in solemn irony, even Swift does not exceed him; nor are we sure that we do right to compare his works with those of Scott. This is a parallel like that between Hudibras and the Orlando. We are perfectly aware that Fielding was not what, with better principles and a happier destiny, he might have been; but whatever offence we may give to those who are always ready to say of every thing, ‘ the old is better,’ we are quite resigned to the change of taste, which has removed Tom Jones and Amelia to the highest shelves. It is vain to plead the taste of the times for his indecency; we do not find it in all the works of that day, and if he thought proper thus to defile his pages, he has no one but himself to condemn. He is the suicide of his own fame.

Of Smollett, we should hardly speak in this connexion, except to express our delight that he did not carry into effect a purpose he had formed, of making his native land the scene of some of his fictitious stories. He would certainly have peopled it with strange inhabitants, and would have extracted sufficient amusement from the subject; but it would have been like Sir Roger de Coverley, in the hands of Steele; the fine simplicity which Scott and Burns have identified with the Scotch dialect and character, would certainly have vanished under the coarse caricature of his pencil; and by thus forestalling the field, he might have prevented Scott, in a later day, from spreading over it a mantle of venerable and pleasing associations. In one respect he might perhaps have done it more ample justice than Scott; the latter, through respect to the reigning family, had passed much too lightly over the shameful cruelties committed by authority upon the Scotch nation, after their attempts to restore

the Stuarts were put down; and has paraded with too much exultation, one or two of those expressions of magnanimity on the part of the Brunswick line, toward their fallen rivals, which, inasmuch as they cost nothing, the victorious party can easily afford to spare. The Scotch had undoubtedly laid themselves open to punishment, but the infliction should have been that of a civilized government, not a savage horde; such as, under the authority of the Duke of Cumberland, overran the land. It is but justice to the Stuarts, and their supporters, to show that the spirit of the established succession was little, if any better, than their own.

Of the early English novelists, Richardson deserves to be placed nearest to Scott. Most readers deny the justice of Dr. Johnson's criticism, when he places him before Fielding; but Fielding has an advantage over him, in the unchangeableness of the low life and manners which he describes; they continue the same from generation to generation; no substantial change can take place in the fox-hunting squire, so long as the race endures; and originals may even now be found, to test the truth of Fielding's descriptions. On the contrary, Richardson, though he dealt much more with the human heart and character than Fielding, was minutely accurate in describing dress and manners; things which in the changes of time and fashion become so grotesque, that the bodily presence of Sir Charles Grandison, whose bow was a curvature of the spine, would not be more fatal to the pathetic and sentimental in real life, than he now is in the novel. Still, Richardson was even more than Scott the reformer of his day, he waged war upon the majestic old romances, enormous folios, any one of which might have been the book with which Dr. Johnson felled his bookseller, Osborne; and which, with their brazen clasps and dull red edging, held the same place on the drawing-room table, which a score of annuals now fill. They had an advantage over the present race of novels; now, the reader is unpleasantly brought up by the close of the book, a few hours after its interest begins, while the old romance would entertain him from day to day, and from year to year. It was no common power which encountered this heavy artillery, and silenced it for ever.

It is really surprising, that the literature of Britain should have furnished

so few novels, till a very recent time, when they have broken upon us in a deluge, as if the stream had been dammed for ages. There have been very few novelists by profession, nor can the deficiency be accounted for, by saying, that they wrote in the poetical form; for of epics, how few there are which have left even a name. The Vicar of Wakefield still stands foremost in popularity; Rasselas, though the sentiments are philosophically untrue as well as depressing, is still read. It will be observed, that these two very successful works were written by poets of the first order. Goldsmith was even more at home in verse than prose; and in both expressed himself with that simple eloquence, which goes directly to the heart. Johnson, though not commonly regarded in this light, was distinguished by the poetical character of his mind; much of the power of his argument depended on the bright light of his imagination. Unfortunately, his defect of sight prevented him from enjoying the grand and beautiful in nature, and his bodily infirmities made his fancy rise, except in short flights, with a heavy and flagging wing.

We have slightly alluded to the novelists who stood before the public at the time of Scott's appearance, and who, for a time, seemed to be breathless with amazement at the sight of the new phenomenon. Their satisfaction was not increased by the voices, which they heard from all sides, saying to them, like Sieyès to his associates, when Bonaparte came forward; 'Gentlemen, you have a master.' They retired with one consent from the field, and for a time, no one even attempted to gain a hearing; at length, some solitary voice was heard between the acts; and now, novels of all descriptions swarm upon the reading world. There are few, however, of the vast numbers constantly imported from England, likely to endure; our own country gives us a better supply. Of the British novels, published within the last few years, Cyril Thornton is by far the best; it is a work of real power; in Scotch character and Scotch humour, the writer may contend with the Author of Waverley, with his foot on his native soil, while the more pathetic parts make strong appeals to the heart. Were it not for a case of seduction, which the author ascribes to his hero, we should have read it with unmingled pleasure, and we cannot easily account for its attracting so little attention.

One word to readers of the present day. There is a power in scenes and narratives, which implies no power in the writer; and certain writers, without industry or talent, are carrying on an extensive system of imposition.—They go to lunatic asylums, and note in their tablets the ravings of the maniacs in chains; they study the *Newgate Calendar*, or write down the confessions of some atrocious malefactor; and with these genuine horrors, make a deep impression on the public mind. But the business is wholly mechanical; some paltry wax-work, representing a bloody and ghastly form, may make the strong man start, and women faint away, while the pencil of Michael Angelo could not produce an effect half so striking; but no one is so absurd, as to judge of a work of art from the shock which it gives; if equal judgment were shown in respect to novels, the public taste would no longer be insulted by works, in which such narratives as any veteran knave can furnish, are paraded as splendid specimens of invention and descriptive power.

North American Review.

RICH BISHOPRIC.

For the Olio.

MUCH has been said of late respecting the immense revenues of the church; but, on enquiry, it would seem that the "Olden Times" were by no means behind us in these matters, but could furnish specimens of wealthy divines as well as the "Present Times," for Bishop Goodwin relates that Thomas Ruthal, made Bishop of Durham by King Henry VIII. being commanded to write down a true state of the kingdom in general for his majesty's private information, he took great pains in the performance, and having fairly transcribed it, caused the book to be bound in vellum, gilt, and variously ornamented; and, at the same time, having taken an account of his own private estate, with an inventory of his jewels, plate, and money, he caused that likewise to be bound and ornamented exactly like the other, and laid them both carefully together in his closet. However, it so fell out, that the king, upon some occasion, sent Cardinal Wolsey in haste for the national tract, which he had so long expected from Ruthal; but, by mistake, Wolsey received the book which contained the schedule of the bishop's own wealth. The Cardinal soon discovered the mistake, but being willing to do Ruthal, to whom he had no liking, a shrewd

turn, he delivered the book to the king, just as he received it, telling his majesty, that now if he wanted money, that book would inform him where he might command a million; for so much did the bishop's inventory amount to.—When the bishop discovered the error, it touched him so near, that he died soon after.

W. H. PYNE.

Fine Arts.

THE PLATES OF THE ANNUALS.

The Landscape Annual, by J. D. Harding.*

As we intend to give in our forthcoming *Supplement* specimens of the literary portion of this well-established and highly meritorious work, we shall now confine ourselves to the Illustrations, which, to use the term so happily applied to them by the talented and intelligent author in his modest Preface, "are scenes of inspiring beauty." We wish that our brief space would permit us to dwell on and particularise all the beauties to be found in these very numerous, spirited, and masterly views. But we cannot; therefore we shall only point out those in particular that have pleased us most, and recommend them to the notice of our readers. We have seen many pictures, and some able ones, too, of the interior of *Milan Cathedral*, but that given here as a frontispiece must bear away, in our judgment, the palm of merit: no less beautiful is the *Iola Bella, Lago Maggiore*. By the by, this plate should be possessed as a companion to a different representation of the same romantic scene given in the *Picturesque Annual*: they are worthy of each other. The Florentine bridge of the *Santa Trinita*, over the Arno, is a fine subject; it may be looked on as a triumph of art. It is a busy, grand, and imposing scene; the bridge, which forms the prominent object of the plate, is unsurpassed for lightness and beauty of appearance.

The Temple of Clitumnus, near Spoleto.—This elegant remnant of antiquity is sweetly pictured; it stands romantically situated on the fertile banks of the river from which it borrows its name. "Seneca has a maxim: wherever a spring rises or a river flows, altars should be built and sacrifices offered." If ever a spot deserved to be so dignified for its loveliness, we think the clear and placid waters of the Clitumnus deserving of such honour, and so thought our forefathers.

* Jennings and Chaplin.

Nothing can be more picturesque than the *Castle of Nepti*, it is one of those wild and romantic scenes that furnish every object that an artist can desire to employ his pencil on. The sweetly situated *Ghigi Palace*, which forms nearly one side of the square occupying the centre of the ancient town of Aricia, is a most striking and powerful plate; the foliage is extremely easy, and the light and shade are skilfully managed. *Naples from the Sea* is wholly of a different character from the other scenes just noticed, but no less deserving of praise; the Castle of St. Elmo, proudly overlooking the city and the sea, forms the centre of this picture. Finely delineated is *Puzzuoli, with the Bridge of Caligula*—of this wonderful structure only six piles remain. *Cæsar*, surnamed Caligula, is reputed to have joined the Samian Dicarchia to the Neritian *Baiæ*, and to have passed with dry feet through the waters of the sea, a path being made upon the high mole. Some attribute this undertaking to the presumption and prodigality of the Emperor; while others say, it was formed to invalidate the prediction of a soothsayer, who declared that Caligula would not be secure on his throne, unless he could drive his chariot across the bay of Naples. Suetonius thus describes the bridge of Caligula. "He made a bridge about three miles and a half in length, from *Baiæ* to the mole of Puteoli, by collecting together ships of burthen from all parts, and anchoring them in two rows, and overlaying them with earth in the manner of the Appian way."

The Bay of Baiæ is another sweet scene. This view embraces the entire bay; the sides of which are literally covered with ruins of temples and splendid villas; in the distance is seen Mount Vesuvius emitting volumes of smoke which almost enshroud a glowing sunset. "Castell a Mare," and "The Entrance of Sorrento," are also deserving of honourable mention, both of these are full of romantic interest and congenial grandeur; but *Sorrento* itself is the gem of the whole collection, words cannot describe the truth and felicity with which this scene is portrayed. *Vietri near Salerno* and *Cetara*, the concluding plates of the volume, are also powerful and striking pictures. Though we have now gone to some length in discussing the merits of this capital series of views, yet we have not done them justice, they are

deserving of a place in every library, and no portfolio ought to be considered complete without them. We do not hesitate to pronounce the present volume far superior to its predecessors; nor can too much praise be awarded to Mr. Harding for his vigorous delineations of striking, difficult, and romantic scenery.

THE GEM.*—The new volume of this annual fully bears out its appropriate title—it is really a Gem, ay, a "brilliant of the first water." The illustrations that grace its pages, of which we are about to speak, are exquisite in the extreme. Several of them will vie and bear comparison with the choicest and most laboured productions of art ever put forth from the *burin* of any artist. The subjects we consider deserving of the warmest admiration, are the portrait of *Miss Siddons*, after a picture of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, by Thomson: the touching and delicate expression of this portrait is really wonderful; we only regret that the unrivalled artist and the beautiful subject of his pencil are no more.

"The Temptation in the Wilderness," after Martin, by Lacey, is equal, if not superior, to any piece of *Salvator Rosa's*, and the execution of it is the most felicitous copy of the artist's style we have ever witnessed.—"Love's Reverie," after Newton, by Marr, is a delightful portrait of a lady wrapt

"with glowing memories
An angel need not hide."

"Studying Tragedy," after Farrier, by Duncan, is well drawn, very humorous and full of fancy; all those wights who are stage-struck should see this scene, and take a salutary lesson "how very ridiculous some folks look."

Touchstones and Audrey, after Leslie, by Goodyear, is the only perfect portrait of the fool in Motley. Could the immortal bard see this happy embodying of his mind's creation, we feel convinced that his exclamation would be "well done!" *Cologne*, after Stanfield, is most masterly! most magical! For effect, clearness, and minute correctness, we think this performance cannot be excelled; it alone is worth the entire price of the volume. *The Corsair*, by Briggs, presents an admirable display of good drawing and well managed light and shade. The engraving of this painting, by Mitchell, is exceedingly skilful. *Cooper's rescue of the Incon-*

* Marshall, London.

straf, though a subject of considerable difficulty, is well imagined, nothing can be more happy than the foreshortening of the figures in this plate.

In conclusion, we earnestly recommend this graceful and beautiful volume to every lover of the fine arts, as one deserving of especial favour.

The Note Book.

I will make a brief of it in my Note-book.

M. W. of Windsor.

MEMORIAL OF PETRARCH'S LAURA.—The library of the Brera, at Milan, besides the famous MS. of Leonardo de Vinci, and some fragments of Cicero, contains a Virgil which belonged to Petrarch, with a Latin note on the first leaf, in the poet's hand-writing, preserving the following memorial of Laura:—

"Laura, illustrious by her own virtues, and for ever celebrated in my poems, first appeared to my eyes in my early youth, in the year of our Lord 1327, on the 6th day of April, at matins in the church of Saint Clare, at Avignon, and in the same city, on the same month of April, on the same 6th day, at the same early hour, in the year 1348, her light was taken away from the world, when I, alas! was at Verona, unconscious of my calamity. The mournful account reached me at Parma, by letters from my Ludovico,* in the same year, on the morning of the 19th of May. Her most chaste and all-beauteous body was interred in the burying-ground of the Franciscans, on the evening of the day on which she died. Her soul, I verily believe, returned, as Seneca says of Africanus, to heaven, from whence it came. I have thought proper to indulge myself in a melancholy pleasure by thus recording the sad event; and I do it on a leaf which comes often before my eyes, to put me in mind that there is nothing now of value in the world, but that, this chain of the soul being broken, I ought to escape altogether from Babylon! And to do this will be easy, by the grace of God, to one who is able to reflect with courage on the useless cares, the vain hopes, and the disappointments of life."

The Picturesque Annual.

ANNOYING CIVILITY.—At Constance, a custom exists which is somewhat annoying to the shy and retiring Englishman. Every soul in the town thinks it his bounden duty to salute a stranger by pulling off the hat. We had been

accustomed to this civility on the part of the country-people on the road; but here, in the middle of the street, or wherever you meet with the inhabitants, you must go through the ceremony with every body who has a hat to doff. On foot, or in a carriage—nothing is a protection; morning, noon, and night, you must stand to be bowed at by the whole population.

LADIES' PLAYS.—During the first winter of the New Theatre in Crow Street, Dublin, which opened in 1758, the friends of the new managers hit upon a happy expedient to defend them against the injuries they must have unavoidably sustained from the benefit plays of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, (many of their company having great interest in the city, which was well known); this expedient was,—as soon as the benefit nights were advertised, to apply to some leading ladies of quality, to fix on their nights, bespeak their plays, and make an interest for all parts of the house, particularly by pit and gallery tickets, among their tradesmen, as for a distinct benefit. This was done, by which means it was common to find some woman of quality, making an interest for *her P'lay*, with the same zeal that the poor player was exerting himself, at the other house, on the same night, to support his wife and children! A gentleman who was present at one of these *Ladies' Plays*, saw the following scene acted in the Box-room:—The great lady of the night went early to the Box-room to receive her company. This lady had sent out pit and gallery tickets to all her tradespeople, with *threatenings* of the loss of her custom if they did not dispose of them; and the concern she was under, when the time approached for the drawing up the curtain, at the sight of a thin pit and galleries, introduced the following entertainment. The lady was ready to faint: she cried out—"She was ruined and undone! she would never be able to look dear Mr. B.—in the face any more, after such a shocking disappointment!" At many of these repeated lamentations, the box-keeper advanced, and said, "I beg your ladyship will not be so disheartened; indeed, your ladyship's pit will mend, and your ladyship's galleries, too, will certainly mend, before the play begins!" At which the lady cried, "Out—you nasty, flattering fellow! I tell you I'm undone—ruined and undone—that's all! But I'll be revenged; I am resolved, I'll *pay off*—no, I'll *turn off*

* A natural son of the poet.

all my saucy tradesmen to-morrow morning." W.H.P.

SILK ARMOUR.—Roger North gives us a ridiculous description of these warlike habiliments, when talking of the Whig Club in Fuller's Rents. "The conversation and ordinary discourse of the club was chiefly on the subject of bravery in defending the cause of liberty and property, and what every Protestant Englishman ought to venture and do, rather than be overrun with popery and slavery. There was much recommendation of silk armour, and the prudence of being provided with it, against the time that Protestants were to be massacred; and accordingly there were abundance of these silken backs, breasts, and pots (*i. e.* head-pieces), made and sold, which were pretended to be pistol proof, in which any man dressed up was as safe as in a house; for it was impossible any one could go to strike him for laughing, so ridiculous was the figure, as they say, of hogs in armour, an image of derision insensible but to the view, as I have had it; (*viz.* that none can imagine without seeing it as I have). This was the armour of defence, but our sparks were not altogether so tame as to carry their provisions no farther; for truly they intended to be assailants upon fair occasion, and had for that end recommended to them a certain pocket weapon, which, for its design and efficacy, had the honour to be called a Protestant flail. It was for street and crowd work, and the instrument lurking *perdus* in a coat-pocket, might readily sally out to execution, and by clearing a great hall, piazza, or so, carry an election, by a choice way of polling, called 'knocking down.' The handle resembled a farrier's blood-stick, and the fall was joined to the end by a strong nervous ligature, that in its swing fell short of the hand, and was made of *lignum-vitæ*, or rather, as the poet termed it, *mortis*."

This last weapon will remind the reader of the blood-stick so cruelly used, as was alleged, in a murder committed in England some years ago, and for a participation in which two persons were tried and acquitted at the assizes of Autumn 1830.

Notes to Pezzeril of the Peak.

SINGULAR CUSTOM IN THE ISLE OF MAN.—If a single young woman prosecutes a single man for a rape, the Ecclesiastical Judges impanel a jury, and if this jury find him guilty, the judge delivers to the woman a rope, a sword, and a ring; and she has it in her choice

to have him hanged, beheaded, or to marry him."

Customs of Various Countries.

TYROLESE DRAMATIC EXHIBITIONS.—Among the amusements of the people of the Tyrol, the most singular are the dramatic representations, performed not by professional actors, but by the peasants themselves. These, we believe, are now almost peculiar to the Tyrol; but they were formerly practised in Bavaria, Swabia, and Switzerland. The drama is planned, and the parts studied during the long nights of winter; and the author is generally either the schoolmaster or the shoemaker—for there is an affinity in the Tyrol, as well as in England, between poetry and leather. When the fine summer days begin, the audience assembles, from far and near, either in the court of a farmhouse, or on the banks of the rivers. At the expense of a few kreutzers, they take their places in the sun, and remain from mid-day until evening.

The performance commonly consists of three distinct pieces: the first, a religious mystery; the second, a sort of national melo-drama; and the third, a drollery or farce. The mystery sometimes represents the life of Christ, in a dramatic form; sometimes it is a saintly legend; sometimes a story from the Old Testament, such as the Judgment of Solomon, or Joseph in Egypt. In the melo-drama, there is always a person whose influence on the action of the piece is derived from the elevation of his religious character. In his hands the cross is used like the magic sword of Harlequin: and the rosary is a chain strong enough to controul the laws of nature themselves. There is also a comic personage, who answers to the clown of England,—abundance of tyrants, who are always Pagans,—and last, not least, the devil himself, in the shape of a huntsman. This last character plays a thousand tricks, till he is at length discovered, and vanishes with a most unamiable smell, in the midst of thunder and lightning.

When the piece of the Passion is performed, it is garnished, between each act, with texts from Scripture, which bear reference to the part of the action that is to follow. These interludes, however, are sometimes pantomimic representations of what the next act is to display at length; and, during their performance, an angel reads the

programme, exhorting the spectators, and pointing out the passages which should come most home to their business and bosoms.

The farce is accompanied with instrumental music, and contains the secret history of the village, plentifully sprinkled with scandal and railleries. If anything ridiculous takes place before the curtain, since the commencement of this long entertainment, it is straightway lugged into the piece, and the audience are made to laugh at their own folly and absurdities.

SUPERSTITIOUS CUSTOMS OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS.—The Highlanders of Scotland, like all rude people, had various superstitious modes of inquiring into futurity; one of the most noted was the togharm. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly slain bullock, and deposited between a water-fall, or at the bottom of a precipice, or in some other strange, wild, and unusual situation, where the scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation, he revolved in his mind the question proposed: and whatever was impressed upon him by his exalted imagination, passed for the inspiration of the disembodied spirits who haunt these desolate recesses. One way of consulting this oracle was by a party of men, who first retired to solitary places, remote from any house, and then they singled out one of their number, and wrapt him in a big cow's hide, which they folded about him; his whole body was covered with it, except his head, and so left in this posture all night, until his invisible friends relieved him, by giving a proper answer to the question in hand; which he received, as he fancied, from several persons that he found about him all that time. His consorts returned to him at break of day, when he communicated his news to them, which often proved fatal to those concerned in such unwarrantable enquiries. **ALPHA.**

Æneidiana.

EXCELLENT REPROOF.—When the Athenian ambassadors returned from Macedonia, they expatiated much on the beauty of Alexander's person, and his power of drinking a large quantity of wine at one time. Demosthenes heard these reports with indignation; observing, that the first topic of praise became a woman; and that the second contained the quality of a sponge.

QUARRELLING REFORMERS.—Calvin the Reformer's mode of expression was rather coarse. Luther had, in one of his own writings, called him a declaimer; and Calvin, to justify himself from such a title, breaks out:—"Your whole school is nothing but a stinking sty of pigs. Dog! do you understand me? Do you understand me, madman? Do you understand me, you great beast!"

COCKS OF THE ALMIGHTY.—In the ninth century mention is made of weathercocks. There is no doubt that the cock was intended as an emblem of clerical vigilance. In the ages of ignorance, the clergy often styled themselves the *Cocks of the Almighty*, whose duty it was, like the cock that roused St. Peter, to call the people to repentance, or at any rate to church.

CORRELLI.—While the famous Correlli, at Rome, was playing some musical compositions of his own, to a select company in the private apartment of his patron-cardinal, he observed, in the height of his harmony, that his eminence was engaged in a detached conversation; upon which he suddenly stopped short, and gently laid down his instrument. The cardinal, surprised at the unexpected cessation, asked him if a string was broken!—to which Correlli, in an honest consciousness of what was due to his music, replied, "No, sir, I was only afraid I interrupted business." His eminence, who knew that a genius could never show itself to advantage, where it had not proper regards, took this reproof in good part, and broke off his conversation, to hear the whole concerto played over again.

MR. GARDNER, (father of the celebrated Luke Gardner, afterwards Lord Mountjoy,) was of low origin, but ultimately made a large fortune. It is reported of him, that one day stepping into his carriage, as the witty Earl of Ross was passing by, his lordship observed, that he wondered Mr. Gardner did not sometimes make a mistake, by stepping *behind* the carriage, instead of *into* it. "It is always better," replied Gardner, "to step *into* a carriage than *out* of one;" alluding to his lordship's *distresses* at the time, brought upon him by his own dissipation and extravagance. **W.H.P.**

Epitaph on Thomas Kemp, hanged for Sheep stealing.

Here lies the body of Thomas Kemp,
Who lived by wool, but died by hemp;
There's nothing would suffice this glutton,
But with the fleece to steal the mutton:
Had he but worked, and lived uprighter,
He'd ne'er been hang for a sheep-biter.

Diary and Chronology.

Tuesday, Nov. 1.

All Saints.

High Water, 04 0m Morn—04 10m After.

All Saints.—The church in this great festival, honour all the saints rising together in glory. The Latin term *Reliquia*, seems to imply that the feast was instituted to celebrate all the remainder of the saints not specified under their proper day. This, however, is not really the case. The institution of this festival originated in the dedication of the great church of the Pantheon in Rome, formerly a heathen temple built by Marcus Agrippa.

Wednesday, Nov. 2.

All Souls.

Sun rises 04 30m—Sets 04 50m.

Nov. 2, 1655.—Cromwell concluded a treaty with France. His alliances at that time was sought by France and Spain, and he had the satisfaction of seeing himself flattered by two of the highest Christian powers. He determined for France, and treated with her upon equal terms of respect, forcing the king to give him the title of brother in his letters. He had the power to oblige the King of France to deny Charles the Second and the Duke of York, grandsons of Henry the Fourth, an asylum.

Thursday, Nov. 3.

St. Flour, A. D. 389.

High Water 12m after 1 Morn—32m after 1 Aftern.

Nov. 3, 1707.—The states of Neuchâtel invested the King of Prussia with that principality and that of Valengin; the possession was confirmed to him at the peace of Utrecht. Buonaparte made a gift of the above sovereignty to the Prince of Wagram.

Friday, Nov. 4.

St. Brinsan, bishop of Winchester, A. D. 931.

Full Moon, 33m aft. 1 After.

This time of year reminds us of the following aspiration.—As a careful husbandman will guard the blossoms of his trees against the blights of spring and the winds of the early year, cool them in the summer heat with refreshing irrigation, and gather their fruit in autumn for the winter's repast, so should we cultivate the tree of life in the garden of the soul, protecting the flowers of our youthful virtues from the blasts of early heresy, cool them in the meridian of our passions with the fountains of heavenly grace, and lay up their fruits as life closes in the storehouse of the mind, that we may by industry and watchfulness obtain the repast eternal, *Florilegium*.

Saturday, Nov. 5.

St. Bertilla, abbess, A. D. 602.

High Water 21m after 2 Morn—36m after 2 aftern.

Poor Robin's Almanack for 1677, contains the following lines on the eve to be remembered 5th of November—

"Now boys with squibs and crackers play,
And bonfires blaze turns night to day."

This day is still kept to commemorate the attempts of certain miscreants to blow up the Parliament House. The fullest account of this, at best but very doubtful transaction, is to be found in Hume's History of England.

1789.—To-day, between five and six o'clock in the evening, a smart shock of an earthquake was felt at Griffe, at Comrie, and for many miles round that district, which is about fifty-five miles

With our next will be published a Supplementary Sheet, containing our First CREAM OF THE ANNUALS.

from Edinburgh. At Mr. Robertson's house of Lawers, a rumbling noise, like distant thunder, had been heard at intervals for two months: and, at the time of the shock, a noise like the discharge of artillery was distinctly heard. Mr. Dundas and Mr. Bruce of Edinburgh were standing before the fire in the drawing-room, and they described the effect as if a great mallet had suddenly struck the foundation of the house. At the village of Comrie, the inhabitants left their houses, and ran to the open fields.

Sunday, Nov. 6.

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lessons for the Day.—Proverbs, 11 chap Morning Proverbs, 12 ch. Evening.

The Discoverer of the Art of Printing.—The following extract may serve to point out to whom the invention of this highly useful and beneficial art owes its origin. "In an instrument bearing date November 6th, 1455, the claim is decided in favour of Guttenberg; but the honour of single types, made of metal, is ascribed to Faust, wherein he received great assistance from his servant and son-in-law, Peter Schoeffer, who devised the punches, matrices, and moulds for casting them; on which account he was taken into partnership by his father-in-law, who in 1455, had a quarrel with, and separated from Guttenberg; those who have asserted that Faust was the first inventor of printing, have given for a reason, that they have never seen any book with Guttenberg's name to it, without considering that their first essays in printing, both by blocks and moveable types, being sold for manuscripts, were anonymous; the invention being by them intended to be kept secret; nor was it divulged till their disagreement, by which time Faust had made himself master of the art, and Guttenberg was not able to proceed alone, owing to his circumstances.

Monday, Nov. 7.

St. Willibrod, 1st Bish. of Utrecht, A. D. 738.

Sun rises 21m after 7—sets 38 after 4.

November, the month we have fairly entered, is usually one of a very gloomy nature; yet there are some instances of clear and pleasant weather; the mornings are generally sharp, but the hoar-frost is soon dissipated by the sun, giving a rich tinge to the Autumnal colouring of the decaying foliage, and affording a fine open day. At other times November days are involved in dense fogs. Chills, with dense fogs, the cheerless, tardy mornæ, Wraps soon invading night in pall forlornæ, And, till December and his train appear, Pours the loud urne on the expiring year.

Tuesday, Nov. 8.

St. Willihad, 6. of Bremen, A. D. 787.

High Water, 50m aft 3 Morn 5m aft 4 After

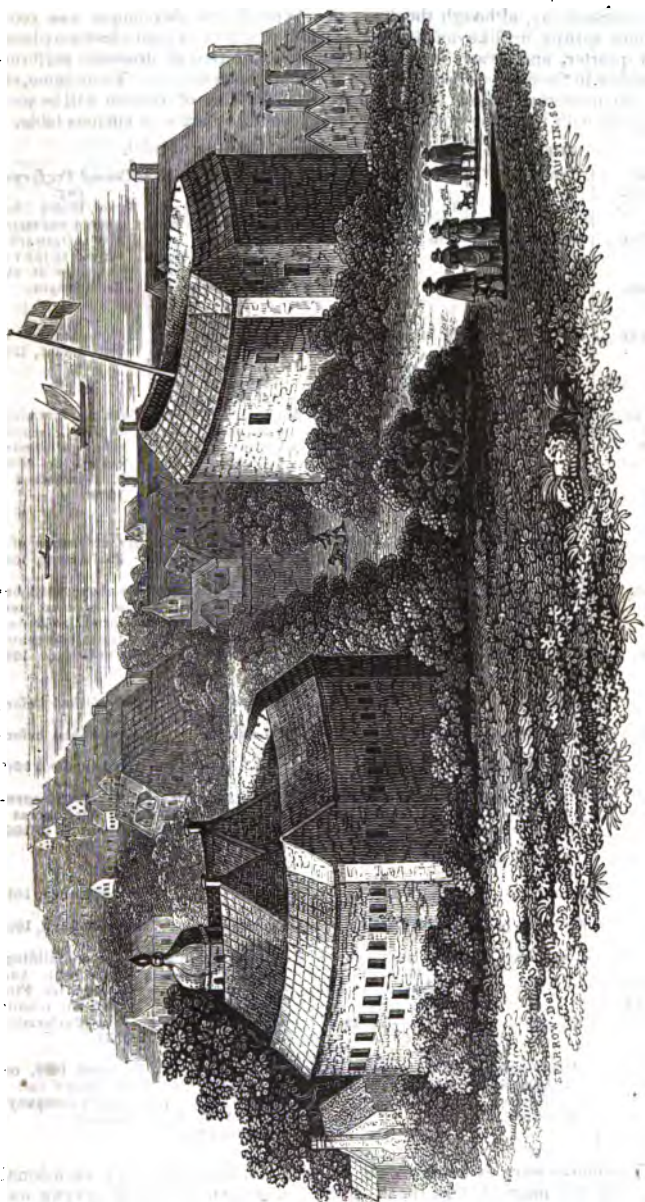
G. Lamb, speaking of this time of the year, says, "Now, the shops begin to shine out with their new winter wares; though as yet the chief profits of their owners depend on disposing of the 'summer stock' at fifty per cent. under prime cost. Now, during the first, week, the citizens see visions and dream dreams, the burthens of which are Barons of Beef; and the first eight days are passed in a state of pleasing perplexity, touching their chance of a ticket for the Lord Mayor's dinner on the ninth."

The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XVII—Vol. VIII.

Saturday, Nov. 19, 1831.



THE GLOBE AND HOPE THEATRES, BANKSIDE.

Illustrated Article.

THE GLOBE THEATRE, BANKSIDE

For the Oilio.

In the present day, although theatres have almost sprung up like mushrooms in every quarter, and greatly increased their number in the metropolis, yet they are not so numerous in our leviathan of a capital, with its dense population,

as they were some two centuries ago, when it was not a fifth part of the present size, and, comparatively speaking, but thinly populated; for we find in the ninety years previous to 1662, when the Whitefriars play-house was completed, that no less than nineteen places for the exhibition of dramatic performances had been erected. Their name, situation, and time of erection will be seen from the following very curious table.

THEATRES IN LONDON, BETWEEN 1570 AND 1666.

Name Inns. viz.	Situation.	Built or Licensed.	Patentees or Holders.	Ceased Performing.
CROSS KEY'S	Gracechurch Street	Licensed by the Lord Mayor, &c. before an. 1579.	Query: — Richard Tarlton, who was a celebrated comedian at those places; and his fellow-players?	Anno 1570; but played occasionally afterwards, subject to the regulations of the Lord Mayor.
BLACK BULL, and Two others	Bishopsgate Street Ludgate Hill White Friars			
THE GLOBE	Bankside	Built between 1570-79, 1st Patent granted 1574; 2d do. 1603	Jan. Burbage, Perkeyn, Wilson, an. 1574; Shakespeare, Heminges, Con-dell, &c. an. 1603	By ordinance of Parliament, 1645
BEAR GARDEN and HOPE THEATRE	Bankside	First Circus for bear-baiting built reg. Hen. VIII. Hope reg. James I.	Manges, 1586, Morgan Pope — Patentees, Alley & Henslowe, till 1631 — Master, 1642 — Godfray — Master, 1686, Henry Bayly	Shut up for plays in 1648, open for other performances till an. 1696-7, demolished 1699
THE THEATRE OF CURTAIN	Curtain Road, Shoreditch	Between 1570-80	Query: — Tarlton, who was the principal actor there?	By ordinance of Parliament, 1648
RED BULL	Clerkenwell Green	Between 1570-80	Tarlton, &c. & during interregnum Robert Cox, comedian, &c.	As above, 1643, but allowed to perform <i>Drolls</i> during interregnum
FORTUNE	Golden Lane	Built 1599; burnt 1624; rebuilt 1639	Edward Alleyne	By ordinance, 1648
ROSE	Bankside	Before 1613	Unknown	Demolished before 1647
SWAN	Bankside	Before 1613	Unknown	Demolished before 1647
BLACK FRIARS	Black Friars, Ludgate	Began 1617 — Finished 1618	Edward Alleyne	By ordinance, 1648
COCKPIT and PHOENIX	Drury Lane; misnamed by some writers Drury-lane Theatre, but see below	Anno 1617. Same year pulled down by the mob; rebuilt 1618	Anno 1623, Rhodes, of the Blackfriars Company, & Peter Wadlowe; afterwards Sir W. Davenant	1648; but re-opened for operas from 1653 to 1660
WHITE FRIARS	Fleet Street	Anno 1629	Unknown	By ordinance, 1648
SALISBURY COURT	Fleet Street	Before 1623	Unknown	By ordinance, 1648
THE KING'S, OR DRURY LANE THEATRE	Drury Lane	Built and opened by Patent 1663 — Burnt 1673 — Rebuilt 1674 — Incorporated 1812	Killigrew, original Patentee (whose dormant Patent the present Company hold) playing themselves by Act of Parliament.	While re-building, 1791-1794; and again after Fire 1809, till rebuilt 1812 — Performing 1531
THE DUKE'S THEATRE	Clare Market, and Dorset Gardens Fleet Street	Built in 1662, removed to Dorset Gardens 1671	Sir Wm. Davenant, by Patent first granted 1663, and renewed by In-sperimus 1660	Deserted 1682, on the king's and duke's company uniting

N.B. The above were exclusive of St. PAUL'S SCHOOL, and other occasional theatres. Of the more modern theatres, the PORTUGAL STREET THEATRE was opened 1695; COVENT GARDEN in 1733; GOODMAN'S FIELDS in 1729; and the HAYMARKET near the same time.

Among this lengthy list of early London theatres, the Globe is the most entitled to notice, on account of its connection with the great magician of the drama, who not only produced some of his matchless plays here,* but made it the scene of his labours as an actor.

The Globe theatre was the fourth and most eminent of the theatres at Bankside: it stood near to the Hope or Bear-garden, where the much estimated sports of our forefathers, bear and bull-baiting, were exercised for the amusement of her majesty's lieges, to the restriction, by an order of her privy council, of the performance of stage-plays and interludes on Thursdays.

Mr. Malone, whose knowledge of the early state of our national drama is not to be questioned, observes, that the period of its erection is doubtful, but thinks it must have been after 1570, as does Howes also, in his continuation of Stowe's Survey, 1631, who says, "before that time he neither knew or read of any such theatres, set-stages, or play-houses as had been built within man's memory." Another writer supposes the date of it may be "confidently fixed within the years 1596-8," on account of the contract for building the Fortune theatre (1599) referring to it as the *late* erected play-house on the Bankside." But this conjecture certainly makes it too modern; for, not to mention other circumstances, a petition of the queen's players to the lords of the council, in 1582, craving permission to perform in London, states expressly, "the season of the year to be past to play at any of the *houses without the city*; and that the Globe was one of these houses, must be evident from the condition upon which they obtained their suit, viz. that their number and names should be notified to the justices of Middlesex and Surrey."—Now the Globe was most certainly the first play-house erected in Surrey; and its notification to the magistrates of such county, unless it had reference to that

theatre, would have been needless. Perhaps we shall be near the truth, in fixing the date of its erection between 1570-73.

It was at first a round, spacious building of wood, or, as Stowe more properly terms buildings of that age, "a frame of timber," partially roofed with rushes, having an open area. From the top of which a silk flag was displayed, as was usual with all places of public entertainment at that period, to notify that the exhibitions were going on within. The theatre derived its name from its sign, which was a figure of Hercules or Atlas bearing the globe, under which was written this motto—*Totus mundus agit histriorem.* (All the world acts a play.)

In 1598, the vestry of St. Saviour's parish ordered—"that a petition should be made to the body of the council concerning the play-house in that parish (the Globe), wherein the enormities should be shewed that came thereby to the parish; and that, in respect thereof, they might be dismissed, and put down from playing;" and that four or five of the churchwardens should present the same. It does not appear whether this went any further; if the petition itself had been entered in the parish books, we might have had some account of the manner in which the theatre was then conducted.

King James thought better of these amusements; and, on his coming to the throne in 1603, granted his patent to Shakspeare and others to perform plays, "as well within their *usual* house called the Globe in Surrey," as elsewhere; when the players, who had before been known as the lord chamberlain's servants only, obtained the more imposing title of the king's servants, and continued acting here until it was accidentally burnt on St. Peter's day, June 29, 1613. The particulars of which is thus related by Sir Henry Wootton:—

"Now to let matters of state sleep, I will entertain you at the present with what hath happened this week at the Banks side. The king's players had a new play, called *All is true*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry 8, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the knights of the order, with their georges and garter, the guards with their embroidered coats, and the like: sufficient in truth within a while to make greatness very familiar, if not

* Of plays, Shakspeare's *Pericles*, and Romeo and Juliet, were acted at the Globe in 1609, and his *Taming of the Shrew* in 1623; other pieces we have met with as performed here and at Black Friars are, Webster's *Duchess of Malfry*, 1623; *The Pleture*; and the *Emperor of the East*, by Massinger, acted 1630 and 1632; *Albertus Wallenstein*, tr. by Glapthorpe, 1634; *Lancashire Witches*, com. by Heywood, acted at the Globe, 1634; *Challenge for Beauty*, tr. com. by ditto, 1636; *A Game at Chess*, by Middleton, 1635; and the *Lover's Melancholy*, by John Ford, acted at the Globe, and at Black Friars, 1639.

† Queen Elizabeth.

ridiculous. Now, King Henry making a masque at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain canons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff wherewith one of them did light on the thatch, where being thought at first but an idle smock, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming within less than an hour the whole house to the very ground.

"This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabrique, wherein yet nothing did perish, but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks; only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broyled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale. The rest when we meet."

"And a marvaile and fair grace of God it was," says Sir Ralph Winwood in his memorials, "that the people had so little harm, having but *two little doors* to get out."

Fortunately, however, there were few or no accidents, a circumstance alluded to in an old doleful ballad entered on the stationers' books, of which the subjoined is a copy.

*A Sonnet upon the pittifull burninge of the
Globe Playhouse in London.*

Now sitt thee downe, MELPOMENE,
Wrapt in a sea-cole robe;
And tell the dolefull tragedie,
That late was play'd at Globe:
For noe man that can singe and saye,
Was scard on St. Peter's daye.

Oh sorrow, pittifull sorrow, and yett
All this is true,

All you that please to understand,
Come listen to my storie;
To see death with his raking brande,
Mongst such an auditorye:
Regarding neither Cardinal's might,
Nor yet the rugged face of Henry the eight.
O sorrow, &c.

This fearful fire began above,
A wonder strange and true;
And to the stage-house did remoue,
As round as Taylor's clewe;
And burat down both beam and snagge,
And did not spare the silken flagge.
Oh sorrow, &c.

Out runne the knights, out runne the lords,
And there was great adoe;
Some lost their hats, and some their swords,
Then out runne *Burbidge* too;
The reprobates, thoughe druncke on Monday,
Pray'd for the *Foole* and *Henry Conde*.
Oh sorrow, &c.

The perry wiggs and drumme heads frye,
Liketo a butter firkin;
A wofull burninge did betide
To many a good buffe jerkin;
Then with swaine lips, like druncken Flem-
ings,
Distressed stood old stuttering *Heminges*.
Oh sorrow, &c.

Noe shower his raise did there downe force,
In all that sun shine weather,
To save that great reanowned howse,
Nor thou, oh ale howse! neither:
Had it begonne belowe, sans doubt.
Their wines for feare had ——— it oute.
O sorrow, &c.

Bee warned, you stage strutters all,
Least you againe be catched;
And such a burninge doe befall,
As to them whose howse was thatched:
Forbear your whoresing breeding bites,
And lay vp that expence for tiles.
Oh sorrow, &c.

Goe drawe you a petition,
And doe you not abhor itt,
And gett with low submission,
A licence to beg for itt:
In churches, sans church-wardens chooke,
In Surrey and in Middlesex.
Oh sorrow, pittifull sorrow, and yett
All this is true.

The Globe was re-built the following year, and was afterwards possessed by the Blackfriars company, who continued performing there and at Blackfriars alternately, until stopped by the ordinance of parliament in 1648. At the Restoration, the King's and Duke's theatres in Drury-lane and Little Lincoln's Inn-fields, arose on the ruins of the different minor theatres; after which, if not destroyed, the Globe sunk into oblivion as a play-house.

The resort to the Surrey play-houses, when in their flourishing state, gave so much employment to the watermen, that in 1613 they petitioned the king that the players might not be permitted to have a play-house in London or Middlesex, or within four miles of the city on that side of the Thames, to the watermen's hindrance; the theatres on the Bank-side being so numerous, and the custom of going by water so general, that many hundred watermen were supported thereby.

The Globe, when rebuilt, was a larger and handsomer building than its predecessor, and is termed by the Water poet Taylor, in his epigram on its burning, a "stately theatre."

As gold is better that's in fire tried,
So is the Bankside Globe that late was burn'd;
For where before it had a thatched hide,
Now to a stately theatre 'tis turn'd:
Which shews, that sometimes greatest things are
won,

By those who dare through greatest dangers run.

It greatly resembled its neighbour—
"THE HOPE"—in all respects save the
having a cupola on the top.

The contiguity of the two structures will be seen on reference to the very striking and ably executed Engraving we have much pleasure in submitting to our readers, and which may be relied on as a faithful representation of the buildings. J.R.J.

THE SONG OF THE PIRATE'S
MISTRESS.
For the *Olio*.

My heart is o'er the sea,
With a far and fearless one,
And it seems as from my lyre of love
The sweetest chord hath gone.

To-night, there will be mawk and mirth
Within the lordly hall;
The red wine and the minstrel's song—
A joyous festival.

The laurel wreath—the rose of love,
To crown my harp and me;
I cannot give them smile for smile,
My heart is o'er the sea!

I loved the hues of flowers once,
But now there seems a spell—
In the sunset tints by mermaids traced,
Upon the ocean shell.

The sweet and glistening light of pearls,
Whose trembling lustre seems
As if shower'd from the moon's bright urn,
When she watch'd Eadymon's dreams.

Rich sea weeds—like to crimson wreaths
Of fairy fillagree,—
All tell me of the distant waves,
And my heart is o'er the sea!

E. S. CRAVEN.

CHOLERA.

THE following condensed summary, from the Madras Report, and from M. de Jonnes's work, will prove that neither pestilential vapours, nor miasma transported on the wind, nor excess of heat, nor humidity, nor excess or deficiency of electricity, nor, in short, any of those known physical agents which constitute the power of climate, will account for the propagation of cholera over the globe.

Heat appears to favour the propagation of cholera. It arose in the torrid zone. It is most deadly in the hot season. It ceases in India, Persia, and Syria, at the approach of winter, and recommences in spring. The conjecture of Moreau de Jonnes, that the spread of cholera, in spite of the severities of a Russian winter, was favoured by the stoves, is not improbable.—Clarke mentions in his *Travels*, that the artificial heat of the stoves in Russia often causes asphyxia; and adds, that numbers are buried alive in this state, owing to the ignorance of the Russian practitioners.

Humidity.—It is not the effect of humidity, arising from the evaporation of marshes, rivers, lakes, or seas; although the fact that it first showed itself in the delta of the Ganges might favour that hypothesis. There appears to be no connexion between the malady and hygrometrical state of the atmosphere; for it has ravaged with equal intensity

under the equator, where the quantity of rain is eighty inches, and under 60° of latitude, where it is one-fourth less, viz. eighteen inches. It has appeared in Asia, under the tropics, where the annual evaporation is seventy inches, and in Russia, where it is only twenty. It has attacked, with equal intensity, Muscat, situated in the neighbourhood of immense deserts, and entirely deprived of water, except such as is procured from deep wells, and the towns in the alluvial delta of the Ganges. In short, it does not appear to depend on the neighbourhood of lakes, rivers, and marshes, since it has attacked places two hundred leagues from the sea-shore, as Catmandou, and has overrun countries in which there are neither rivers, rivulets, marshes, stagnant waters, nor forests, as the peninsula of Arabia.

Vapour.—Cholera is not caused by a vapour, or an infected portion of the atmosphere, carried along with the winds. Certain winds, at certain seasons, blowing over the Pontine marshes, and carrying a deleterious principle with them, might have suggested this hypothesis. The Arabians and Syrians seeing the healthy and strong suddenly fall down as if struck by the samiel or desert wind, thought cholera depended on a pestilential wind also. If the propagation of the cholera was owing to the diffusion of some deleterious principle by means of currents of air, that principle would be diffused with rapidity, and in the direction of the wind which transported it, and large masses of people would be almost simultaneously attacked, and the population of villages, towns, and districts, would suffer indiscriminately. But the history of the malady proves that it advances, step by step, slowly. It took a year to traverse the peninsula of India; three to pass the Persian Gulf; three to reach the Mediterranean and Caspian Seas.

If it depended for its translation from place to place on the wind, it would not proceed against the wind, and yet the cholera was proceeding in opposite directions at the same time. It departed from the delta of the Ganges, south-east to the Moluccas, and south-west to the Mauritius—to China in the east, and the shores of the Caspian on the west. Such an extended stratum of infected air must speedily have enveloped the whole globe; nevertheless when Aleppo, Antioch, and other towns on the Mediterranean were attacked, the island of Cyprus, only thirty leagues off, es-

caped. The malady has proceeded in the face of the monsoons.

Electricity.—Some alteration in the excess or deficiency of this powerful physical agent has also been put forth, as the probable cause of the malady. If this hypothesis were well founded, some connection would have been found between the malady and the laws which regulate the distribution of the electric fluid, according to seasons, latitudes, and elevations. But cholera has appeared in July as well as December—in the equator and near the north pole—at the level of the ocean and on elevated mountains. The well known inequalities and irregularities of the cholera in certain districts, towns, encampments, and even houses, appear not less unfavourable to this theory. It can scarcely be presumed that so general a poison of the atmosphere should ever, or at least so often, exert such *partiality* of influence.

The disease has raged under every sensible condition of the weather; and in fact, a great number of the attacks have taken place when the sky was clear and serene, and where every appearance indicated an undisturbed state of the electric fluid. If, finally, a deficiency of electricity be the true and sole proximate cause of cholera, it seems objectionable to limit its influence to epidemic attacks; for each individual case, whether sporadic or epidemic, must be equally the effect of this proximate cause. Sporadic cases have, however, been too numerous and too uniform in their occurrence for some years past, to warrant the conclusion that they are connected with any particular state of the electricity of the atmosphere. *Quar. Rev.*

THE INVENTION OF CAST-IRON BRIDGES.

TOWARDS the latter end of the last century, the public began to be surprised by the appropriation of cast-iron to a novel and magnificent purpose—the construction of bridges. Several works of this kind were undertaken with success, and the lightness and elegance of the fabric, as well as its singularity, became the theme of universal discussion and curiosity.

The credit of having first suggested the practicability of constructing bridges of iron, has been claimed for the too notorious Thomas Paine, who is said to have conceived the idea from contemplating the fabrication of a spider's web

in America. Whatever may be thought of this assertion, it is certain that, in 1787, Paine presented to the academy of sciences at Paris the model of a bridge which he had invented; and it is equally a fact, that during the greater part of the year following he resided at Rotherham, in Yorkshire, where a bridge, chiefly of wrought iron, was constructed under his direction, by the Messrs. Walker. Whatever may have been the precise principle of this pattern bridge, it was taken to London; exhibited there for a time; returned again to Rotherham, and there broken up. Pieces of this fabric were not long since to be seen on the premises of Messrs. Walker—some of which pieces were occasionally carried away as curiosities by persons preferring a fragment of the handiwork to a relic of the osseous system of the famous author of the "Rights of Man!" It appears, however, from designs now or lately in the possession of Mr. White, of Devonshire Place, that Mr. Pritchard, an architect of Eytton Turret, Shropshire, so early as the year 1773, suggested the practicability of constructing wide iron arches, capable of admitting the passage of the water of such a river as the Severn; and, in fact, the first practical exhibition was the construction of the bridge at Colebrook Dale, chiefly in accordance with Mr. Pritchard's plan.

In 1790, Rowland Burdon conceived the idea of throwing an arch of cast iron over the river Wear, at Sunderland; for which, two years afterwards, and after surmounting some opposition, he obtained an act of Parliament. The use of iron had previously been introduced in the construction of the arch at Colebrook Dale, and in the bridges built by Paine. Mr. Burdon's plan consisted in retaining, together with the metallic material, the usual form and principles of the stone arch, by the subdivision of the iron into blocks, answering to the key-stones of a common arch. These blocks were of cast iron, five feet in depth and four in thickness, connected together by bars and cottars of wrought iron. The entire structure consists of six ribs, each containing 105 of these blocks, abutting on each other like the voussoirs of a stone arch. The ribs are six feet distant from each other, braced together by hollow tubes and bridles of cast iron. The whole weight of the iron is 260 tons; 46 malleable, and 214 cast. The arch is the segment of a large circle, of which the chord or span is 236 feet. This magni-

ificent structure, which was executed at the foundery of Messrs. Walker of Rotherham, was completed within three years; Mr. Thomas Wilson, of Bishop Wearmouth, being the architect. This bridge was, at the time of its erection, considered to be the largest arch in the world: and being placed, too, at a considerable elevation above the river, it forms a remarkably picturesque object. The whole expense of the undertaking was 26,000*l.*, of which sum 22,000*l.* was subscribed by Mr. Burdon, the original projector. This famous bridge was, in October, 1816, disposed of by lottery, consisting of 6000 tickets; and 150 prizes, of the value of from 100*l.* to 5000*l.*, to the total amount of 30,000*l.*

About forty years afterwards, a still more stupendous achievement in cast iron was exhibited in the metropolis. This was the famous Southwark bridge of three arches, constructed over the river Thames, and which was likewise executed at the foundery at Rotherham, the first casting having been run on New Year's Day, 1815; the whole of the articles, including, of course, the models, occupying about two years in the execution. The engineer was John Rennie, Esq., who originally intended that the outer plating of the centre arch should have been divided into seven segments instead of thirteen, its present number. The practical difficulty of casting such immense pieces, however, led to the adoption of the arrangement which the structure now exhibits. These plates, being too large to be covered with boxes, in the manner of other similar castings, were moulded in "open sand;" that is, the models, after being sufficiently impressed upon the sand, were removed, and the metal suffered to flow into its bed, the surface being merely formed by the level of the molten lake. The erection of this wonderful triumph of foundery ingenuity occupied about two years, and the bridge was opened to the public on the 25th of March, 1819. Its weight and dimensions are as follow:—

Span of the centre arch	-	240	feet.
Rise of the springing	-	24	
Span of the two side arches	210 each.		
Piers	-	24	thick.
Width of the roadway	-	28	
Width of the footpaths	-	7	each.
			Tons.
Weight of metal in centre arch	-	1665	
Weight in two side arches	-	2920	

Gal. Cyc.

4585

MAY FORESTER;
OR, THE FLYING SISTERS' WINGS.
For the Oilio.

BEING an idler, I have acquired a habit of roaming about the world, and fixing my abode for the season just where the fancy of the moment directs, (a better way of reading the human heart in all its different gradations, than could be collected from all the tomes that ever treated of the strange anomaly MAN,) and I had been quietly settled for about a week in a pretty farm house, in the very heart of one of the romantic glens of Cumberland; a sweet vernal nook it was, with its own nameless stream like a thread of silver, or the scattered pearls of a fairy's diadem glistening out now and then to the sun, as it wound, sometimes unseen, but heard ever with a musical sound, amid the rocks; till it gushed out in crystal clearness as from a fountain, and, forming a rivulet wide enough to be dignified by a rustic bridge, it glided away from the beautiful glen to mingle its waters with some proud river darkened by commerce, and surrounded by the dwellings of the world of toils; but never again to reflect such lovely skies, or meet such gales of fragrance, as the early breath of morning wafted from the heather bloom of its native hills; besides, it had a little romantic consequence of its own, for the glen was called by some unpronounceable name, signifying the "Glen of the Fairy Fountain," and had not the march of intellect banished all those delightful creatures of the imagination from this middle earth, I might have had a wild romantic legend to relate instead of a mere tale of the present times. The scenery around was picturesque, full of wild sublimity and pastoral beauty, and I had been so often a worshipper of its sylvan charms, that there was not a single spot worth visiting that I had not delineated by pen and pencil, until I knew their geography by heart, and could have favoured the world with a statistical account and lithographic designs, royal octavo, at a moment's notice; so that even the romantic glen of the Fairy Fountain was beginning to grow wearisome, and I was fain to seek amusement within doors, though a brilliant sunbeam peeped in through the snowy drapery of the lattice, and seemed to reprove me for neglecting the beauties of the balmy summer morning. My room was the *best* (what an emphatic term!) in the farm house,

and was arranged with an air of rustic elegance, absolutely charming.—Flowers (clustered in strange looking bottles, wreathed, gemmed, and twisted into a variety of nondescript shapes, and tall glasses with beaded and pyramid stalks, the treasures of the cupboards of yore, but now very rarely to be met with, except in the cabinets of the antiquarian, or some such old world's dwelling as I now inhabited,) were profusely placed on the dark glossy oaken tables and antiquely carved brackets; the snowy hearth store was redolent with heaped-up heath blossoms fresh gathered, with the morning dew on them; and a screen (curiously formed of coloured moss, rainbow coloured shells, spars mimicking precious stones, the feathery scarlet sea-weed, and festoons of bird's eggs tinted with a variety of hues—a perfect piece of mosaic work.) shut out with its fairy tapestry all ideas of winter, and the “altar where fire was not;” the mantel-piece above was clustered with china in all the pomp of gold and azure, professing to imitate the heroes and heroines who watched over lambs, and lived by purling streams in the pastoral Arcadia, perfect originals both in costume and features, and claiming due right to their romantic regions by not in any wise resembling the creatures of this earth; tiny cups and saucers telling of the times when the leaves of the celestial empire were more valued than the Herculean manuscripts, and mankind was not so enlightened as to pay adoration twice a day to the essence of their own hedgerows; stores of shells clouded, veined, and starred with the undulating hues of ocean, some like mother of pearl, or dyed with a delicate pink like the last leaf in the very heart of the maiden blush rose, as if the new-born Venus first saw her beauty mirrored in them, and had left the reflection of her own delightful blushes there for ever; amidst all these fanciful and pretty bijoux, I singled out what at first sight seemed like withered leaves, shaken from the latest bough by the last dying wind of autumn,—dark-grey and shrivelled they seemed, like mementos of mortality, amid all those rich and glowing colours; they were the wings of a flying fish, and had nothing remarkable in themselves, but as my eye followed the glancing sunbeam (as it shone through the transparent flowers of the lilac by the casement, making their grape-like clusters gleam like a thousand fairy

bells of amethyst) it was arrested by the picture of a smiling girl that now revealed itself in all its beauty from the recess in which it seemed partially hidden; her little white hands rested on an open casket of ebony, curiously carved and inlaid with “o'er sea work;” it seemed to contain many maidenly treasures,—love gifts and pledges of regard, and she appeared in the act of placing within it the very counterparts of the flying fishes' wings. A lovely creature she seemed, with all that fascinating expression in her features that captivates at once; her costume was rustic enough, but still charming from its simplicity; the picture was evidently a sketch, but such a one that spoke the hand of a master; the face, however, was finished as finely as a miniature, as if the painter had been enamoured of its beauty, and sought to perpetuate its charms; the cheek had all the exquisite transparency, and rich hue of the apple blossom and the ripe peach united; and the eyes had such a look of innocent fondness, trembling in their blue heaven of light, that they could not be looked upon without love.

“And who is or was this nymph of the flying fish?” said I, half unconsciously.

“Is it May Forester ye are speaking of?” answered a voice that made me start from the suddenness of the address, and turning, I beheld my landlady, the “guid dame” of the house, who had come quietly in on some domestic errand.

“May Forester, is that her name?”

“It was, and she was the bonniest maiden in all Cumberland, and my own fair cousin.”

There was something like a tear in her dark eye as she spoke, (for though a douce and comely matron on the wrong side of forty, her eyes were “eyes indeed,” and had been bewitching, no doubt, when youth gave lustre to their arch and laughing glances,) and I easily won from her the history of the bonnie May Forester.

May Forester and Mary Halliday were cousins, and passed the sweet hours of childhood together. May's father had perished in the wars, and her mother only lived to reach her native glen, and leave an infant orphan to her sister's care, so that the two children grew up together in David Halliday's house, merry playmates in the sinless beauty of their youth; and innocent as the lambs they watched,

till the dawning charms of Mary had almost ripened into womanhood, and the slight form of the soldier's orphan had acquired more of the wood nymph's grace. All this time their constant guard and companion had been a fair and fearless boy, a distant relation of the Hallidays, destined for the sea, and enthusiastically devoted in his attachment to that ruler of the waters—a ship; well, the time arrived when Willie Gordon must part with those who had been to him sisters, and as the fair haired boy listened to the sweet and tearful farewell of May Forester, it seemed to him all at once that he could give up his bonnie sailor garb, and all the gold and triumphs he was to win upon the deep sea, and be content to watch the lambs with her on the green hill side for ever! But he was hurried away, and that first thrill of boyish love past away like a vision of his sleep; strange lands he saw, and wonders not to be believed by those who dwell in that pastoral glen, to whom he came again in the joyful triumph of his heart, with unnumbered treasures of the waters, and a proud title won by his courage. A bright hour was that for May Forester, for the gallant Gordon wooed the orphan maiden, and told her the first sweet stirrings of that love in his heart, which could not be washed away by absence on the wild sea. It was his delight to watch the sweet wonder in her blue eyes when he told the marvels he had witnessed, and how there were *fishes* with *wings*, like her own wild birds, and laugh at her scarce yielded belief even when she looked upon them, treasured for her in a rare casket of Indian work, still redolent with attargul and the balmy spices of the east. Another hour of parting came, and May gave the first kiss of innocent love to Willie Gordon, as he swore to bring her treasures of Indian silk and gems, and a bird with gorgeous plumage that should tell her wonders, and sing her songs of the Spice Islands,—he whispered too of a golden ring that would be worth more than all those promised gauds. They parted in tears, and trusting faith and May's life wasted away in dreams of him so far distant on the wide and fearful ocean.

An artist who, about this time, visited the glen on an excursion of pleasure and profit, took up his abode at the farm, and perpetuated the charms of May Forester, not without some danger to his own heart, for he never fi-

nished the portrait, and departed after a private interview one day with David Halliday, with a shadow on his brow and sadness within his soul.

The time for Willie Gordon's return elapsed, and May's bright eyes grew dim with silent and hidden tears; at last, there came a sad and fearful story of *shipwreck* and of *death*, and the light of reason fled from her young heart as the words died upon her ear; a sweet yet fearful thing it was to hear her murmur to herself of the wonders told her by her sailor, and see her arrange her treasures to show him how careful she had been of them in his absence. In one of those fond bewilderings of her imagination, the sudden and horrid truth seemed once more to rush upon her heart, and "he's drowned! he's drown'd! my bonnie Willie Gordon!" were the last words of the sweet May Forester.

The maiden slept with many of her race in the quiet kirk-yard, and the daises showed their silver stars again on earth since she had passed away; her youth's guardians, the worthy and aged Hallidays, shared the stillness of her rest, and were "gathered unto their fathers," but their fair daughter Mary still lived a heiress as well as a beauty,—many sought her, but she never listened to a wooer, whether laird or no; when one day, a stranger with a gallant bearing and rich dark locks, clustered over a lofty brow somewhat deepened in tint by foreign suns, came with a glad step into the dwelling of Mary Halliday; the tidings he met with there were such as wither the heart at once—it was indeed the *living* Willie Gordon, escaped by miracle from the wreck of his gallant ship; he had won his way back from slavery and chains, and what had Mary to speak of but death and despair, as a welcome to the wanderer!

"Do you see that distant kirk-yard, with its bonny green graves gladdened by the sunshine—*there* sleeps sweet May Forester." "Aud her lover!" said I, with the ready tear of sympathy.

"What! the bonnie sailor from the Spice Islands?—dead—no; it would be a weary life for me if he were—I bid ye look upon that kirk, because there Willie Gordon wedded Mary Halliday for the sake of old times, and may be no' altogether for that," said my landlady, rising to leave the room, "for I was aye reckoned to have a brighter eye and a blithesomer laugh than May Forester."

So much for man's constancy, and the legend of the Flying Fishes' Wings.

E. S. CRAVEN.

SERVICEABLE PRECAUTIONS AGAINST CHOLERA.

We are not among those that give themselves up to hopeless despair, and, quailing with fear, cry, "This horrible calamity is certain to visit our shores!"—nor hardy enough to say that it will not, when we find that it has moved without impediment over half the surface of the globe. But as it is an impending evil of vast magnitude, we cannot do wrong to store our pages with every precaution that carries with it the probability of proving beneficial in the hour of need.

In an excellent article in the Quarterly, on the "Directions to be given in Case of Pestilence," the following string of notes are submitted to be acted upon by a private family, determined to remain in London, should the cholera infect the metropolis. They are far from complete, but they may be of service, if it is only to stimulate persons fully to consider the matter in its details, and lay their views before the public:

1.—To the utmost practicable extent disfigure the house, removing to an out-house, or at least locking up in a separate room, all carpets and hangings whatever, and all needless articles of clothing.

2.—Get rid of all superfluous domestics; and take care that it shall be impossible for those that are retained to communicate with any one out of doors.

3.—Strip entirely of furniture, except bedsteads, &c., one or two rooms for an infirmary,—the nearer the door, the more distant from the apartments of the healthy, and the airier, of course the better. To these alone must the physician and the police inspector have access.

4.—Be provided, if possible, with the means and materials for washing and even for baking in-doors; with hot or vapour baths; wines (the best of which seem to be port and sherry); brandy; opium, in its solid and liquid state; calomel; mustard and linseed meal; æther; some of the essential oils, as cajeput, peppermint, or cloves; and a case of lancets.

5.—All windows should be opened, and every room thoroughly aired several times a day. Our fire-places are admirably adapted for ventilating as

well as heating apartments; and in their use we have a great advantage over the northern nations, whose stove system has contributed much to the ravages of this pestilence, enabling its virulence to withstand even a Russian winter. Chloride of lime should be used to sprinkle all floors occasionally, and a small vase containing it should be in the rooms principally inhabited. Sudden changes of temperature should be avoided: hot days succeeded by cold nights have been found powerfully to predispose to infection.

6.—All letters and supplies of food must be received from the police messengers and purveyors, with the precautions adopted in lazarettoes. They must be drawn up to a window of the first floor, by means of a rope having a yard of chain and an iron pail attached to it. Whatever is not injured by wet, should be then plunged into a metal or earthen vessel filled with a weak solution of chloride of lime, or vinegar and water. Bread, flour, and any thing that would be injured by moisture, should be exposed to the heat of an oven before handling. Papers must be fumigated thoroughly with sulphur.

7.—That regimen which the individual has found best suited to his constitution should be adhered to; those who have been used to an active life of course diminishing the quantum of their food in proportion as they are debarred from exercise.* It being universally admitted that whatever disorders the stomach and bowels predisposes to the cholera,—all unripe fruits, watery vegetables, as melons, cucumbers, &c., and all sharp liquors, as cyder, &c., must be avoided. The use of the weak acid beer of the Prussians (the *weissbier*) has been found extremely injurious; and the sale, both of that sort of beer and cyder, has been entirely prohibited at Frankfort. Wine should be used, but in moderation. The system should neither be lowered by unwonted abstemiousness, nor excited by any violent stimulus.

8.—It is needless to say, that personal cleanliness, at all times of great, is now of vital importance. We need not point out the usefulness of baths. The whole body should be rubbed daily with soap and water, and afterwards sponged with vinegar. The sympathy exist-

* The diminution of bodily exercise, provided the air be pure, is found much less injurious than might be supposed. Women, who take very little exercise, live longer than men.

ling between the functions of the skin and those of the intestinal canal are most intimate. Linen, especially bed-linen, cannot be changed too often.

Those who are obliged to go abroad during the prevalence of a pestilence, ought to know that furs are, of all articles of clothing, the most likely to catch and retain morbid exhalations; that woollen stuffs are more likely to do so than cottons, and cottons than silks. The furs and flannel bands of the Russians and Poles are particularly condemned by all the physicians who have watched the pestilence among them. The greatest care should be taken to avoid cold or wet feet—for diarrhoea is the worst of the predisponents.

As we are ignorant whether the pestilential matter enters the healthy body through the pores of the skin, the lungs, or the alimentary canal, prudence requires that we should act as if it may enter by all of them. In many parts of Europe the attendants on cholera patients, and those who come into contact with the dead, use garments pitched over, or made of oil-skin; and in former times, when the plague was here, physicians were obliged to wear such dresses, both because their own lives were considered as of the highest value, and that they might be at once distinguished in the streets. A false shame, or false courage, might prevent many from spontaneously adopting such precautions, who would be happy to obey an official regulation enforcing them. The physician should carry a phial of chloride with him wherever he goes. His hands, after touching a patient, should be carefully washed with soap and water, and then sponged with a solution of chloride. The attendants on the plague wear a double handkerchief, steeped in vinegar, over the lower part of the face. The following pastille has been recommended:

Dried chloride of lime, 21 grains,
Sugar 1 ounce,
Gum tragacanth . . . 20 grains.

This, being flavoured with some essential oil, should be made into lozenges of 18 or 20 grains, and one of them held in the mouth during the visit.

We must entreat the public not to be swayed by the nonsense daily poured out in the newspapers, by persons the least entitled to be heard on this subject. Your merchant, whose traffic is likely to be interrupted, converts himself for the nonce into *Medicus, Senex, Detector, &c. &c.*, and hazards assertions of the most unblushing audacity.

In spite of the fearful ravages of this pest in all the islands of the Indian Ocean, we are told that England is safe—for cholera never crosses seas. Another assures us, that, at all events, a sea-voyage must prodigiously diminish its virulence;—and yet it was after a voyage of three thousand miles—something more than the passage from Hamburg!—that it carried off, by thousands, the inhabitants of Mauritius. A third is ready with his assertion, that no medical man or attendant on the sick has died of the disorder: and this, in the face of the Madras Report, which records the death of thirteen medical men in that presidency, and the illness of twenty more—of the St. Petersburg Reports, which show that every tenth medical man in that capital was attacked, and that a very large proportion died; although we know, that of the small number of medical men at Cronstadt, four died; that in Astracan *all* the nurses and almost all the doctors were attacked; and that in Vienna, out of the first one hundred deaths in the whole of that great capital, three were medical men.

Much is said, or whispered, as to the impolicy of exciting fear. We suspect that the influence of this passion in predisposing the body to contagion, has been exaggerated; but if that were otherwise, which would be likely to produce the more injurious effects,—the fear that *may* be excited now, or that which must be excited in case of the sudden apparition of this pestilence in the very bosom of our families? The system of discountenancing fear has been tried abundantly. *Before* the plague appeared at Marseilles, a wise man gave two pieces of advice to the magistracy of the town.—“Consider every sudden death as suspicious—Despise the squabbles of physicians.” The magistrates despised his advice, and fifty thousand of the inhabitants perished before the doctors admitted that the disease was contagious. At Messina the same course was followed. No precaution was adopted. All at once the pest was found raging, and the populace rose in the frenzy of wrath and despair, and glutted themselves with murder.”

LECTURE-ROOM DIALOGUE.

For the Olio.

WHEN Dr. Patrick Duignan was a fellow of Dublin College, the Right Hon. Hely Hutchinson was provost of

the college,—a gentleman of the most polished manners, and greatest amenity of disposition. Dr. Duignan was equally remarkable for the contrary qualities. Two characters so widely different could not agree, and the *doctor* threw himself into the arms of a party, then in opposition to the provost. His *new associates* were, however, all gentlemen, and shewed him so little countenance, that he found it convenient to resign his fellowship for the professorship of civil law. During his professorship, a scholar of the house, and bachelor of arts in Trinity College, Dublin, intending to apply to the study of the law, went, for the sake of instruction, to the civil law lecture-room, in the library. He had formed a resolution of constantly attending these lectures, but did not understand that Dr. Duignan wished to convert his place into a *sinecure*. The dread of academic censure, however, compelled the doctor to attend regularly, though the universal dislike in which he was held deprived him of auditors. Upon this occasion, one of the porters went up stairs to inform him a gentleman was in the lecture-room: he found it necessary to come down, and he entered the room with perturbed steps, and flounced into his chair with every symptom of indignation. From the idea the student had formed of his character, he thought he was acting in his *usual* manner, and was not deterred by this very unpolite behaviour from taking his seat.

The doctor, angrily, pulled out a lecture from his pocket, some parts of which he hastily slurred over, and so the matter ended for then.

The next lecture-day the student also attended, when the doctor, out of all patience, threw himself into his chair, with all the irritated passion of a wounded Russian bear, and the following dialogue took place between him and the student:—

DOCTOR.—You see, sir, no one attends here but you.

STUDENT.—I do, sir, and am astonished gentlemen should neglect so important a part of education.

DOCTOR.—Is the *provost* in town?

STUDENT.—I do not know.

DOCTOR.—Not know! why, I thought he sent you, for the purpose of giving me trouble; but if you persist, I am ready to give the lecture.

The student, who had constantly opposed the provost's interest, observing, that *gentleman* was as much above such mean revenge as himself, was

above executing it, took up his cap and left the doctor to lecture to the bare walls.

W. H. PYNE.

THE LAST INTERVIEW.

A TALE OF A NIGHT-WATCH.

Concluded from p. 245.

“ You must not rashly accuse my ancestor of cowardice, when I tell you that after witnessing so fearful a sight, he could not bear to cast another look into the dead-chamber, but that, closing the door hastily and with averted eyes, he sat down among the sentinels in the most remote corner of the guard-room, leaning his head upon his knees, and longing for the day-break. It may be conceived that he welcomed with unwonted delight the fresh and reviving influence of morning, which so wonderfully puts to flight even the remembrance of sufferings or phantoms that may have haunted the watcher during the dark hours. Upon the relief of guard, Captain Zollermann proceeded to the Governor of the palace, and related to him the occurrences of the past night.—Great awe and amazement were caused by his narrative, which was instantly conveyed to the ears of the Grand Duke. Inquiries were made throughout the palace; and it required the separate testimonies of all the soldiers on guard to remove the doubts as to the truth of the story, which were excited by the declaration of the sentinels on duty at the palace gates, the porters in the hall, and the grooms who watched in the court, that they had been disturbed by no arrival during the night. No one knew how the news were received by Frederick, save his confidential valet alone, who remained closeted with his master, after the report was brought to him, for more than an hour, at the end of which he came forth, looking pale and perturbed, to deliver the Duke's urgent orders for strict silence on the part of all the pretended witnesses of the occurrence. But it is difficult to enforce the concealment of a secret so singular in its nature,—and long before the close of the day, a rumour of the preceding night's disturbances had penetrated into every corner of the palace, and was spread by the terrified soldiers through some districts of the city. And when the watch came to be appointed for the night, as heretofore, the Captain on whom, by rotation, the command devolved, refused to undertake the service, remaining insensible to the menaces and entreaties by which

it was attempted to overcome his reluctance. A second and third officer were called upon: they were found equally obstinate, and the common soldiers could not be induced to turn out of the ranks when picked for guard; so that it became necessary to abandon the night-watch over the Duchess's remains: the hall being closed up, and the anti-room deserted between sunset and sunrise.

"On Easter Sunday, the old Marshal Von Arnstein was known to have passed through Cassel on the preceding day, with a haste which his decrepitude rendered unusual; and when it was learned that he was journeying to Fichtenberg, where his nephew, the Count Von Lindenau, had died on the night of Good Friday, great awe took possession of those who knew of the nocturnal appearances at the palace. For in those days, there existed few of the sceptical minds which disbelieve every thing that cannot be distinctly proved possible; and it was generally concluded, that the Count, at the moment of his decease, had repaired to the presence of his beloved mistress. Little was known of the manner of his death; for the subject was studiously put to rest, and few cared to talk of it openly: but many suspicions were whispered abroad at the time, which had, perhaps, no better ground than conjecture, so that it is needless to repeat them.

"The funeral of Ludovica was conducted with haste and privacy, although preparations had been made to solemnize it with unusual splendour; it is said that the Grand Duke, who lived for many years after the occurrence, never allowed her name to be mentioned in his hearing. Shortly after the interment, Captain Zollermann, without any assigned cause, was deprived of his commission in the Hessian guards, and it is in consequence of this act of injustice, that our family have become British subjects. On obtaining service with the Elector of Hanover, he chose that as his adopted country; and there he afterwards passed the evening of a life, which, you will allow, had been signalized, at least, by one singular adventure."

ANCIENT AND MODERN BLACKSMITHS.

THAT important class of artificers in iron, anciently known in this country under the general and comprehensive designation of smiths, may be said to be

represented by the blacksmith of modern times; the latter epithet itself has, indeed, been applied by some of our old writers in a much larger signification than that to which it is generally confined at present. It must, however, be remarked, that among our ancestors, and in modern trades more extensively, the appellation "smith" is suffixed to terms denominated the workers in various other metals as well as iron:—the goldsmith, the silversmith, the copper-smith, &c. being the well-known designations of men employed in manufacturing those metals. The smiths, however, noticed in our earliest records, and who were the first native iron workers, appear to have resembled, as to their avocations, the class of men mentioned in scripture by the same term, not only in the general description of their tools and method of working, but even in their importance as armourers. "Now there was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel; for the Philistines said, Lest the Hebrews make them swords or spears: but all the Israelites went down to the Philistines, to sharpen every man his share, and his coulter, and his axe, and his mattock. Yet they had a file for the mattocks, and for the coulters, and for the forks, and to sharpen the goads."—1 Sam. xiii. 19—21. Apparently in reference to this very state of things, the Almighty is represented by the prophet as saying, "Behold, I have created the smith that bloweth the coals in the fire, and that bringeth forth an instrument for his work; and I have created the waster to destroy; no weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper."—Isaiah liv. 16. It was on account of their importance in the fabrication of weapons, that workers of iron acquired their great distinction in the earliest periods of British power, and when the king's smith was honoured with the peculiar favour of the sovereign.

The modern blacksmith is distinguished from the whitesmith, or *brightsmith*, as the latter has sometimes been called, by the circumstance of his finishing his articles upon the anvil, and in this state delivering them for use; or by smoking them over the fire, or smearing them while hot with pitch, and thus giving to them a glossy black and finished appearance. Neither the turning-lathe, the grindstone, nor even the file, are in general applied to perfect the productions of the blacksmith's handicraft. Besides the shoeing of horses, which is his chief and characteristic occupation, he

is also the maker of common chains, plough and wheel tire, and, in fact, whatever of iron work attaches to the implements of husbandry generally; besides numerous other matters implied in the comprehensive designation of "jobsmith," which he mostly assumes.

Cal. Cyc.

Fine Arts.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.*—Chaste and beautiful appears for the ninth time this welcome *Offering*.—There has always been an exercise of the best taste and soundest judgment in the selection of its engravings; and the present volume is admirably calculated to maintain the high character this Annual has justly earned. The illustrations are as numerous as heretofore, and many of the subjects possess a richness and brilliancy not to be surpassed. We will name a few of them. The first plate in the book, Sir Thomas Lawrence's last female portrait, (Lady Carrington) cannot fail to be esteemed as one of no ordinary interest; it is engraved, in a style remarkable for clearness and delicacy, by C. Rolls. *The Fairy of the Lake* is quite a novelty; in this plate Mr. Richter presents us with a very fanciful creation, that of a beautiful fairy form, reflected on the smooth surface of the clear glassy wave. In the *Poet's Dream*, by R. Westall, there is much beauty, and none of that mannerism which so often spoils the productions of this artist.—The figure of the youthful Milton is sweet in the extreme.

"His lips wear love—
And beauty reigns along each faultless limb,
The lavish beauty of the olden day."

The Embarkation, by Whichelo, is a surprisingly beautiful subject; when we say that it will bear comparison with Danby's masterly production, *Cleopatra's Embarkation on the Cydnus*, given in the Souvenir for 1829, we award it no mean praise. The engraver (Brandard) too, is entitled to the warmest commendation that can be bestowed upon genius; he has felt the importance of the subject, and has done it ample justice. *Expectation*, by R. C. Wood, is full of grace and feeling—it reminds us greatly of Parris's *Bridesmaid*. The *Greek Mother*, by Corbould, is one of his most successful efforts; we do not trace that want of

character and expression so frequently to be observed in the pictures of this artist. *The Dismal Tale*, by the venerable Stothard, possesses that originality and truth to nature, that we almost look in vain for elsewhere,—one look at this engraving makes you master of the subject. *The Palace*, by W. Purser, we pronounce an admirable companion plate to *The Embarkation*, it is a performance worthy of the great Claude. *Myrrhina and Myrto*, by J. Wood, the last subject we can find space to notice, is, though a luscious subject, not wanting in chasteness. We have now passed over some very pleasing plates, but want of room must plead an apology. In our accompanying sheet, the "CREAM OF THE ANNUALS," we have given our judgment, and presented some specimens of the prose and poetry to be found in this volume.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.

M. W. of Windsor.

DAMASCUS STEEL.—Almost every body has heard of the *Damascus* steel; though, in fact, little beside the name, and a vague notion, that it is made in some parts of the Levant, appears to be known about it. Some authors have asserted that it comes from Goleonda in the East Indies, where, add they, a method of tempering with alum, which the Europeans have hitherto been unable to imitate, was invented. It is moreover asserted, that the real Damascus blades emit a fragrant odour on being bent. Again, it is stated, that about the beginning of the fourteenth century, Timur Lang, on his conquest of Syria, carried all the celebrated manufacturers of steel from Damascus into Persia, since which period its works in the metal have been little memorable.

The famous sabres of which we have heard so much, and about which we nevertheless know so little, but which we are told were once held in such high estimation throughout Europe and the East, are said to have been constructed by a method now lost, of welding together alternate layers, about two or three lines thick, of iron and steel. They never broke, though bent in the most violent manner; and Andrew of Ferrara, who has left his name to swords of a matchless temper, one of which he is stated to have carried wrapped about his bonnet, is believed to have possess-

* Smith and Elder.

ed the secret of the Damascenes. The elasticity of these famed weapons appears not to have been more perfect than their power of edge, to which, according to grave accounts, not merely muscles and bones, but even common iron and steel yielded.

Cal. Cyc.

CURIOUS MONUMENT IN ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—There were formerly many ancient monuments in this chapel; only one of which is now remaining. It has the image of an abbot in his mass habit, curiously engraved on brass, representing John de Eastrey, who died the 4th of March, 1498. He appears, by the records of the church, to have been a great benefactor to it. He adorned the west window with many grand paintings in glass, a small quantity of which still remains; he built the screen to this chapel, and presented two images gilt for the altars of St. Peter and St. Paul, and one for the Chapter-house. This screen, much to the honour of the dean and chapter, has lately been put in repair; and the outer screen, put up by Sir Christopher Wren, removed. It is very curious, that in breaking up a grave, the body of this abbot was discovered in a coffin quilted with yellow satin, having on a gown of crimson silk, girded round him with a black girdle; on his legs were white silk stockings, and over his face a clean napkin doubled up and laid corner-wise. The face was in some degree discoloured; but the legs were firm. This discovery was made the 17th of August, 1706. W.H.P.

DEVASTATION CAUSED BY CHOLERA.

—In the fourteen years in which the Cholera has raged, one-sixth of the inhabitants of India have been carried off; one-third of those dwelling in the towns of Arabia; one-sixth of those of the same class in Persia; in Mesopotamia, one-fourth; in Armenia, a fifth; in Syria, a tenth; in Russia, a twentieth of the population of the infected provinces, up to May,—and there the malady has since made fresh progress, and carried off more victims. In India, as the disease has existed the whole of the fourteen years, M. de Jonnes calculates the mortality at two and a half millions annually, which would give a total of about thirty-six millions; in order, however, to understate, he reduces the number to eighteen millions for Hindostan, and taking the mortality for the rest of the world, from China to Warsaw, to amount to about thirty-six millions, arrives at the conclusion, that fifty millions of our race have perished

in fourteen years of a disease which, in 1817, existed only in a few spots of the presidency of Bengal.

Anecdotes.

A LAWYER OUTWITTED.—Some time since, a young gentleman, Mr. C. well known about town, went to consult a legal gentleman of Lincoln's Inn, about carrying off an heiress. "You cannot do it without danger," said the counsellor; "but let her mount a horse, and hold the bridle and whip, do you then get up behind her, and you are run away with by her, in which case you are safe." Next day the counsellor found his daughter had run away in the aforesaid manner with his client.

MILITARY RUSE.—Iphicrates, the Athenian general, sometimes practised the following whimsical manœuvre in order to deceive the enemy:—During an encampment, when the soldiers slept on beds of leaves, he would make two men occupy the same bed; at other times, he made each soldier spread two beds; he would then quit the camp, and the enemy repairing thither soon after, was sure to count the beds; but, miscalculating the real force of Iphicrates, either did not dare to attack him, or attacked him with a disadvantage. It is related of the same general, that one day, just at the moment of commencing an attack, he perceived some of his soldiers turn pale and tremble; Iphicrates immediately exclaimed in a loud voice, "If any among you have left aught in the camp, let him instantly go fetch it, and return as quickly as possible!" The most dastardly profited by this permission, when the general again exclaimed: "Now the cowards have disappeared, none but the brave remain!" They immediately charged, and the enemy was put to flight. W.H.P.

THEATRICALS EXTRAORDINARY!—*Letter from Mr. L—st—n to the Proprietor of Drury Lane.*

"Sir,—I am compelled to decline the honour of an engagement at your theatre, in consequence of your having settled with Mons. Martin and the other *beasts*. I make this objection, because I feel assured, that, were you to get up the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, my *Bottom* would be given to one of the quadrupeds; and, as the public consider this as my *greatest part*, I could not sit down with the loss of it, without feeling much hurt. I am, Sir, &c. &c.

"L—ST—N."

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, Nov. 9.

Dedication of St. Saviour's at Rome.

High Water 92m after 4 Morn—39m after 4 After.

Lord Mayor's Day.—The first Lord Mayor that went by water to Westminster was John Norman, in 1453. There is a drawing of the show on the river in the Pepysian Library. Sir Gilbert Heathcote was the last that rode on horseback, in Queen Anne's time. Sir John Shaw was the first in 1501, according to Lambard. But Grafton says, they rode before; Sir Humphrey Edwyn, who, in 1697, rode to a conventicle in his formalities, with the *insignia* of his office, is immortalized in Swift's Tale of a Tub, and probably occasioned the proviso in the statute 5 Geo. I. c. 4, which declares, "that any Mayor, Bailiff, or other Magistrate, being present at any place of public worship other than the Church of England, in the peculiar habit of his office, or attended with the ensigns thereof, shall on conviction, be adjudged incapable to bear any public office or employment whatsoever."

Thursday, Nov. 10.

St. Justus, bishop of Canterbury, A.D. 627.

Sea rises 26m after 7—sets 33 after 4.

Nov. 10, 1799.—Died ÆT. 71 , Dr. Black, the celebrated chemist, without any convulsion, shock, or stupor, to announce or retard the approach of death. Being at table with his usual fare, some bread, a few prunes, and a measured quantity of milk, diluted with water, and having the cup in his hand when the last stroke of his pulse was to be given, he set it down on his knees, which were joined together, and kept it steady with his hand, in the manner of a person perfectly at ease, and in this attitude expired without spilling a drop, and without a wriggle in his countenance: as if an experiment had been required to show to his friends the facility with which he departed. His servant opened the door to tell him that some one had left his name, but getting no answer, stepped about half-way to him; and seeing him sitting in that easy posture, supporting his basin of milk with one hand, he thought that he had dropped asleep, which was sometimes wont to happen after meals. He went back and shut the door; but before he got down stairs, some anxiety which he could not account for, caused him to return: after going pretty near him, he turned away, apparently satisfied; but again coming close up to him, he found him without life. His very near neighbour, Mr. Benjamin Bell, the surgeon, was immediately sent for; but nothing whatever could be done.

Friday, Nov. 11.

St. Martin, Bish. of Tours, A.D. 397.

High Water 31m after 5 Morn.—58m after 5 After.

Nov. 11, 1673.—John Sobieski gained a victory over the Turks at the Battle of Choczim. Under the reign of Michael Coribut, the Turks penetrated into Ukraina, and other provinces of Poland, which was on the point of becoming tributary to the Ottoman Porte. The Grand Marshal of the Crown, John Sobieski, averted the ruin of his country, and satisfied his vengeance in the blood of the Turks at the Battle of Choczim. This celebrated battle delivered Poland from the tribute, and insured to Sobieski the crown.

With this Number is published a Supplementary Sheet, containing our First CREAM OF THE ANNUALS FOR 1839.

Saturday, Nov. 12.

St. Martin, pope and martyr.

Moon's First Quarter, 45m aft. 6 After.

Nov. 12, 1437.—On this day Charles VII. made his public entry into Paris. By the treaty of Troyes, signed the 21st of May, during the malady of Charles VI. and Henry V. of England, it was stipulated that Catherine of France should marry Henry V. which was carried into effect one month after; and that, on the death of Charles VI. the crown of France should pass to Henry V., who took the title of heir to the crown. When Charles VII. mounted the throne on the death of his father, Charles VI., a small part of the kingdom only obeyed him. He entered Paris by intrigue and force. His entrance, however, was marked by shows, theatrical exhibitions, and fetes, excelling any ever before seen in the kingdom.

Sunday, Nov. 13.

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER

TRINITY.

Lessons for the Day.—Proverbs, 13 chap Morning Proverbs, 14 ch. Evening.

The month of November was said by the ancients to be under the tutelary protection of Diana, and this might possibly be on account of the prevalence of hunting and field sports in general during this month. In the calm, dark, warm days which now often occur, when sounds are heard at a distance, this notion has often suggested itself to us when we have heard the cheerful and lively music of several packs of Harriers and of Beagles at one time. In full cry, in different directions, as may be often heard in Sussex; and on hearing which we might well say with Shakspeare—
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

Monday, Nov. 14.

St. Lawrence, abp. of Dublin, A.D. 1180.

High Water, 44m aft 8 Morn—56m aft 9 After

Nov. 14, 1522.—Henry the Eighth married Anne Boleyn without the consent of the Pope. Henry, who was married at the time to Catherine of Spain, contrived, upon religious scruples, to divorce that Princess, and was united to his new favourite Queen of England. The Pope then excommunicated him. Henry, however, got the parliament to declare him protector and supreme head of the English Church, and all the authority of the Pontiff was abolished. The people took a new oath, called the Oath of Supremacy.

Tuesday, Nov. 15.

St. Malo, bish. 565.

Sun rises 34m after 7—Sets 25m after 4.

"Many wild creatures," says Howitt, in his Calendar of Nature, "now retire to their winter retreats. The frog sinks to the bottom of ponds and ditches, and buries itself in the mud. The lizard, the badger, the hedge-bog, creep into holes in the earth, and remain torpid till Spring. Bats get into old barns, caves, and deserted buildings, where, suspending themselves by the hind feet, and wrapping themselves in the membranes of their fore feet, they sleep Winter away, except some unusual intervals of mild weather should awake and call them out for a little while occasionally. Squirrels, rats, and field-mice shut themselves up with their winter stores."

The Old;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XVIII.—Vol. VIII.

Supplementary Sheet.



Cream of the Annuals for 1832.

BLOOMING in the footsteps of the unregretted summer of 1831, we have the Annuals in all their perennial variety. Truly, they are rare plants and magnificent flowers; though in the fulness of our heart's love of home, we could wish them less exotic. It is almost irrelevant to observe, that to the Comic Annuals these passing remarks do not apply. We cast our "mind's eye" around on the mountains and vallies—the heaths and lakes—the woods and ruins which diversify our own delightful island, and wish that sketches of its scenery had been interspersed with the superb pictures of gorgeous Venice and sublime Naples, which adorn the Annuals.

But may not the caterers for these attractive *tomos* be compared to florists, whose botanic solicitude leads them to first store their conservatory with foreign flowers, ere they bestow a thought on those beautiful ones which "blush unseen" at home, well knowing that they can at any time avail themselves of their accommodating contiguity?—We will accord this: and, hope at some future period, that the delineations of the sylvan localities of home, no longer libelled by "Guides and Pocket Books," may embellish the pa-

VOL. VIII.

S

ges of these *Bijoux*. Before we proceed with our preliminary chit-chat with the "courteous reader," we will stay one interesting moment to reflect on the revolution in art and literature, which these elegant works have effected. Ah! had they existed at a certain by-gone era, Hogarth had not employed his pencil to raise a few paltry shillings to satisfy the imperious demand of an overbearing landlady; nor had Morland painted to defray the expenses of his dinner. Goldsmith and Savage, and thou Johnson, the "great leviathan" of the smaller fry, ye would not so often have paraded the umbrageous avenues of the Park in hungry agony; nor have slept amidst the warm ashes of a glasshouse, to revive your chilled faculties, had the Annuals flourished in your day!—the pecuniary relief ye would have derived from your efforts, would have charmed away the gaunt wolf of destitution, which daily beset your doors. Neither let engravers be forgotten. How many a garret immured genius in this branch of art would have been snatched from penury, disease, and death, by the outstretched hand of such yearly patronage! How many an unknown Bewick—how many a neglected Woollett would have been

214

brought from obscurity, directed into the honourable path of fame, and rewarded with competence and comparative ease.

But a truce with our retrospect, which involves but vain regrets and unavailing sympathies. Here are the Annuals temptingly displayed before us, perplexing our judgment with their splendour and variety. Not to say that they fully equal their predecessors would be but a niggardly withholding of critical commendation, of which we should be heartily ashamed. We will begin with the

Humourist,

By W. H. Harrison.*

as best suited to dissipate the ennui of a long drear November's night, and the appalling horrors of the impending cholera. To use Swift's words, to possess this laughter exciting volume,

"You'll need no caricature,"

for, in the *head* and *tail* pieces, you may trace a merry, odd, or whimsical soul in every face; turn where you will, a kill-care something meets the eye. Here, "*The Master of the Rolls*" is not one learned in the law, neither is he a disciple of the Land of Cakes, with peel in hand at oven mouth, but a merry drummer with "ruffle and roll," beating a reveille. Scott's well known line of "*this is my own, my native land*," is quaintly and happily illustrated by a few *natives* drawn, we presume, from life at *large*, thrown high and dry bump upon shore.

The comic and tragic Muse, *Melpomene* and *Thalia*, are no other than two pugnacious tabbies in *striking* attitudes. *Selfish Beings* are a pair of angry Billingsgate beauties offering *dabs*. *Nag-poor*, as here given, is not that place so called in India's clime, but a picture of the *Dying and the Dead*, viz: one lifeless *Nag*, and another in a *poor* way. *La-la-Rookh*, is not a copy of Tommy Moore's best performance, but a musical prodigy in the shape of a mischievous *Rookh*, la-la-ing over the notes of perhaps "I stodd amid the glittering throng." *Plymouth* is not a harbour, where ships may ride safe at anchor, but a greedy boy hastily putting out of sight a tart of large dimensions. *Lime-juice* is not the essence of a tropical fruit admired by friends to *Punch*, but a couple of sturdy Emeralders labouring in their vocation,

* R. Ackerman, London, pp. 284, and eighty engravings.

mixing mortar. *Colossus at Rhodes* is not that gigantic statue which compassed the shores of the long-famed Asiatic Isle, but a broad-wheeled wagon loaded sufficient to make the firm earth tremble. Nor is the *Heir at Law* that fortunate wight about to inherit "those moveables whereof the earldom of Hereford stood possessed," but a poacher quailing before offended justice to answer for enjoying "his delight on a shiny night at this season of the year." Those we have spoke of are a mere spice of the variety of comicalities that "throw a light upon the text of the Humourist; of the remaining pointed "flights of fancy" unnoticed by us, the following may be taken as a fair specimen of the labours of our modern Peter Pindar, who, for the second time to use a pugilistic phrase, if we may be allowed so to do, and not offend ears polite, has "*made another successful hit*."

THE BULL AND THE BARBER.

"LANCELOT LATHERWELL was the only barber in his village:—a man of no small importance in his own opinion, as well as in fact, seeing that he was familiar with all the *heads* of the place. The chief instrument of his power, however, was his razor,—a sceptre which he wielded somewhat absolutely perhaps, but uniformly with a regard to the welfare of his subjects, who were rather numerous, and consisted of such as were unable to shave themselves.

"In their labours for the moral amelioration of mankind, philosophers have aimed to convince the understanding, and divines to touch the heart; but Lant addressed himself to the chin. Was it proved to the satisfaction, or rather dissatisfaction, of Latherwell, that a neighbour had beaten his wife, or spent his week's wages at a public house, instead of taking them home to his family—the culprit became a marked man—he was known by his beard,—which the shaver pertinaciously refused to touch until the wearer had exhibited symptoms of repentance and amended manners. The delinquent, becoming an object for the finger of scorn to point at, was usually followed and hooted at by all the boys in the district; and it rarely happened that a villager had the courage to subject himself a second time to the disgrace and inconvenience consequent upon the "barber's ban."

"Latherwell, like a humane general, pursued his vocation with as little bloodshed as possible; indeed, he was wont to boast, that, since the days of his apprenticeship, he had drawn the purple stream but once, and that on the following occasion. One hot morning, while Lant was exercising his tonsorial functions upon a wealthy farmer, a short-horned bull, doubtless with a view of exciting the hair-dresser's emulation, thrust through the open window a head as nicely curled, and perhaps, as sensible, as the most fashionable of our hero's patrons. Not succeeding in immediately attracting attention, the animal addressed itself to Lant's ear, with an effect which had nearly proved fatal to that of his customer; for the operator, who had a mortal dread of horned cattle, and of the squire's bull in particular, was so startled at the roar and the apparition, that, with an involuntary flourish of his razor, he had well nigh cropped the farmer as close as any terrier in the village. Fear is doubtless an exaggerator, but Latherwell maintains that the bull not only emitted fire from its nostrils, but that it scorched his right whisker, which, maugre the application of three bottles of Macassar, has never thriven properly since.

"The farmer, who had, in truth, sustained but little injury, started up in Lant's table-cloth, in which, preparatory to the operation, he had been enveloped, and rushed into the street, like the ghost of Banquo, bleeding, and breathing vengeance, and spreading consternation, as he went. The whole village was in an uproar, and a variety of contradictory reports as to the cause of the catastrophe were current. The most generally received account, however, not only stated that the barber had attacked the agriculturist, "with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm," but was exceedingly circumstantial as to the origin of their quarrel. "The farmer," said rumour, "having a great dread of baldness, as indicative of age, had inquired of Lant, if he did not think his hair was grown thicker? To which the other replied, No, but that he thought his head was; and, by way of a crowning climax, recommended him to select some public charity to which to leave his wealth, for that he certainly would die without a hair. Thereupon, the farmer, taking advantage of Lant's convenient position, had kicked his shins with his iron-tipped half-boots; and that the

barber had retaliated by shaving off his customer's ear at a stroke."

"Meanwhile the farmer, not satisfied with having the injury dressed by a surgeon, repaired to his attorney to get it redressed. Lawyers and prize-fighters are the only persons on earth who profit by black eyes and bloody noses. The pettifogger in question owed the distinction of being the most respectable solicitor in the village, to the circumstance of his being the only one in it. He told the farmer that he had been shamefully, scandalously, *barberously* used. The lawyer lied of course, and said an action would lie also, and therein he lied again.

"An action, however, was brought at the next assizes, which arrived almost before Lant had recovered from the consternation into which the notice of the proceedings had thrown him.—On the morning previous to the day on which the cause was expected to come on, the shaver was called upon for a cast of his office by a gentleman of some consequence in the neighbourhood, who, observing our hero to be unusually depressed, and eliciting the source of his uneasiness, despatched him, instanter, to the assize town with a letter to a barrister, explaining the case, and soliciting his good offices on the occasion.

"The barrister, struck by the whimsicality of the circumstances, returned Latherwell his fee, and told him he would plead his cause for 'the love of the thing.'

"The trial came on before a jury, whose countenances alone would have qualified them as members of a club of 'Odd Fellows.' The plaintiff's counsel commenced with a disquisition on ears; touched upon the sensitiveness of Priscian's, and alluded to those of Dionysius, who, as would doubtless, he said, be in the classical recollections of the jury, had three ears, though two only of them, he Hibernically added, were pairs. Having considered the subject morally, physically, and anatomically, he took another *field*, and dwelt upon the value of *ears* to farmers in particular, maintaining that they could not get their *bread* without them. He next referred to asses' ears; and concluded by such a s'entorian appeal to those of the jury, that every man of them had as just ground of action against the counsel, as the farmer had against the barber.

"The witnesses for the plaintiff having been examined and cross-examin-

ed, the defendant's counsel rose, and expressed his concern that it was not in his power to produce the only witness of the affray in which the action had originated, namely, the bull; but that the truth was, he could find none who would undertake to serve the subpoena personally, and that, pending the consultation of authorities as to whether flinging it over the hedge of his pasture would be a legal service, the bull had unfortunately changed his name, and become beef. 'But this, gentlemen of the jury,' he continued, 'is a circumstance which I am led to regret less on my client's account, than on my learned brother's on the opposite side, whom, as he has indulged us with an Irish bull, I should have been gratified in introducing to an English one. Gentlemen of the jury, my case lies in a nutshell, and I want no other evidence than that with which the plaintiff has kindly furnished me, to prove it. Two of the witnesses have sworn that he is quite deaf of the ear of which, he alleges, the defendant had nearly deprived him. Now, gentlemen of the jury, I contend that had my client actually sliced off the plaintiff's ear, and put it in his breeches' pocket, I should be entitled to a verdict; for what amount of damages would you award to a man for the loss of that which he himself has proved to have been utterly useless to him?'

"The counsel paused for a moment to observe the effect of his appeal upon the jury; the foreman of which, after kicking three or four of his neighbours out of the land of dreams, stated that he had *taken the sense* of his colleagues, (which was very probable, since they appeared to have none left,) and would not trouble the learned gentleman to proceed, his last argument being conclusive. A verdict for the defendant was accordingly delivered, and the barber returned triumphant to his village."

•In leaving the pleasantries of this volume to proceed onwards with our task, we can only say that we have enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of our funny friend, and cordially recommend it to all persons troubled with the "*blues*;" for the *hip* they may rest assured it will prove a cure, a whole cure, and nothing but a cure.

The next in array is the

Landscape Annual,

Edited by Thomas Roscoe.

Having already spoken at some length

of this charming and magnificent work in our last, we shall forbear to offer further comment upon its attractions, but proceed at once to transfer to our columns an extract or two, and though taken at random, we think they will be sufficient to shew that the same elegance of diction and interest pervades the descriptive accounts of the book before us, as characterised those given in preceding volumes. In the remarks accompanying the plate *Ponte Santa Trinita*, are the subjoined anecdotes of

GIOTTO.

WHILE at Florence, in the year 1322 tidings were received by Giotto of the death of his friend—the celebrated poet—whose ashes have twice refused to rest in the bosom of his ungrateful country:—

"Even in his ashes live his wonted fires;"

as if his spirit, speaking from the urn, spurned the futile offer of being reconciled to his hated persecutors. Though in the midst of his successful and splendid career, Giotto was much concerned at this event; and some of the next works he executed for the King of Naples;—comprehending the Apocalypse and other histories, at Assisi,—he is stated to have owed, from the conversations he had held with him, to the fine invention of Dante, who thus amply repaid him.

So highly did the King of Naples estimate Giotto's social qualities, as well as his genius, that he would spend hours with him, while painting in his studio, delighted with his acute remarks. The King one day observing that he was determined to make him the first man in Naples, "It was for that reason," replied Giotto, "that I took up my quarters at *Porta Reale*, to be ready to receive myself."

On another occasion the King said to him, "Giotto, if I were you, I would not labour so hard this hot weather."—"Nor I, certainly," replied the painter, "if I were the King."

One day, as he was completing a picture, the monarch observed in jest:—"Now, Giotto, I should like you to paint me something on a larger scale; for instance, my own kingdom."—Giotto did as he was requested; and, setting to work, soon after presented the King with the painting of—an ass suffering under a heavy bastinado, which, instead of resenting, the beast was busy with his paws and nose snuffing up another and larger flagellum

than that he felt upon his back, as if desirous of making an exchange. On both the instruments of good order were painted the royal crown and sceptre of magisterial sway.

Whether or not the King thought he had carried the jest too far, it is certain Giotto soon after set out to visit other cities of Italy.

Both Boccaccio and Sacchetti, in their novels, extol the works, and record the pleasant sayings of Giotto, and his fame also in that line was long held dear, like the Abernethy of his art, by his many and successful pupils. A curious dialogue of the kind is recorded. Vain-glorious and elated at having escaped martyrdom in his first campaign, a certain captain of the guards, hearing Giotto's fame bruited louder than the trump of war, resolved to have a coat of arms, and to exhibit them painted on his shield. A serjeant, bearing it, followed him into Giotto's studio:—"God save you, master," cried this ancient Pistol; "I want you to draw my arms on this here shield!" Giotto, instantly roused by the short style of the man, and his whole appearance, but affecting great complacency, only replied, "Pray when do you wish to have it?"—"Oh, on such a day!"—"I see, I see," said Giotto; "leave it to me: go away, and come again!" When he was gone, Giotto gave his pupil a design from which to paint. It consisted of a helmet, a gorget, a pair of corselets, a pair of gauntlets, a cuirass,—in fact, a complete suit of armour, with a sword, a knife, and a lance. Arriving to the day and hour—"Master," enquired the hero, "is that there shield painted? be quick, and bring it me down." But, exhibited to view, what horror seized on the soul of the captain! not less than when Scribblerus beheld the polished surface of his own, freed from its antique rust. "Oh, what a job is this here you have done!" cried the indignant hero. "I dare say it will be a job to pay for it; what did you ask me to paint?" inquired the painter. "My arms, to be sure!?"—"Well, there they are; is there any wanting?"—"This is good!" exclaimed the soldier, in an attitude of despair. "Good!" returned the painter, "God give you good of it; what a Goth you are,—if one were to ask your name, I dare say you have forgotten it. Yet you come here—or rather bolt in—'paint me my arms!'—just as if you were a lord of the first order. Now what arms do you

bear but these?—whence come you?—who are your parents, much more your ancestors? Are you not ashamed of playing thus the fool? Here are arms for you in plenty—all staring at you on your shield; if you have any others, say so, and I will paint them."

"You are an abusive painter, and you have spoiled my shield; but I will find a remedy." On this off goes the soldier,—lays a complaint before the police—and summons Giotto. On hearing both sides, the magistrate was quickly won by Giotto's pleading, and decided that the soldier should take the shield as it was, and give ten lire* to Giotto, under penalty of being sent to the galleys.

In testimony of the gratitude of Florence to Giotto, for the benefits he conferred on the arts, Lorenzo the Magnificent raised to his memory a marble monument in S. Maria del Fiore, bearing an inscription by Politian:—
Ille ego sum, per quem pictura extincta re-
vixit,

Cui quam recta morus, tam fuit et facilis, &c.

The following account of a curious scene which took place during the middle ages, is one of the many historic associations connected with the once fair and proud city of Florence.

PIETRO COSIMO'S SUPERSTITIOUS PROCESSION.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century, Florence witnessed a very singular spectacle, productive of momentary surprise and terror. It was the work of an artist of most singular genius, Pietro Cosimo, a being made up of sympathies and antipathies, and endowed with a peculiar wildness of imagination. On the approach of a storm, he trembled and sought to hide himself, with a sort of instinctive fear; and, when the thunder rolled, wrapt in his cloak, he would be found concealed in the obscurest corner of his mansion. The cry of a child, the sound of a clock, the song of the monk, and even the noise of a person coughing, were his antipathy, while one of his greatest pleasures was watching the silent fall of a shower of rain. His actions partook of the same singularity, and the idea having struck him of impressing the Florentine people with greater devotion and seriousness of character, he set earnestly about the means, and having provided every thing necessary, he fixed upon the period of the approaching Carnival for its execution.

* Namely 7s 1d.

On the evening of the last day that terminated its rejoicings and excesses, there suddenly appeared in the streets of Florence a grand triumphal car hung with black crape, surmounted with white crosses, ten huge black banners streaming down to the earth, and drawn slowly by four buffaloes, the whole rendered doubly terrible by the night, and being crowned with all the emblems proclaiming the triumph of Death. A huge skeleton appeared crowned and stationed high above the car, a scythe in his hand, and with his feet apparently resting upon half opened tombs, from which were seen rising up the squalid, fleshless forms of emperors, pontiffs, conquerors—the subjects of the all-imperial King, the despot ruler of the Shades. A throng of strange figures, arrayed in black, their faces covered with a mask, consisting only of his chief emblem of past mortality, and bearing torches that illumined the silent terrors of this nocturnal vision, only half revealing the mysterious shadows of time to mortal view,—ushered in, and closed the strange procession, attended by a wild and melancholy music, as if coming from some other than an earthly sphere. The spectacle was closed by a band of shadowy figures of knights and soldiers, mounted upon skeleton steeds, whose trappings wore all the sorrowful emblems of the pomp and circumstance which marshal the way to the grave. From time to time were heard the “slow, solemn sounds that wake despair;” and at the voice of the trumpet’s blast, the whole triumphal procession paused; there were then observed to rise from out their tombs the figures of the dead, and in weak, mournful voices, they joined in a hymn that fell like unearthly sounds upon the ear.

Soon again the sad procession resumed its solemn march, keeping up the same feeble and trembling strain—the chaunt of the *Miserere*—till the whole arrived, and halted on the fatal bridge—that Bridge indeed of Sighs, where in some former Carnival, the assembled ranks of Florence, while representing a show of mimic terrors, had been plunged headlong into the Arno, and realized the disastrous fates they painted to view, and which suggested, it is said, the appalling visions of Dante’s Inferno.

An apparition thus extraordinary startling the ear of night, and frightening the city from its propriety, appeared with tenfold force and credibility from

this last resource of appealing to human sympathy by its connexion with a fore-gone fearful tragedy, familiar to the recollection, and which weighed heavy at the hearts of many a bereaved lover, parent, child, or friend.

With the above selections, for the present we must bid adieu to the highly seductive pages of this Annual, in order to attend to the claims upon our editorial judgment of the

Friendship’s Offering,

Edited by T. Pringle.

As the current number of the “OLIO” contains our remarks upon the embellishments of this welcome visitant, nought remains for us but to speak of the literary department, which comprises many sterling productions from the pens of the best writers of the day.

The prose contributions, especially, are deserving of the highest encomiums that can be bestowed upon them; they are written in a felicitous style; are of a nature extremely interesting; and are well calculated to more than repay the most fastidious reader for the trouble of perusal. Of the poetry we cannot think or speak so highly; for among some clever specimens, we regret to find several pieces neither remarkable for imagery or rhythm; we mention this more in “sorrow than in anger,” as we have ever esteemed this Annual as a favourite, and do not like to see in it any thing of a mediocre nature. The subjoined, we think, will find favour in the eyes of our friends, for its originality, sprightliness, and humour.

THE WOES OF PRAISE.

By a Physician.

I WAS on a visit a few months ago, to a friend in Somersetshire; glad, no doubt, to exchange the dust and heat of London for the enchanting views of that finest of the English counties. My friend’s house was situated in a populous neighbourhood; and during my sojourn amongst them, the good people were, if possible, more hospitable than usual. I had, of course, thrown off all my professional engagements, and resolved to deliver myself for one happy month from the trammels of patients and learned consultations, to which for many years I had made myself a slave. But it scarcely needed the eloquence of the clergyman of the parish, to assure me, “that vain are the hopes of man.” My reputation, such as it is, was soon

spread abroad, and in less than a week it was no secret that the gentleman on a visit at Haughley Manor was Dr.—, the great London Physician. It gave me great amusement to remark the different modes in which I was addressed by the different denizens in the neighbourhood; some sidling round to obtain an advice in the course of common conversation, and some boldly demanding my opinion on all matters connected with the health of their establishments, from their wives and daughters downwards to their favourite dogs.—From these I released myself as easily and quietly as I could; but at length I found one from whom it occasioned me somewhat more trouble to escape.

We had heard that a young gentleman, a visitor of one of the neighbouring squires, had met with a severe accident in riding, and had been confined to his bed for several days. As my friend, however, was not on terms of very great intimacy with the family to whom the sufferer was on a visit,—after a few enquiries, which were satisfactorily answered, the circumstance was almost entirely forgotten. One evening, while sauntering on the lawn in the peaceable enjoyment of a cigar, Mr.—'s carriage came at a rapid rate down the avenue. My friend and I immediately went to receive the visitor, and found him to be Mr.— himself. He informed us of the particulars of the accident, and said his young friend within the last few days had grown rapidly worse, and insisted with the utmost earnestness that I should be called in. I, of course, offered no opposition to the wish of the invalid, and accompanied Mr.— directly. He told me, on our way, that the young gentleman was about two and twenty years of age, of a good family and very considerable fortune; that though a connection had long subsisted between their families, it was only very lately they had been personally acquainted; but, from all he had heard from the young man's aunt and other relations, he was convinced he was an exceedingly praiseworthy and exemplary person.

On arriving at Mr.—'s house, I was shewn into the drawing-room, while my visit was announced to the sufferer, whom I shall in future designate by the almost anonymous name of Smith. I found the drawing-room occupied by the ladies of the family, and I immediately set them down as the most interesting and beautiful women I had yet seen in Somersetshire. The

two daughters in particular attracted my attention. Tall and elegantly shaped, they seemed to me the most graceful creatures I had ever beheld; and the intelligence of their countenances left nothing to be desired towards the perfection of female loveliness. The elder of the two seemed to be more interested than the other in the issue of my visit; I thought I detected a roguish look of archness about the younger, while her sister spoke upon the subject, which led me to suspect it was more than pity which prompted her enquiries.

In a short time I was ushered into the chamber of Mr. Smith. I advanced cautiously to the side of the bed and saw a young man of very handsome features lying apparently asleep. He opened his eyes as I approached, and, staring wildly on me for some time, he said, "Well,—I'm very glad you're come at last,—and that confounded apothecary will bother me no more with his praises." I enquired into the symptoms of his disease without taking any notice of this address; and asked him where was the principal seat of his pain?—He looked fiercely, knitted his brows, while his fine eyes almost literally flashed fire,—and exclaimed, "Where is the seat of my pain!—My aunt!"—I judged from this, and from the obvious excitement of his manner, that he was powerfully under the influence of fever—I felt his pulse, and said soothingly at the same time, "I was in hopes from the high character I had heard of you that you would have borne this accident with more equanimity." He wrenched his wrist out of my fingers and threw himself back distractedly on his pillow—"There! there! there!—high character again!—The whole world is leagued against me. Sir! was it not enough that aunts and cousins, strangers, visitors, friends, companions, country surgeons, curates, old maids and half-pay captains, should exterminate me with their detestable commendation, but must I also suffer martyrdom from a person of *your* reputation and abilities?—it will inevitably drive me mad!" He covered his face with his hands and gave way to a violent paroxysm of grief. I tried all methods to soothe him; but I found that the usual means, in this instance, entirely failed. He raged and stormed the more I endeavoured, as the common plan is, to compliment him into good humour. I perceived at last that something was wrong; but whether in the

mind of my patient, or in the way in which he had been treated, I could not determine. As I manifestly perceived, however, that soft speeches had no effect on him, I resolved to try what an opposite course would produce. I looked at him with a mixture of severity and contempt, and then said, "I never in the whole course of my practice met with such a drivelling, weak-minded blockhead as yourself; you are the most childish miserable creature I ever encountered, and I shall decidedly leave you this moment, unless you conduct yourself like a rational being."

"Doctor!" he said, "give me your hand, you're the only sensible man I have seen for these many years. There, sit down like a good fellow, and call me all these names again, it does me good; I assure you it does:"—and as he said this, he looked so pleased and delighted, that I was strongly tempted to call him all manner of opprobrious names merely for his gratification.—

"There, Mr. Smith, you now speak with the sense and calmness I expected."

"No such thing; Sir! don't endeavour to hide the opinion you so truly expressed a minute ago, under a heap of flowery speeches. I have had enough of them in my time. And, by heavens! the first man that dares to insult me by his praise I shall shoot through the heart, as I would a hyena!"

"Well, be it so!"—I rejoined—"I confess you are the most extraordinary fool I ever saw,—and I should be almost as much inclined as yourself to quarrel with any one who thought you any thing else."

"That's right; that's friendly. Will you give it me under your hand and seal that you think me an idiot?—I'll get it framed and glazed, and hung up in my aunt's parlour—ha! ha! 'My nephew John Smith an idiot!' how the old woman will be surprised!—it will kill her or cure her—and in either case it will be a great blessing to me!—Come, write it down in large capital letters,—an idiot, a born, insufferable, incorrigible idiot—be sure you make it plain and distinct—now, now, thank you, thank you,"—and he turned on his side, and in an instant was sound asleep.

On descending to the drawing-room I was subjected to a very close examination. I shook my head with the gravity expected from a celebrated physician, and declined expressing any decided opinion till I had seen my patient

again. I, however, quieted their fears by stating that I apprehended no ultimate danger, and concluded, like my brethren, by hoping that every thing would turn out for the best.—I was really puzzled by the case. I saw no inflammation about the young man, to account for his extraordinary behaviour; he expressed himself well and distinctly, and I confess that I looked forward to my next visit with no inconsiderable curiosity.

Early next morning I accordingly set off for Mr. —'s. The two sisters met me as I rode up the avenue; and I saw from their faces, and especially from that of the elder, that they were gratified by the attention I bestowed on my mysterious patient. I took the opportunity of making a few enquiries which might aid me in my judgment upon the case. Mr. Smith had been an inmate of the house for upwards of a month; his parents were both dead, and he had been under the care of a maiden aunt in Shropshire, since his earliest childhood.—I asked, in as unintentional a manner as I could assume, if it was likely any love affair might cause his present excitement; and I saw from the blushes of the elder sister, and a malicious smile on the beautiful features of the other, that I need not pursue my inquiries on that subject any farther.

I proceeded to the house, and in a few minutes again was at the bed side of Mr. Smith. He was a great deal more quiet and composed; and, after a few preliminary inquiries, which he answered quite rationally, I proceeded to talk of his illness. He interrupted me,—and said—"My illness in itself is a mere trifle; my ankle to be sure is severely sprained; but instead of troubling ourselves about that, if you will let me tell you a few circumstances of my situation, you will perhaps see the cause of my irritation, and excuse the incoherent, rambling manner in which I addressed you last night.

"I have an aunt whose excessive kindness to me has been the misery of my existence; she has made me since the hour of my birth the theme of her unwearied praises. My abilities, I suppose, are much like other people's, but she paints me to every person and upon all occasions, as the highest genius the world ever produced. My appearance is nothing out of the common way; my aunt believes, as firmly as she does her Bible, that I am more beautiful than Adonis. I pass over the

way she treated me in my youth ;—but her praises were so constant that I soon learned to believe them. She was the richest and most influential personage in our village, had the finest house, and gave the most splendid entertainments. The clergyman, the surgeon and the attorney, accordingly, were equally profuse in my praises as my aunt herself; and an old half-pay captain who settled near us very soon joined in the chorus. No wonder I thought myself a most wonderful fellow indeed. Even school, where I was flogged for ignorance, thrashed by the boys for my arrogance and vanity, and from which I was finally expelled for petty thefts and a strong habit of telling lies, neither undeceived my aunt nor myself. The clergyman, the surgeon, the attorney, and the half-pay captain, were as vigorous and indefatigable in dining with the old lady and praising me as ever; and among them all, I had a fair prospect of finding my way to the gallows. I was luckily sent to another school, where, in due course of time, I came to a fairer estimate of myself; at all events, I reformed so far as to give up my habits of pilfering and lying.—But in the vacations, my ears were still saluted with the same unvarying song,—Master John did this, and Master John did that, better than any body else in the county. Their praises, amongst people who did not know me, brought me even at that time into unnumbered scrapes. If I went out any where for a few days, my reputation as a student generally procured me a book, and permission to remain in the library, while the rest of the boys were enjoying themselves at some game; for my aunt generally concluded her commendations by saying, ‘and as for books! give my John a book, and he will not care a straw for all the amusements in the world.’

“At last, however, I was sent to the University. Our clergyman had been a fellow-student of the principal tutor of my college. Besides a letter of praises from my aunt, her reverend echo favoured me with a note of introduction. In this my abilities and attainments were described as very nearly miraculous; and for the first few days it was evident my preceptor stood in considerable awe of his pupil. When, however, he put me on, his awe very rapidly diminished. I made two false quantities in the first sentence, and could not make out above a word here and there of the translation. In

short, as the phrase is in the university, I was ‘plucked for my little go;’ and though in my examination for my degree, I was very nearly in the same situation, I managed to scrape through. The battle of Waterloo was a mere trifle to my ‘pass.’ My aunt feasted all the village; the clergyman introduced me in a sermon on the powers of the human mind; and the half-pay captain never addressed me without saying ‘Sir,’ in every sentence, and concluding—‘but this, of course, with deference to your wonderful abilities.’

“By this time I hated the very appearance of praise. I could have knocked the old sycophantish blockheads down every time they began their panygyrics. But they soon took a new fancy into their heads. If any book of great merit was published anonymously, they were sure to discover something or other in the style which convinced them I was the author. I wish people would put their names to their writings. I have been complimented for the last year or two as the author of the Kuzzilbash; and they can by no means imagine how I have made myself so conversant with eastern manners. Any leading article in a magazine or review was sure only to encrease my fame.—‘It so like Mr. John, I could have known it in a moment.’

“My hatred at last rose beyond all bounds. My aunt among some strangers had been descanting as usual on my abilities, and as a very satirical poem was at that time highly spoken of, she of course laid claim to all the honours of it for me. A Welch gentleman in company got up and left the room. I was at this time at home. A message was sent to me demanding satisfaction for my cowardly libel. I could not tell what the individual alluded to, and replied to that effect; he persisted in his challenge, and added some insinuations against my courage. I met him; and it was not till he was slightly wounded, that I could get an explanation. The satire had been directed principally against his uncle, and even indirectly implicated himself. I assured him I never wrote any thing which could offend a human being; and though I parted on friendly terms with my opponent, I could not bring myself to look with common patience on the causes of my rencontre. I loathed them and their praises; and to escape them for a time, I resolved to come and visit my relations in this part of the country.

But my aunt had been beforehand with me even here. I was looked upon, in consequence of her ridiculous commendations, as a paragon of all sorts of perfections. Mr. — himself treated me with as much deference as if I had been a bishop. Literature was the only subject talked of—I was so wonderfully fond of books and such a celebrated author. Dancing was forbidden—I was such a pleasure-hating philosopher: and though I heard them laughing, and singing, and talking while they were together, the girls were converted into statues the moment I entered the room.

My life grew hateful to me; and I believe I would have consigned my aunt and her abettors to the flames without a moment's hesitation. Letter after letter arrived with the post-mark of our village, and greater became the respect of this delightful family. I could bear it no longer. I resolved to make a confidante of at least one of the girls, and I fixed upon Julia,—you have seen her—the taller one—so I need not describe what an angel she is. After that, she and I became particular friends. She delighted me more and more, the less awe she entertained of my abilities; and I should infallibly have been over head and ears in love with her, as I saw she began to despise me. But my aunt, my abominable aunt, interfered again. In one of her letters she had been boasting of my horsemanship, and Mr. — took the opportunity of having such a Ducrow in his house, to mount me on a vicious horse he has, which nobody has been able to subdue. I mounted him, unconscious of my danger; he set off with me before the eyes of the whole family, Julia herself looking on;—and the accomplished horseman, after clinging for some time to the mane in no very graceful fashion, was at last chucked off and sprained his ankle.—Then came an apothecary who praised me as much as my aunt. All this, the pain, the excitement, and age against my tormentress, worked me into a fever; and I took the liberty of sending for you, in hopes of getting not only your professional assistance, but also your advice how I am to act."

The confession explained every thing to my entire satisfaction. I saw that keeping him from mixing with the family increased his irritation; and that very day I ordered him into the drawing-room, to recline on the sofa, and by all means to be kept amused. I called again in two or three days, and found

that Miss Julia had constituted herself his nurse. They were reading together the 'Pleasures of Hope;' and before I left the country, I was promised a pair of gloves, and not to be forgotten in the distribution of the wedding-cake.

There is much fine feeling in the following "Gems of Poesy."

OLD AGE,—ITS COMPANIONS.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Look,—I grow old. Amidst how many storms
Hath come my winter, leaving on this head
A snow must never melt. Companions have I
Who will not leave me for the ruddiest lip,
Palsy, Catarrh, cold Ague; Blindness strait
Will come and hide me from the scorching noont,
And Deafness will shut out all wild alarms;
And so—helped gently by my soft turf bed,
I'll soon lie down and sleep. A day—an hour—
A minute—after the last sigh hath flown,
And where shall I be? Shall I be, indeed,
A traveller swifter than the sun, and pass,
In one small countless breath of vulgar time,
From earth unto the angels!

VERSES.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

Oh agony! keen agony,
For trusting heart to find
That vows believed were vows conceived
As light as summer wind.

Oh agony! fierce agony,
For loving heart to brook,
In one brief hour, the withering power
Of unimpassioned look.

Oh agony! deep agony,
For heart that's proud and high,
To learn of Fate how desolate
It may be ere it die!

Oh agony! sharp agony,
To find how loath to part
With the fickleness and faithlessness,
That break a trusting heart!

We must here "break off our conference" with this elegant and imposing volume; which, notwithstanding some trifling drawbacks on its otherwise uniform excellence, will more than support the reputation earned by its predecessors.

The next of the annuals that meets the eye on our groaning table, is the

Forget-me-not.

Edited by F. Shoberl, Esq.

Gayer than ever: the old suit that it has worn for years, and looked more than respectable in (we had nearly said has become thread-bare) to speak the truth, is abandoned,—it is gone like past time no more to return, and it now walks forth in as rich caparison of crimson and gold as any of its more youthful brethren; but if the outside be rich, no less so is the lining. Its embellishments comprise several masterpieces of art. Those which excite our admiration most are the following:—
"The Triumph of Mordecai," by J. Martin. "Mariana," a lovely portrait by the late President of the Royal Aca-

demy. "Toka," by W. Purser. "The Stage-struck Hero," by W. Kidd.— "The Frosty Reception," by R. W. Buss; and "Mayenci," by S. Prout.— To say that these are beautiful, does not convey an idea of their merit; they must be seen to be fully appreciated.

The literature of the FORGET-ME-NOT this year, bates 'not a jot' of its former excellence. To speak in general terms, the contributions are of a very superior order, and the poetry is by far the best that has ever graced its pages. It abounds with genius and powerful imagery: several of the pieces would not disgrace the most classic mind. Here follows some of our favourites.

THE FROSTY RECEPTION.

By W. H. Harrison, Esq.

FRANK FURROWFIELD was one of the six sons of a substantial yeoman, in Kent. He was a genius, and, happily, the only one in his family. He soon began to furnish evidence of a superior mind, by the original manner in which he acquitted himself of the duties that he appeared to have been brought into the world to perform. His father requiring his services at the farm, he was taken early from school, where, to do him justice, he made the most of his time, seeing that, before he was twelve years old, he had read Robinson Crusoe, the Seven Champions, the Farmer's Boy, Chevy Chase, Robin Hood, and other interminable ballads, by heart. His first employment was to tend a herd of cattle, and take care that they did not break bounds, a task which he executed in such a way that his father had frequent demands upon his pocket, for their release from a certain narrow enclosure to which some good-natured neighbour or other had consigned them. In due course he was promoted to the handles, or, as our northern countrymen designate them, the stils of the plough. Here he contrived to achieve that combination of the *utile et dulce*, of which he sagely imagined rural life to be peculiarly susceptible, by constructing a sort of reading-desk in the wood-work of the implement, and thus making the culture of the earth and that of his mind concurrent operations.

The system was admirable, but, like every other of human origin, it had its defects; in illustration of which it may be mentioned that he was one day so absorbed by his literary, as entirely to forget his agricultural, pursuits: while the urchin who drove the horses, taking advantage of the mental absence of his

young master, absconded in search of birds' nests; and Frank, unconsciously following the plough through a gap in the hedge, contrived, before he discovered the mistake, to convert into fallow half an acre of growing corn belonging to a neighbour, who acknowledged the obligation through the medium of his attorney on the following morning.

Old Furrowfield bore these indications of genius in his son with exemplary patience, till, at length, Frank suffered himself to be shot through the heart by a dairy-fed Cupid, and fell in love with the milkmaid. The votary of Apollo has no business at the altar of Hymen, and so probably thought the farmer, who, determining to remove his son from the farm at all hazards, encouraged a design which Frank had, for some time, entertained of proceeding to London, and making his fortune at once by a poem, the composition of which had cost him six months' labour and his father three actions of trespass.

It happened that Frank had a maternal uncle, living in London, where he had acquired a large fortune in trade. Now, as our hero would at any time have been happy to see his relative, he naturally concluded that his relative would be equally overjoyed to see him. Frank accordingly obtained an elaborate letter of introduction from his mother, set out for London, and presented himself at his uncle's door in high spirits and a pair of leathern spatterdashes. Mr. Doublepenny, such was the worthy trader's name, had been very successful in the pursuit of civic honours, and ate his way to the gout and a common-councilman's gown before he had attained his fortieth year. He was remarkable for his dislike of French wines, and his affection for every thing English, but small beer and the pure element. Indeed, it is said that the aversicn of the citizens generally from the crystal spring is absolutely hydrophobic, and that, if it were their lot to walk on four legs instead of two, not one of them would escape hanging in the dog-days. This, however, is a gross exaggeration, for I have it upon excellent authority that, on one of their grandest festivals, they take water every year at Blackfriars.

"Is Mr. Doublepenny at home?" inquired Frank of the servant who opened the door.

"The Deputy," answered the woman, laying a reproving emphasis on the word, "is at home, but he can't see nobody."

"Poor gentleman!" exclaimed our hero, much shocked, "is he so ill then?"

"Ill! no," replied the other, "he is quite charming now; but I tell you again you can't see him, for he is at dinner."

"Does he dine in the dark then?" asked Frank with great simplicity.

"Dine in the dark? no!" responded the damsel, "but master don't like to be interrupted at meal-times, and won't see nobody."

"None are so blind as those who won't see," exclaimed the applicant; "but tell him that his nephew Frank Furrowfield is just arrived from the country, and would be glad to speak with him."

The maiden returned to her master, closely followed by Frank, who had misunderstood her direction to take a chair in the hall till she should come back, and thus enjoyed the satisfaction of hearing his message duly delivered. The sudden retreat of his conductress, on perceiving the mistake which he had committed, rather damped his expectations of a welcome from the worthy Deputy, with whom he now found himself face to face.

Mr. Doublepenny, be it observed, had been laid up with the gout for six weeks, during which his heels had been as much upon the pillow as his head.—Having at last been permitted to abandon the antiphlogistic system, he was, as Frank knocked at the door, sitting down to one of his favourite dishes, and had just raised the first morsel upon his fork, when the entrance of his visitor arrested it *in transitu*.

The most lordly and magnanimous of brutes has an objection to being disturbed at his dinner, and our Deputy was less patient of intrusion on such occasions than any brute of them all. Had a ghost or his physician suddenly appeared and commanded him to abstain from the untasted banquet, they would scarcely have met with a more "frosty reception" than our hero encountered. The Deputy eyed the intruder for some time with an expression of countenance, in which astonishment and displeasure were blended. At length recovering the power of utterance, he inquired: "And what, pray, may be the urgent nature of your business with me, young gentleman, that it could not keep until to-morrow morning?"

Frank briefly explained the purport of his visit to London, when his relative exclaimed, "And is that all?—why I thought nothing less than that the farm-

house, barn, stack, and stable, had been burnt to the ground or swept off by a hurricane. Do, pray, young man, allow me to eat the only dinner I have seen for these six weeks in peace; and, as you perceive it is getting cold, just write down your address in the next room, and I will let you know when it will be convenient for me to see you. Good day to you, sir."

Frank, who, in the confusion of the moment, had forgotten his mother's letter of introduction, took it from his pocket, and, having placed it on the table, hastily withdrew. Before, however, he quitted the house, he was, by the direction of the Deputy, sumptuously regaled on bread and cheese and small beer, which latter luxury may be compared to advice, inasmuch as it is often very liberally dispensed to others by those who will, on no account, be prevailed on to take it themselves.

Frank, having finished his repast, quitted the house, notwithstanding the thinness of his potations, with an internal conviction of being "the worse for liquor;" but, like the writer of this article, he was a moderate man, and never drank a tumbler of table-beer, without feeling that he had taken a glass too much.

On the following morning, our hero, whose experience of London relationship, it must be acknowledged, had not been the most encouraging, determined to fling himself upon the mercy of the booksellers, and accordingly, MS. in hand, he made the grand tour, in the course of which he received every possible civility, for publishers are the most obliging creatures upon earth, particularly in the way of refusals. As, however, it is difficult to meet with one disposed to purchase an article without some slight prospect of being able to sell it, poor Frank returned to the Smithfield hotel, with his poem on his hands, and a strong suspicion on his mind, that, like another man of genius, who marched to Moscow and found the climate hotter than he expected, he had "made a mistake."

While he was ruminating on his disappointment, a note was brought to him from his uncle, requesting to see him at a certain hour that afternoon. Although he felt little gratitude for the Deputy's reception on the preceding day, Frank could not afford to throw away the chance of assistance, and therefore obeyed the summons.

On entering the house, his nostrils were saluted by a very tantalizing odour

of roast beef. He was shown up to the Deputy, whom he found seated by the fire, while his afflicted toes, having been divested of some dozen folds of flannel, had insinuated themselves into a slipper, not more than twice the size of his shoe. Matters were evidently upon an improved footing, for Mr. Doublepenny, with the assistance of his crutch, regained his legs, and, shaking his nephew by the hand, complimented him on his punctuality, and added, that he had a few words to say to him, which, as dinner was just coming to table, he would defer until they had discussed the beef.

When the cloth was removed, the Deputy gravely asked which fare he preferred; the bread and cheese and small beer, with which he had been regaled on the day before, or the roast beef and plum-pudding which had just graced the board. Frank replied, that his choice certainly rather pointed to the roast beef.

"And now," said the Deputy, "let us see the—epic I think you call it;" and as his nephew was unfolding it, he continued, "Nay, you need not trouble yourself to open it, the first page will do. Ah! a very fair running hand, I protest."

While our hero was speculating upon what the city dignitary would observe next, the latter resumed the conversation by saying,—

"Your mother, in her letter, I see, places some reliance upon my good offices for you, and she has a right to do so, as, when I quitted home to seek my fortune, she doubled my capital by slipping half a crown into my hand, while her sisters would have sold me into slavery, if they could have gained a cast gown or a new ribbon by the bargain. Now, it happens that I have just lost my clerk, and, if you like to fill the vacancy, I think you will find the employment more profitable than writing epics."

Frank expressed his gratitude for the offer, but modestly hinted a doubt of his qualifications for the office.

"As to that," said Doublepenny, "I see you write a tolerably good hand, and your mother says you have some knowledge of figures, while, in any thing else you may require to know, I can probably instruct you."

Observing Frank to glance at his somewhat rustic habiliments, the Deputy added, "I know what you would say: your coat is a little out of fashion to be sure; but, if you determine on

declining business as an author, I will purchase your stock in trade for fifty pounds, and I apprehend you will scarcely meet with a better bargain for your epic, either in 'the Row,' or at the 'West End;' so make up your mind, man, and choose between a crust in a garret and a hot joint with me in the parlour."

Alas! I record the sequel with a blush: Plutus prevailed over Apollo; the ignoble bard basely consented to sacrifice his literary first-born, which was accordingly bought, and burnt by the Deputy, and thus, in the poet's eye "in a fine frenzy rolling," the temple of Fame was eclipsed by a sirlolin of beef. The Deputy, I am informed, has since taken his nephew into partnership, and plumes himself on having made a trader and spoiled a poet.

MAGGY O' BUCCLEUCH.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

AIR—Days of Yore.

O cam' ye through the forests green,
By Yarrow's mountains wild an' blue?
O saw ye beauty's rural queen,
The bonny Maggy o' Buccleuch!
For Maggy is the bonniest flower
On Yarrow braes that ever grew,
That ever graced a vernal bowser,
Or frae the gowan brush'd the dew.

But O! it's no her comely face,
Nor blink o' joy that's in her e'e,
Nor her enchanting form o' grace,
That maks the lassie dear to me!
Na, na, it's no the cherry lip,
The rosy cheek an' lily chin,
Which the wild bee wad like to sip—
'Tis the sweet soul that dwells within.

I hae been up the cauldrite north,
'Mang hills an' dells o' frozen brine,
As far as reels the rowin earth,
Au' far ayont the burning line;
But a' the lasses e'er I saw,
For modest mien an' lovely hue,
There was na one amang them a'
Like bonny Maggy o' Buccleuch.

It is pleasing, on parting with a face we have long been familiar with, to encounter another; such are our feelings when we view a new volume of

The Gem.

Having bestowed our hearty and unqualified commendation upon this work in another place, it is unnecessary here to offer any further prefatory remarks,—we shall therefore proceed at once to extract the following, which we think is told with much vigour and ability.

THE POLISH REGALIA.*
 BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF
 POLAND."

In the outskirts of the forest of Białowiez, one of those wild tracks of woodland which are scattered over Lithuania, stands a small cottage, apparently built for a hunting-box, or temporary residence during the season of the bear-chase; but several circumstances show that it has not been of late years the mere resort of a migratory visitant. A narrow strip of ground has been cleared, though the soil submits but sullenly to the innovation of culture; and, here and there, a few fruit-trees have dispossessed the lords of the forest of their ancient domain. The little hermitage, however, is now fast verging to decay; and the weeds and bushes are contending for possession of the patch of ground.

The family circle which lately tenanted this cottage, was one in which death had made the most capricious, and, at the same time, most extended devastation, having reduced it to two members—a hoary-headed patriarch and a youth, who, together with two or three serfs, composed the whole household. The old man's features were of that character which speak of mind, and whose expression was too marked to be merely the secondary formation of habit or circumstance; while his white hair and bent figure proved that he had weathered many winters. Count Zaleski was the title by which his serfs addressed him; but neither they nor the youth knew any thing of his history. He called the boy Victor, and would sometimes add the epithet "son;" but on these occasions a tear might always be seen stealing down his wrinkled cheek, and he would afterwards sit buried in thought for hours.

In the beginning of November, 1830, the arrival of a horseman at the cottage, and his hasty departure, after being closetted with the Count a short time, excited much speculation in this little society. Some weeks, however, passed on in the usual "leaden-footed" monotony: Zaleski made no communication to Victor on the subject; and, at length, even the domestics' curiosity was fairly tired out. Victor observed, or imagined he observed, a considerable change in the deportment of his venerable guardian: new vigour seemed to be in-

fused into his languid veins; and, ever and anon, the flashes of former ardour would light up his faded eye. But the boy was obliged to content himself with conjecture as to the reason of this apparent alteration, and the object of the stranger's visit. There were never any two persons between whom there existed more unrestrained intercourse than Victor and his aged relative; all the frost of Zaleski's manner melted away at a glimpse or a sound of the boy; but there were subjects which were forbidden to be touched on. Zaleski would, sometimes, ransack all the stores of his well-furnished mind, for the amusement or information of his young companion—would often tell him the glorious tales of Poland's ancient annals, the deeds of war and chivalry achieved by the Casimirs and Sobieskis; but, if questioned on the events which had occurred in his own time, the old man would convulsively draw his hand across his brow, and relapse into his customary taciturnity.

Nearly a month had crept away since the mysterious visit, and the little family had been one evening wiling away the time with their usual avocations, Zaleski musing, Victor reading; the Count was even more absorbed in thought than in general, when, after gazing intently at the youth some minutes, as if fathoming his very soul, he started from his seat; and, seizing an old sabre, which hung over the fireplace, he drew it from the scabbard, and waved to the servants to leave the apartment.

"Victor!" said the old man, in a loud impassioned voice, "throw away your books; a more glorious page than those will yet be added to Poland's history, and we may have a share in it. This night, I say, is the last of Russian despotism; perhaps the blow is already struck, and Poland is free!"

Zaleski then explained to the astonished youth, that the stranger, whose visit had excited so much curiosity, was a messenger from one of his friends at Warsaw, who were acquainted with his hermitage, bringing tidings of the conspiracy that was in active preparation to shake off the Russian yoke. This night, the glorious 29th of November, was the time concerted for striking the blow; and by this hour," said Zaleski, "the standard of independence is waving on the walls of Warsaw." The old man now, for the first time, informed Victor of his personal history; the narrative, occasion-

* The ground-work of this story may be seen in the *Constitutionnel* of the 18th of May, 1839.

ally broken by sighs and a few tears, was to the following effect.

Count Zaleski was one of those patriotic Polish nobles who fought so long and valiantly against foreign oppression; he was a Lithuanian by birth, of considerable wealth, though his estates had now passed into the possession of the Russians. He had engaged heart and soul in the unfortunate confederacy of Bar, and had stood by the side of the gallant Kosciusko, in the fatal field of Maciejowice; after which he had shared the fate of his other brothers in arms, being severed from his wife and child, a boy of ten or twelve years old, and dragged to the wilds of Siberia. On the death of Catherine, in 1796, Paul, who then ascended the Russian throne, proclaimed a general amnesty; Zaleski was restored to the arms of his wife and child, and retired into an obscure nook of Lithuania, with the wrecks of his fortune, to pine over the sad fate of his unfortunate country, and to bring up his boy to be an avenger of its wrongs. Time rolled on, and Zaleski saw himself the grandfather of the little Victor. Shortly after his birth, the gigantic army of Napoleon marched towards Moscow, to lay low the arch-enemy of Napoleon; and the Count and his son were marshalled in its ranks. That awful and ill-starred expedition bereaved Zaleski of his child, and Victor of his father; grief leagued with war to thin this unfortunate family; and the old man and the infant were all that remained of the name of Zaleski.

"Think not," said the Count, with energy, "that the crown which has bound the temples of a Boleslas, a Casimir, and a Sobieski, has ever adorned the head of a Nicholas. No, the glittering bauble which, in the disgraceful pageant of last year,* was prostituted to the gratification of a despot's pride, was as new as his hated dynasty. The diadem of Poland shall only grace the head of a Piast! See!" exclaimed Zaleski, as he drew forth a small key which was suspended round his neck, and throwing open a closet, raised the floor, which was constructed so as to form the lid of a large chest. The astonished youth beheld five crowns, four sceptres, three golden apples, two chains of gold, and a curiously wrought sword.

"Swear upon the cross of this holy

* The coronation of Nicholas took place at Warsaw.

sword," said Zaleski, as he presented him the sabre to kiss, which was once wielded by the great Boleslas, "that you will never reveal the secret I am now about to disclose, till a Piast is on the throne of Poland!"

"I swear!" said Victor.

"Count Bielski," continued the old man, "was one of my oldest and best friends: he fought with me under Kosciusko; but the close of that unfortunate campaign severed us; I was dragged to Siberia, and heard nothing of his fate till some years afterwards. In our dreadful retreat from Moscow we were continually harassed by the Cossacks, who invariably seized and butchered any straggler from the main corps, whether in the van or rear. One of their victims was one day lying in our road; and the soldiers, who had lost all commiseration in the absorbing feeling of self-preservation, were heedlessly riding over the body, when I chanced to pass by, and, imagining that I saw the blood still oozing from the wounds, ordered the men to remove and examine it. It proved to be a Polish officer; he had received some severe cuts in the head; but, by dint of what few restoratives we could furnish, animation returned. You may imagine my surprise and horror, when on looking at his pale but handsome features, I recognised my dear friend. At the sound of my exclamation, he opened his eyes, and faintly uttered my name, and, at the same time, made a motion for me to bring my ear nearer to his mouth. I could only distinguish the word "secret;" and in a few moments his eyes were again closed, and his voice suspended; he was exhausted with loss of blood; and as proud a heart as ever beat in mortal bosom then ceased to throb for ever. I hung for some time lingering over the corpse, straining my ears to catch if it were but the slightest murmur from those pale lips; but they had closed for the last time, and the beautiful mind which had peopled that brain with exalted ideas, had flown to heaven, and carried its secret with it!

"The anxiety and bustle of the retreat, for a while, banished the circumstance from my thoughts. I should have followed the waning fortunes of the Corsican with my brave countrymen; but there was another little voice calling to me for protection. I laid by my sword for the third time, and, taking you, Victor, in my arms, set out to seek for a seclusion where the Russian blood-hounds might not hunt me out,

and where I might not be insulted with the despot's mercy. I wandered on from day to day; and, having got into the rear of the enemy, who followed up the fugitives, I bent my way into Lithuania, seeking shelter by night in the huts of the serfs. On these occasions, the image of poor Bielski continually haunted me; and I frequently started from sleep with the word secretly ringing in my ears. Grief and fatigue had perhaps, somewhat unhinged my mind, and I began to imagine that the spirit of my friend could not rest until this secret were discovered, and that it was perpetually reproaching me with not doing so. One night, after having lulled you to sleep, and tossing some hours on the hard couch which chance gave me, haunted with superstitious imaginations, nature seemed quite tired out; and I fell into one of those delightful slumbers which appear to flow over the parched brain, with a faint murmur whispering of all the joys of by-gone days. Bielski was by my side as in former times; and we were threading the mazes of this very forest, as was often our custom, when we suddenly emerged from the wood, and he pointed to this cottage, which was formerly his hunting-seat, to which I often accompanied him, and exclaimed,— 'There!' I turned, but he was gone; and with the exertion I awoke.

"I will not deny that this dream made a deeper impression on my mind than my philosophy can account for; but, at the same time, nothing could be more natural than, after thinking so much of my friend, that my ideas should revert to the scenes where we spent so many happy days together; and in no place was I so likely to arrive at a discovery of the secret as in this cottage, which he always made his residence during many months of the year, being passionately fond of the chase, and which it was most probable he had made his hiding-place after the unfortunate campaign under Kosciusko.— This was the reasoning with which I excused myself for obeying the command of my spectral visitant; and, being at no great distance from this spot, I hastened on with the determination of making it my abode. I found the cottage much gone to decay, but tenanted by two or three serfs, who had served Bielski, and who instantly recognised me as his friend, and volunteered their services. I was soon established in this little domicile; but still the secret haunted me night and day. I

searched the house with care, but nothing was to be found; I questioned the serfs closely, but they could not give me any information: at length I despaired of success, and tried to drive away the thought by turning over a few books and papers which Bielski had left here.

"One day, when putting some writings, with which I had been amusing myself, into the escritoire, I saw that the damp had warped the wood; and, on closer inspection, I found that the bottom was loose and artfully constructed to conceal a small partition. I eagerly tore it up, and, to my gratification, met with a sealed paper addressed 'to Count Zaleski.' The envelope told me that the enclosed papers would reveal to me a secret of some importance, in case of Bielski's death, and that I was the only person to whom it was to be confided until old age rendered me an unsafe guardian of it. The writing consisted of the following narrative:—

"During the glorious struggle for independence, in 1794, it will be remembered that the traitorous governor of Cracow, Winiawski, surrendered that city to the Prussians without a blow; and among other things, the castle, which contained the royal treasury, fell into the hands of the enemy. The news reached Kosciusko's camp, which was before Warsaw, in which Bielski served as a volunteer; and every mouth was full of imprecations against the treacherous governor.

One night, shortly after this event, Bielski was roused from sleep by a foot gently stealing into his tent: his midnight visitant was enveloped in a cowl, but presently made himself known as his brother. Thaddeus Bielski was from infancy a superstitious enthusiast, and had entered the ecclesiastic profession from principle, with a mind whose very perceptions of the most natural events or phenomena were so morbidly exaggerated, that circumstances which appeared trivial to others, exercised over him the most unbounded influence.— 'Brother,' said he, in a solemn voice, 'the royal treasury is in the possession of the enemy; the impious Lutherans have, perhaps, ere this, laid their unhallowed hands on the sacred diadem of Mieczylas and the holy sword of Boleslas, and the sceptre has passed away from Poland! Vow to aid me in the recovery of these sacred relics before it be too late!'

(To be concluded in our next.)

In the course of about a fortnight, we shall devote another extra sheet to the remainder of the *Annals*, enriched with an ILLUSTRATION, which, we trust, for choice of subject, for cleverness of drawing, and for beauty of engraving, has never been excelled by any publication of a similar nature to our own.



See page 292

Illustrated Article.

THE BRIGAND OF EBOLI.*

BY CHARLES MACFARLANE, ESQ.

It was on a fine afternoon early in summer, the day of the annual festival of Santa Maria degli Angioli, that a troop of peasants, coming in the direction of Salerno, took the steep mountain path leading to the far-famed sanctuary of the Madonna, which stands on the loftiest peak of the grand chain of Apennine that extends between Avellino and the Salernitan gulf. They passed on with hurried steps, though they were far too late to witness the miracle performed every year by the uncouth wooden statue of the Virgin, or to have any part in the devotions of the day and sport, which were always finished long before noon. Perhaps they were only anxious to lose as little as possible of the feasting and dancing, that always closely follow the offices of religion in the gay south, on days

like these; but the way-farers did not look so gay and careless as men usually do when repairing on such pleasant business. Their dark rough brows were knit, their large coal-black eyes were darting and restless, as though habitually so, from fear or vigilance; and though they failed not most devoutly to cross themselves at every one of the innumerable crucifixes, and little white chapels, that formed from the mountain's root an avenue to its summit, the words on their tongues were unholy and ungentle.

One among them, indeed, seemed more light-hearted and unconcerned; he went on caroling some simple ditty, but the theme of the song was a robber's exploit, and the boldness depicted on his bronzed countenance, partook of ferocity, and was bordered by an expression of wiliness or cunning. To judge from his figure, which was much exposed, as he wore only a loose shirt open at the neck, and drawers that descended no lower than the knee, he must have been a young man; but the lines of his face had the depth and ri-

* From the Lit. Souvenir.
VOL. VIII. T

gidity that older years, or that hard life and violent passions, which can anticipate the work of age, impress on the human countenance. His form was cast in a fine manly mould, and his face, sun-burnt as it was, would have been handsome, but for those deep passion-furrows, and that rigidity;—indeed, it was handsome at moments when some soothing feeling occupied him, as it would now and then on his way, when emerging from a thick wood of ilex, or turning some obstructing rock, the view of the rich and smiling plain at his feet would burst upon him, or a glimpse of the white façade of the Sanctuary of the Madonna, high above his head, with the crowding, festive groups before it.

When they drew nearer to the sanctuary, the merry sounds of the tabor and the zampogna (a sort of bagpipe, which primitive instrument, highly modified, is found in the higher regions of the Neapolitan kingdom, as well as in nearly every mountainous district of Europe), somewhat cleared up the countenances, and tranquillized the uneasy eyes of the other peasants, who walked towards the attractive scene with quickened steps.

“We shall get a tune and a dance, and a draught of good wine under the shadow of the Virgin, if we get nothing better,” said one of the way-farers.

“Ay, ay, a cup of Lachryma Christi, and a slice of *presciutto*, and a *terraglio* or so,” said another.

“And a squeeze of the hand, and a smile from a pretty girl or two!” joyfully cried the least ill-looking one of the party.

“Those pretty girls will be thy ruin, sooner or later!” said one of the sourest-visaged of the peasantry, “take my word for it, will they, unless thou changeest thy fantasies, and ceasest to be caught by the rustle of female garments after this guise.”

“Peace to thee—bird of evil augury!” replied the other, and he added, after a short reflective pause:—“But even if it should be so, what matters it? Some take their way to the devil’s mansion by cards and dice, some with the wine-cup, some go one way, some another—and if woman be as sure a way as any, it is certainly as pleasant a one! But we are near the sanctuary!—a prayer to the Madonna, my comrades!”

And in the next moment, these men who seemed occupied by any thing rather than sentiments of religion and peace, devoutly crossed themselves, and pronounced an “Ave Maria,” with

much fervour. They were now in a thick grove of hardy mountain ash, and finishing their prayer to the Virgin, they advanced to its extremity, at which they paused to observe the scene. It was picturesque and animated. Before the snow-white sanctuary which stood on a peak of bare rock, that was ascended by a winding stair-case, cut in the rock’s face, there was an esplanade, partly natural, and in part artificial, of considerable extent. On this elevated flat the devotees from all the neighbouring country, and many from distant parts of the kingdom, and on the slopes of the mountain, immediately beneath it, were assembled in gay confusion, which was increased and rendered the pleasanter to the eye, by the variety of costume; for then, as now, nearly every district had its peculiar mode of dress, and that of the females was frequently graceful and striking to an extreme degree.

Some groups were refreshing themselves with provisions or dainties, furnished copiously by certain itinerant vendors or other more sedate dealers, who had erected temporary kitchens in the open air; others were exclusively engaged with the wine-flask, that passed rapidly round, with a *brindisi* or rhymed toast or sentiment, supposed at least to be an impromptu, from each gay Bacchanalian; whilst the sweet nuts that grow so plentifully in the romantic district of Avellino, were munched now and then as an accompaniment to the juice of the grape. Conjurors, mountebanks, and story-tellers, for whose extravagant narratives the Neapolitans have always had an extreme taste, occupied several of the company. One of these ingenious narrators entertained his auditors with the life and wonderful adventures of the Brigand chief, Benedetto Mangone, the celebrated peasant of Eboli.

He stated that Mangone was a lion in courage, a fox in cunning, a wolf in rapacity, a tiger in cruelty; how he had attacked whole hosts of travellers; how he had beaten the nobles and their *armigers*; how all the Spanish troops of the Viceroy that had ever gone against him, had been foiled and cut to pieces in detail; and he wound up the hair-breadth escapes, and the surprising adventures of his hero, by an hypothesis of his own, that king Mangone must be the devil, or a direct lineal descendant of his satanic majesty; for, otherwise, how could he do such deeds, and escape!

“I would shew to that Don Bugiarde

that Benedetto Mangone has no cloven feet," said one of the new comers in the wood.

"Pr'ythee, be still, and don't let the devil get the upper hand of thee here," whispered one of his companions, and pointing to a dancing group, which, one among many others, occupied another part of the esplanade, he added, "By St. Gennaro, that's a pretty tarantella, and better worth heeding than this old ballad-monger!"

"We will even go nearer, and see those free-legged maidens," said the man who had first spoken; "it is clear there are none of the Viceroy's most valiant macaroni eaters here, and, as for any of the few peasants who may have the honour to know us personally, why we are safe in their fears, or indeed, just as likely to find friends as foes." Saying this, he walked out to the open esplanade, and was followed by some of his comrades, whilst others still hesitated in the wood.

As this man, whom I have described as being the handsomest of the party we have seen ascending the mountain, walked through the festive crowd, nobody seemed to notice him, or if they did, it was but to remark that he was a good-natured looking fellow, for he had put on his fair-weather countenance, and smoothed his features to a holiday smile. But as he approached a party of peasants, whom their dress showed to be inhabitants of some of the villages in the vast open plain that extends between Salerno and Eboli and the sea, the faces of every one of them waxed pale as death, and an old man muttered unconsciously, "Benedetto Mangone!"

"Well! and what of that?" said Benedetto in his ear; "cannot I come to the Madonna's shrine, and pray my prayer as well as thou, and dance a turn or two in the tarantella as well as any lout here? Hold thy peace, good master Shepherd—I am not here with evil intentions—my coffers are too well filled with the gold of nobles and Spaniards, to feel the want of a peasant's purse of copper, or his wife's trinkets.—Hold thy peace, I say, and no harm shall be done here by me or mine!"

"We are thy slaves, and here to do thy bidding!" replied the old man, in a low, faltering voice, to Mangone, who had turned round with a laughing face to watch the merry dance.

"Had we not better retire hence, with the Madonna to our aid?" inquired one of the pale peasants,—a

woman who was but too well acquainted, from the circumstance of near neighbourhood, with the exploits and freaks of the formidable banditti.

"Not so, Annarella," replied the old man; "the devil is not so black as he is painted. Mangone always keeps his word; and be it said between us, is often a better friend to the poor peasants than their baron's steward, or the Spaniards, and the tax-gatherers of his Excellency the Viceroy."

The group of dancers which had attracted the attention and admiration of the robbers, reposed for awhile, but now began again with a fresh infusion of glee and vigour. There were several pretty girls engaged in this tarantella, but one among them absorbed the faculties of Mangone. She was the most youthful and graceful of the party, and a life of labour and exposure to the scorching sun had not been able to spoil the beauty and delicacy of her face and complexion. There was an expression of innocence mixed with her really heart felt gaiety, that might have charmed any heart; and, as vice does not necessarily destroy our taste for that quality in others, but on the contrary rather increases it, the bandit gazed on the thoughtless girl with looks of intense interest; and when her joyful, laughing eyes met his, and were fixed, wondering by them, his heart became her captive.

"By San Benedetto, I will try a tarantella with that maiden, though all her kindred should say nay!" whispered Mangone to his companion: and at the very next stop in the dance, heedless of the frowns of her previous partner, and of her father and mother, who did not approve of a stranger's attentions, he placed himself before her.

Had the young creature acted as propriety required, for, strange as it may appear, the peasantry of Italy have very strict notions on that head, she would have refused to dance with a man unknown to her, even though at a public festival; but she was fascinated by Mangone's ardent gaze, and perhaps, felt already, although all unconscious of it, that mysterious influence which will not allow a being passionately loved, not to love again.

With one momentary, deprecating look at her displeased parents, the innocent creature responded to the animated motions of Mangone; and if ever a dance could express, or favour and forward the passion of love, it is assuredly the tarantella! For some time

the maiden, as the forms of the dance required, and as the feelings of her heart would have dictated, moved at a distance from her partner; then by degrees she approached him, or permitted his approach; then with pretty coquetry she bounded back from him, and danced again afar off; then she came nearer—nearer than before—then again glided from him. After this alternation of fond advance and coy retreat, the maiden, as if vanquished, sank on her knee, and the triumphant Mangone danced round her; but bounding from the ground the next minute, and clapping her hands together as if in joyful defiance, she renewed the coquetry and the dance until her partner dropped on his knee at her feet, and she finished the tarantella by dancing round him in her turn.

Whilst kneeling at her feet, the enamoured bandit whispered some fond words, caught by no ear save that of the young Nicoletta. Whatever they were, they were evidently effective.—When the dance was over, Mangone went back to his comrades, who had all now come to the spot. They procured and discussed some of the choice refreshments the place afforded; but while he partook of them, Mangone joined not the merry remarks and hearty laughs of his fellows, and never took his eye from her, who he had sworn already should be his love-mate or his victim.

In the course of the afternoon, Benedetto, in spite of some opposition, contrived to dance another tarantella with Nicoletta, and to pour more words of passion and temptation into her innocent ear. He learned from her, moreover, the village she belonged to, and the road she was to take homeward. This was all the information he required; and having obtained it, he despatched one of his trusty band to bring round horses, and to await him at a certain point at the mountain's base.

At the approach of evening, the festive parties began to break up from the holy, but most jocund spot, and to take their separate roads to their frequently distant homes, whence they had started the preceding night, with the discharge of fire-works and long-echoing acclamations, for the mountain-shrine of the blessed Virgin. Their retreat was picturesque, and otherwise impressive.—Long troops were seen, marching two by two, down the steep and narrow mountain paths; they chanted a hymn to the Madonna as they went.

Benedetto Mangone, with his comrades, mingled with one of these troops, closely following the fair Nicoletta, until the descent of the mountain was performed, and the plain, traversed by numerous diverging paths, was before them. They did not go much further with the peaceful peasants, for at the point fixed they found the messenger and several others of Mangone's robbers armed to the teeth, waiting with a horse for each of them.

The peasants were thrown into consternation; the women screamed;—but Nicoletta, who little suspected the part he had in this sudden and alarming apparition, instinctively rushed to her bold-looking admirer,—to the handsome stranger—to Mangone himself,—for protection.

"Fear not, my sweet one! it is pleasanter and fitter for pretty feet like thine to ride than to walk; this is only an escort for thee, and this thy steed," said Mangone, bending his face to her's. The next moment his arm was round her waist, and he had leaped into his saddle with the maiden, who had screamed and fainted, before him; and the movements of his companions being almost as quick, they at once cantered from the peasants, among whom the bereaved parents of Nicoletta shrieked and tore their hair with the wildest demonstrations of grief.

For a quarter of an hour the robbers rode at a rapid pace; but being then far away from the villagers, and at the foot of a mountain they had to cross, they relaxed their speed, and Mangone stopping for a few minutes, attended to his fair burthen. Nicoletta recovered her senses, but her alarm was extreme, and she piteously begged to know who he was that had such a command of men and of horses, and whither he was carrying her, away from her father and her dear mother.

"I am not what I seem," said Benedetto; "instead of this poor labourer's attire, I can clothe myself in the noble's mantle, or the cavalier's inlaid armour, and I am carrying thee where I will deck that pretty head and neck of thine with gold and jewels, such as few princesses possess, an'thou wilt but love me."

"I did love thee but now," said the artless girl, "but tell me who—what art thou?" and as waiting for his reply she gazed on his face, which indeed wore the touching expressions of love, and love for her, she felt her own impetuous feeling revive in spite of her fears and affliction.

"Whatever I may be, I will be thy fond lover, thy husband, an' thou wilt," said the bandit—"there! cheer thee, and tremble no more! is not wealth better than poverty—ease and luxury, where others shall do thy every bidding, better than hard labour and subjection? my love better than"—

"True, true," interrupted the maiden; but how is that wealth acquired? and—Oh tell me! who art thou?"

"The wealth," he replied, "is the bleeding of our oppressors, and I am"—

"Benedetto Mangone! why loiterest thou! brave captain, our road is long," exclaimed one of the banditti, who were all impatient to reach their homes.

"Mangone!—dost thou answer to that dreadful name, thou so gentle?"—wildly inquired the poor girl.

"For want of a better, I do," replied the robber composedly.

The maiden again screamed and fainted, and when she recovered a length in the robber's embrace, she so struggled to escape from him, that they had both well nigh fallen from the horse. His mild persuasive voice, his vows and assurances that to her he meant nothing but good, and the utter impossibility of doing anything to avert her fate, whatever it might be, at length tranquillized her, and she rode on with him in the silence of woe and despair, and that agonizing sentiment that must accompany the disclosure that the being who has warmed the heart to love, is the object of the world's detestation, and cannot be loved without risking one's happiness here and hereafter.

Night had now closed in, but the broad bright moon shone on the robbers' mountain paths, which they pursued for many hours, until they crossed the lofty and extended chain, and reached a secluded village on the borders of a far spreading and apparently desolate level. Here they seemed on a perfectly good understanding with the inhabitants, who were all shepherds and goatherds, and Mangone not only procured refreshments for her, which she refused to partake of, but allowed Nicoletta time for that repose, of which she stood in need.

When they continued their journey the day dawned, and the wondering maiden found that she was crossing a wide plain bounded semicircularly by mountains, and edged afar off, by the blue sea.

The robbers went on at a rapid pace,

the mountains on the opposite side of the plain which had seemed unapproachably remote, gradually became higher, bolder and nearer to the eye; a rapid river was crossed by a difficult ferry kept by men, evidently the comrades of Mangone's troop, and the party plunged into a deep thick wood. They had advanced for some time in this mysterious neighbourhood, when Nicoletta's ears were assailed by a tremendous barking of dogs.

"Our faithful friends keep good watch over our woodland homes, where we shall presently be, and where thou shalt be as queen!" said the robber-chief, who had not failed at frequent intervals of the hurried journey, to speak kindly and encouragingly to his prize, and to endeavour to reconcile her to her destiny.

And in a few minutes having passed a strange looking edifice, and some ranged columns which seemed to the peasant girl like skeletons of some giant's abode, she found herself in the midst of a group of cabins and huts, that formed a little hamlet in the depth of the wood, where no eye could see them, until so near that the hand might almost touch them. A number of ferocious-looking men and some women and children came out to welcome the returning troop and their chief Mangone, who with briefer courtesy to them than he usually practised, lifted Nicoletta from the horse, and carried her terrified and almost lifeless as she was, into the largest and best of these sylvan abodes.

The interior of this cabin was far different from any thing she had ever seen; and when with timid eyes she had glanced over the bright arms, and the wolf skins that hung on its walls; on the huge chests—rich garments, inlaid cuirasses, and massive plate, piled with picturesque confusion in open recesses or in the corners of the room, she threw herself on its earthen floor, and wept for her own poor cottage home among the mountains of Atripalda.—Mangone seeing he laboured in vain to cheer her drooping spirits and dissipate her alarm, after he had with difficulty prevailed upon her to take some goat's milk and bread, left her to repose. He did not again intrude upon her for some hours; but when he did, instead of finding her in the enjoyment of restoring and tranquil sleep, or refreshed by its genial effects, he found his beautiful prize burning with a tremendous fever, and almost delirious.

Every assistance that he, aided by an old woman of the lawless colony, to which she was sole medical practitioner, could bestow, was lavished on the young Nicoletta; but, in spite of all this, which was, perhaps, not always of the most judicious nature, she continued to suffer from the fever brought on by the excitement of the mind, and the fatigues of the rapid journey; nor was it until several days had elapsed, that she was so far convalescent as to leave the couch of wolf and sheep skin that her dreaded host had affectionately prepared for her. On the evening of that day that she felt so far recovered, as she was sitting alone in the robber's cabin, wondering at the wealth it contained, and almost forgetting by what unlawful means that wealth had been acquired, Mangone appeared suddenly before her, humanized by the feeling of love, and with the same expression of countenance, the same attitude, and the same sweet tones of voice by which he had captivated her simple heart in the tarrantella, at the Monti degli Angioli. She had been sensible of his tender, unwearied care, during her illness—she had caught his sighs on her lip—she had seen the tears in his eyes, which had never glanced with their fatal ferocity on her, or on any one in her presence—and now, uninformed as she was, wanting of that strong moral feeling which only education can give, and which, even in the educated, cannot always subdue the passion of love for an unworthy object, it is not surprising if her heart softened towards her captor, and she regarded with less horror her separation from her family and friends—the condition he proposed to her of becoming a robber's bride.

That night, being passed with the restlessness which fever generally leaves, and which was increased by her peculiar situation, the young peasant opened the door of the cabin, and remarking that the whole of the robber-hamlet was buried in deep repose, issued from the confined apartment, to breathe the cool, nocturnal air. It was a calm, lovely night, the broad moon illuminated an open glade of the deep wood, which ran immediately before her hut; she walked along this with slow, meditating steps, until she came to an ancient edifice, like that she had passed in another part of the wood, when carried thither by Mangone. This, like its fellow, was one of the three glorious temples of Paestum; those sublime remains of antiquity which have since

attracted the wondering travellers from all the civilised countries of the world; but which were then, as they remained for many after years, buried in a wild wood, and unknown, save to the robbers, who made them their haunt, or to the wandering goat-herd, or the fisherman, who might catch a glimpse of them peering over the trees from the contiguous coast.

She was proceeding with hurried steps, when her attention was attracted by an object that lay on the ground beside one of these moonlit columns. Whatever it was, it gleamed with a wax-like ghastly hue, in the rays of the sweet planet—she stooped to ascertain it, and saw with horror, a human body streaked with blood! With her own young blood congealing in her veins, she rushed onward without purpose,—but what other object was that, glaring at her from the diverging branches of an old tree? It was another human body in the attitude of crucifixion, with the writhed countenance of one who had died in torture, displayed by the pale moon-light. With the fascination of horror—with eyes starting out of her head, she stood rooted to the spot, gazing on the spectacle of atrocity. Then she ran wildly forward to escape its sight, to the temple; but there, even on the holy *ara*, other objects of dread disgust met her sight; and at her sudden intrusion, a swarm of ravens and night-birds that were battering on the mutilated victims of the robbers' barbarity, flew on high to the architraves of the ancient edifice, where they croaked and screamed in wild, horrid discord. This was too much for Nicoletta to bear, and with a shriek she fainted and fell on the floor of the temple.

How long she remained in this state she knew not; but with her returning senses came the dreary conviction of Mangone's hellish guilt, and the firm determination to escape from him or die. Not knowing whither she went, she ran through the thick wood that closed immediately beyond the open space in which the temple stood. For a long time she wandered in its intricacies, but at length, guided by chance, followed a narrow opening that led to its issue, near the sea shore. Day was now beginning to dawn on the beautiful and tranquil gulf, and she saw, by its light, the little town of Acropoli, standing on a cliff that is washed by the sea. Thitherward she was directing her steps, when she perceived a fisherman's bark preparing to leave the shore,

THE OLIO.

close at hand. With a supplicating, piteous cry, and with tottering limbs, she ran towards it—she reached it breathless, and a grey-headed mariner was easily persuaded to receive the exhausted, pallid, horror-stricken maiden on board his bark, which instantly glided from the atrocious neighbourhood.

To be concluded in our next.

THE WORSHIP OF MEMORY.

For the Olio.

The sad remembrance vainly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded.

MOORE.

Oh! think not I can love again—forget so wild
a dream,
For there's a shadow o'er my heart, how'er
my brow may seem;
And if on thy bewitching eyes with earnestness
I gaze,
It is because they look like her's I loved in
other days!
They have the same deep eloquence—the same
dark violet hue—
And shadowing lids (like white rose leaves) as
those that once I knew!
The same sweet quiet loving glance half fondly
raised to mine;
But the winning charm that thrill'd me once,
I cannot find in thine.
I know not why its magic wrought so deeply
on me then;
I only feel time cannot bring the same sweet
trance again!
I think my very heart is cold to all on earth at
last.
*A ruined temple haunted by the shadows of
the past!*
For if I listen to thy song in these romantic
bowers,
Where thy sighing voice of music seats with
the breath of orange flowers!
It is amid the silvery tones a rich low cadence
seems
Like the echo of that voice which once brought
music to my dreams!
Oh! what could ever win my heart back to its
sever'd chain;
Or light it with the enchanted dreams of young
romance again?
Then read no homage in my sighs—no plead-
ing in my gaze,—
For I can never love again, as I lov'd in other
days!
E. S. CRAVEN.

BREVITIES.

FORTUNE is painted blind, that she may not blush to behold the fools who belong to her.

Fine ladies who use excess of perfumes must think men like seals—most assailable at the nose.

Some men get on in the world on the same principle that a sweep passes uninterruptedly through a crowd.

People who affect a shortness of sight must think it the height of good fortune to be born blind.

He who loses, in the search of fame, that dignity which should adorn human nature, is like the victim opera-singer who has exchanged manhood for sound.

Lounging, unemployed people may be called of the tribe of Joshua; for with them the sun stands still.

Fanatics think men like bulls—they must be baited to madness ere they are in a fit condition to die.

There is an ancient saying—"Truth lies in a well." May not the modern adage run—"The most certain charity is at a pump!"

Some connoisseurs would give a hundred pounds for the painted head of a beggar, who would threaten the living mendicant with the stocks.

If you boast of a contempt for the world, avoid getting into debt. It is giving to gnats the fangs of vipers.

The heart of the great man, surrounded by poverty and trammelled by dependence, is like an egg in a nest built among briars. It must either curdle into bitterness, or, if it take life and mount, struggle through thorns for the ascent.

Fame is represented bearing a trumpet. Would not the picture be truer, were she to hold a handful of dust!

Fishermen, in order to handle eels securely, first cover them with dirt. In like manner does detraction strive to grasp excellence.

The friendship of some men is quite Briarean. They have a hundred hands.

The easy and temperate man is not he who is most valued by the world; the virtue of his abstemiousness makes him an object of indifference. One of the gravest charges against the ass, is—he can't live on thistles.

The wounds of the dead are the furlows in which living heroes grow their laurels.

Were we determined resolutely to avoid vices, the world would foist them on us—as thieves put off their plunder on the guiltless.

When we look at the hide of a tiger in a furrier's shop, exposed to the gaze of every malapert, and then think of the ferocity of the living beast in its native jungle, we see a beadle before a magistrate—a magistrate before a minister: there is the skin of office—the sleekness without its claws.

With some people political vacillation heightens a man's celebrity—just as the galleries applaud when an actor enters in a new dress.

If we judge from history, of what is

the book of glory composed? Are not its leaves dead men's skin—its letters stamped in human blood—its golden clasps, the pillage of nations? It is illuminated with tears and broken hearts.

Mon. Mag.

THE DEATH BED: A FRAGMENT.

BY HENRY JAMES MELLER, ESQ.

For the Olio.

*Mors sola fatetur
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.
Juvenal.*

It was in the year 18—, on a winter's evening, after the receipt of a note, that, struggling with the deep emotions its contents had given rise to in my breast, I hastily snatched up my hat and cloak, and followed the woman who was the bearer, out of the house, with a celerity equalled only by her own impatience. The night was cold and foggy, the snow lying half-frozen on the ground, which, together with a thick sleet driving full in our faces, rendered it a period unfitted to have turned a dog out in. The shops, although it was early, seemed half-shut, and the streets, deserted by pedestrians, save some hurrying, wrapt-up form, making its way through the misty air, with spectre-like rapidity, or the shivering and houseless mendicant, crouching under some porch or archway for shelter, disclosed by the pale and melancholy gleams of some lamp.

As the carriages of the noble and wealthy dashed to and fro, whirling their proud inmates to their nightly scenes of revelry and dissipation, what a contrast did it form to the half-naked outcast, whose imploring eye and piteous moan but too often met the derisive smile of insolence and pride. It was a sickening thought, I know not why, but a gleam of bitter satisfaction filled my mind, as I reflected then that the common lot of humanity in the closing scene was alike.—“The worm will prey equally beneath the sculptured marble and the pauper's shell,” I almost unconsciously muttered, as I strode after my guide, whose tattered cloak, as it floated on the blast, seemed ill adequate to repel the assaults of the weather.

Turning the corner of a street, we were, at length, fortunate enough to find a solitary coach on a stand; into which we got, my companion giving the address of a little obscure street in the vicinity of Tottenham Court Road, with an injunction to the coachman to

make all possible haste. During our ride, I took the opportunity, which our hurried walk, or rather scramble, through the streets had not previously allowed me, of learning those particulars of that friend, the once gay and admired companion of my boyhood, whose dying request I was now hastening to fulfil, and whom I had long believed to have been gathered to the common home of humanity. The woman's account was brief, and spoken with a feeling reflecting honour on her humanity.

About two months previous, an individual, still bearing the faded stamp of a gentleman, whose handsome, though wasted and careworn, features, bespoke him scarcely in the prime of life, had called at her humble dwelling in the dusk of an evening, and hired a room in the upper part of the house. From some few trivial circumstances, it was conjectured he had not long arrived from abroad; while, but a short period served to convince her he was without any regular mode of subsistence; and it was soon discovered by the vigilance of some neighbours, prompted by curiosity, that he owed his support solely to the sale of a few jewels and some Turkish arms, occasionally abstracted from a weather and time-soiled portmanteau, his only article of luggage. Ever dark, gloomy, and misanthropic;—seldom going out, and then only in the shadows of night, with his hat slouched over his brows; he seemed, at times, almost unconscious of, and entirely indifferent to, an existence,—rendered doubly wretched, apparently, by the pangs of some remembrance, and frequent fits of insanity. In this latter dreadful state, he often raved of strange events and occurrences of his life that chiefly seemed to refer to scenes abroad. Sometimes shouting deliriously, as though in a battle or shipwreck; and then alluding, in the most impassioned manner, to some lady, whose miniature he wore constantly round his neck; and which, it was believed, he spent the day chiefly in gazing on, and speaking to in muttered tones, as though to the silent object of his adoration.

Latterly, his means of support had gradually decreased, until this miniature of the being, whose image he seemed so fondly to idolize, was known to be nearly the last remnant in his possession. A despair, too deeper than common, had been remarked too, to have taken possession of his counte-

nance; while the assumed abrupt coarseness of his manners, gave way more than once to a burst of grateful feeling, he had expressed for the occasional attentions of his landlady.—After two days had elapsed, when it was believed he had eaten no food during that time, his landlady had carried him up a breakfast, but he had professed a disinclination to eat.—Crawling out that evening with a bitter smile—the only one she had ever observe illumine his face; he had made some muttered remark to her in passing out of the house, that he would procure a specific that should renovate him entirely. That night he had returned home in apparently better spirits; but the succeeding morning saw him extended on his couch in a dying state. A doctor being procured against his desire, they at first supposed he had taken poison, but that no phial or paper was found to warrant the conjecture.—It was after one of the frequent paroxysms that had attended him throughout the former part of the day, that he had desired pen, ink, and paper; when, with an effort wonderful in itself, he had written the paper I had received, desiring the woman who had constantly watched his bed-side, to present it personally to me.

Oh God!—my feelings may be better imagined than described during her broken recital, as in some of the attributes she had ascribed to the wretched misanthrope, I already thought I saw the remnant of my early friend—the once wealthy and fascinating Walton—Walton once the companion of the great—the idol of the crowd!—and, oh horror!—the gambler—the forger—now, alas! the victim of pride, delusion, and remorse,—proscribed and perishing in a garret! What a lesson did it afford to crime. Absorbed by the contrariety of feelings that agitated me by turns, I was unconscious, till roused by my conductress, that the vehicle, after having traversed several little dark streets, had stopt before a dwelling that formed one of a row of small dilapidated houses, the refuge of the indigent. Alighting, and desiring the coachman to wait; a greater appearance of wretchedness still presented itself in the paper patched windows and ruinous steps.—The only outward sign of its being inhabited, was the feeble gleam of a light from the upper casement, as my companion gave a gentle tap with her knuckles at the knockerless door. The next minute it was opened by a child,

some nine or ten years old, whose thin pallid features, by the flickering wick of the rushlight she held in her hand, seemed in concert with the poverty discernible in all around.

“How is the gentleman above, Sally?”

“Oh! much sadder since you’ve been away Granny,” replied the child, in the same low voice the question was proposed in.

“And where is the doctor then?” resumed my conductress.

“Oh gone!—he said it was of no use waiting,” replied the little girl in a whisper, as she led the way up a narrow creaking staircase, placing her slender hand upon her lip to enjoin silence as she proceeded,—a caution strangely contrasting with her early years.

“Ay, ay, the doctor’s like them all. Charity is but a weak argument against poverty and distress,” murmured the woman of the house, as stopping on the landing-place to trim the light, a tear trickled down her furrowed and careworn face.

At that moment a low groan of human suffering broke upon the death-like stillness of the house. Heavens! what were my feelings at that moment, as I recognised, or fancied I recognised, the long remembered tones of Walton’s voice in mental and bodily anguish. After pausing a moment to recover and fit myself for a scene I inwardly dreaded, I entered a room—it was a garret, exhibiting by the dim and solitary light of a candle, a picture of misery and starvation in the red tiled roof—bare brick walls; and its wretched furniture consisting but of a three-legged deal table and a chair.

At the further end of the low apartment, by the side of a pallet, sat a young woman watching the restless dozing of a man, whose faint and labour-ed respiration gave tokens of speedy dissolution. As I breathlessly approached the bed his attendant rose, and I stood and wistfully gazed on the face of the slumberer, within the firm compression of whose right hand, as it lay upon his bosom most partly visible, was the miniature the old woman had alluded to; but it was many minutes ere, in the deep sunken glassy eye and skeleton features before me, I could recognise the remains of the once strikingly handsome countenance of my early schoolfellow and friend—the unhappy Walton. It was a saddened sight, as gazing upon his emaciated

face, memory gradually retraced the form of those features once considered so prepossessing. Suddenly, the lethargic doze he was in appeared to give way to returning animation, as a spasm convulsed his features for a moment, and woke him once more to a sense of his wretchedness.

"Has he not come yet?" he uttered, in the low tones of approaching dissolution, as he tried to turn himself on his pallet.—"Is remembrance so cold within him, that he will not attend my last—my dying request? But it is like the cold, cold, heartless treachery of the world, to fly the miserable. But thou, Isadora, had'st thou been living," he continued, as he brought the miniature before his dim, glassy eye, "you would not have forsaken me. In sorrow, in sickness, and in danger, you were my dearest, fondest, only comforter. Was there a thought but pained—thy bosom, so gentle, so devoted, throbbled to share it. Oh, Isadora! angel of my adoration by night, by day, whose image, graven in this wild brain, lapse of years has vainly endeavoured to weaken—does thy pure spirit, as in fancy's lightest mood thou oft didst say it should—hover around my bed, to lighten that dark moment, when the spirit, freed from its bonds of clay, rushes into the unknown realms of eternity." Insensible to all other objects, his sunken eyes, by the dim candlelight, were fixed on the image of her who seemed to absorb nearly his sole thought. "So that we meet again, may my lot be thine, in torture or in bliss,—but one, one lone hour, and I hope to join thee."

His voice had sunken to a hissing and half-smothered whisper that scarcely reached my ear at the further end of the room, as he still continued his intense perusal of the ivory. I could remain a spectator of the scene no longer, but softly approaching, stood at his pallet side. He neither heard, nor perceived me,—his thoughts seemed far away.

"Walton," I softly uttered, as I stood at his side.

"Who spoke that name!" he exclaimed, his eye for the first time resting wildly on me.

"I—your friend—your early school-fellow; do you not remember me?" I said, vainly endeavouring to restrain the tear.

"I do—I do—that voice—I recognise the friend who has witnessed the few happy years I have spent in life."

I had sunken on my knee by his

humble couch; a momentary flash of pleasure seemed to overspread his pale and emaciated features, as, taking my feverish hand in the cold, clammy grasp of his own, he feebly shook it, gazing wistfully at the same time in my face—the contents of a volume seemed couched in that look! The bright and halcyon days of our boyhood, and oh! those bitter scenes of anguish that had tracked his own heedless footsteps in life,—all, all, were there, but too eloquently expressed in that sad, dying glance.

(To be concluded in our next)

GENIUS OF BLACKSMITHS.

It is in villages remote from the large towns, that the blacksmith may be seen to assume not merely his real importance as a mechanic, but his relative consequence as a member of society, by presenting that *factorum* character, which not only indicates that he is an indispensable artificer in iron and even steel, but which has led to his figuring in poetry, romance, and even music; for who has not heard of the "Harmoonious Bfacksmith" of Handel, the "Wayland Smith" of Sir Walter Scott, and the "Wat Tyler" of Robert Southey? Besides the appropriate business of farriery, including the doctoring as well as the shoeing of horses, the anomalous avocations of cowleech, dentist, parish clerk, precentor, and news-monger in general, have been collateral distinctions of the village Vulcan ever since, and, indeed, long before Shakspeare's celebrated passage was written, in which Hubert is made to say,—

I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet),
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent.
King John.

And it so happens, that at the very moment of transcribing this page, an anecdote of so singular a character, as connected with an individual of this fraternity, is travelling through the newspapers, as irresistibly to tempt its preservation in this place, as more likely to reflect honour upon the craft in the estimation of most persons, than the most notable incident in the life of St. Dunstan himself.—"At the late electioneering canvass for the Lanark district of burghs, between Mr. Gillon

and Mr. Monteith, a poor blacksmith in Peebles, of the name of Alexander Brodie, was waited upon by Mr. Monteith's party, and actually offered 1000 pounds for his vote; but this the honest man firmly declined, and, in spite of all entreaties to the contrary, went and voted gratis on the side which his conscience told him ought to be supported. So great was the admiration excited by this instance of integrity, that one of Mr. Gillon's most distinguished friends lately presented to Mr. Brodie a handsome silver snuff-box, bearing the following inscription, which is alike creditable to the donor and receiver:—"To Alexander Brodie, blacksmith, member of the town council of Peebles, this box is presented, as a mark of respect and esteem for the unrivalled instance of sterling worth and incorruptible integrity exhibited by him during the recent canvass for the representation of that burgh, by one of Mr. Gillon's oldest and most attached friends, Sir James Dalzell, bart., of Binns. August 23, 1830."

This slight digression from the craft to the character of the blacksmith may be the more readily excused, even by the most choleric reader, when it is recollected that in our enlightened times, instead of the trite terms "blacksmith and jobsmith in general," the maker of horse-shoes paints on his sign-board "veterinary forge," at the least; and there is, or at least was, a few years ago, over a common horse-shoeing blacksmith's shop adjoining the Eglise de St. Sulpice, at the end of the Rue Faron, in Paris, the words "*artiste veterinaire!!!*" *Can. Cyc.*

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES OF MALHERBE.

For the Olio.

"*Kaśm Malherbe vint!*"

THIS half-line of Boileau speaks a volume in praise of the poet, and becomes almost sublime by the application.

Francois de Malherbe was esteemed one of the best poets of his time, and his years were not few, for he was born in 1556, and lived under six different kings—from Henry II. to Louis XIII., in whose reign he died, A.D. 1623. In the manners and habits of this extraordinary man, there was a characteristic drollery, or gruff simplicity, which in him was passed over like that of another genius of his day (*La Fontaine*.)

on account of his merit. Malherbe was descended from an ancient and noble family, but contented himself with a mean lodging, the furniture of which was strictly in character with the dwelling; for it consisted but of one table, a bed, and half-a-dozen rush bottom chairs.

Avarice was a defect from which, according to his biographer, Malherbe was not altogether exempt. As he was much visited by those who loved literature, and the seats being soon filled by his guests, his way was to lock the door withinside, so that when any one knocked for admittance, he used to call out in his natural brusque tone, "*Attendez, il n'y a plus de chaises.*"—Wait, there are no more chairs." Another instance of his proverbially blunt manner is recorded as follows:

Dining one day at the palace of the Archbishop of Rouen; after the repast was over, he fell asleep; aroused unexpectedly by his host, in order to attend a sermon his grace had been called upon to preach, "*Dispensez m'en,*" growled out the poet, settling himself once more into repose, "*Je dormirais bien sans cela.*" I can sleep well enough without that. Notwithstanding these slight defects of character and temper, Malherbe was undoubtedly a great man. F.E.

THE POLISH REGALIA.

Concluded from page 298.

"Although Bielski did not share in his brother's superstitious adoration of the Regalia, he readily promised, from an appetite for enterprise, to lend himself to the undertaking. He obtained leave of absence the next day; and the two brothers, both habited as ecclesiastics, set out towards Cracow, on the perilous design of passing through the Prussian lines, and carrying off the Regalia from the vaults of the castle. Fortunately, the enemy were concentrating their forces on Warsaw, and were so engaged with that object, that the two adventurers arrived safely at Cracow, where the discipline being rather relaxed, their sacred habit served them as a passport into the town.—What was the indignation of Thaddeus at finding the magnificent castle, and even the cathedral, turned into barracks! A portion of the castle was transformed into a hospital for the Polish prisoners; and the two brothers occasionally obtained admission to them in

the character of ecclesiastics. After several visits, they had sufficiently reconnoitred, and, taking advantage of a dark night, they went to the castle, accompanied by six locksmiths, in the disguise of pall-bearers, whom they had sworn to secrecy, and were admitted by the soldiers with little demur, as they had before performed the funeral ceremony of several deceased Poles in the hospital, at that hour. Without loss of time, they proceeded to the treasury, and breaking open the doors, threw the pall over the chest containing the Regalia, and left the castle with a solemn pace as if they were bearing a corpse to the grave. They passed all the guards: the treasure was deposited in a vehicle without the town, and conveyed to a place of safety, and Bielski hastened back to Warsaw to join Kosciusko, with his six followers as recruits. Bielski survived the horrid massacre at Praga, and escaped with his brother; and, when peace was restored, returned to his country, and removed his treasure to this cottage, where he took up his abode. It was concealed where you now see it, and the key was enclosed in the bundle of papers. Bielski's fate you already know; and I suppose his brother's was similar.—I have been," continued Zaleski, "for some years the guardian of this secret; but my life is drawing to a close, and you must succeed me in the charge. You will leave me to-morrow to join the brave patriots of Warsaw; and may this fourth fight of liberty be more happy than the last; and may the hour shortly arrive, when you, Victor, may place the true crown of Poland on the head of a Piast!"

Foreign Sports and Pastimes.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE SPANIARDS.
A leaf from the Note-book of Sir Paul Baghott.

I witnessed an extraordinary exhibition at the Plaza de los Toros at this season, with which the Spaniards occasionally divert themselves, when the regular bull-fights have ceased. The bulls seldom fight well in winter; therefore this game is patronized, for want of better sport. At the usual ceremony, of the individuals engaged in the spectacle presenting themselves to the public authorities, the exhibition commenced, by four men, mounted back to back on two horses, entering the arena, each being armed with a lance.

At the sound of a trumpet a bull was let loose, which, rushing at the nearest horse, overthrew him with his rider, and then made after the other, which shared the same fate, to the infinite gratification of the spectators. The animal was then secured in his den.—The next combat was of a most extraordinary nature. There was a man in Madrid born without arms, but having hands, as it were, proceeding directly from his body, of which he could make a very dexterous use; he was placed within a large wicker basket, with an aperture in it sufficiently large to admit the man to creep in. He held a lance in each hand, and to the basket was affixed a monkey, to engage the attention of the bull, and to vary the sport. The basket was placed upright in the centre of the arena, the man standing within, his head and shoulders being only visible. The moment the trumpet sounded the door opened, and out rushed the bull. He immediately commenced a desperate attack on his strange enemy, who, for a time, resisted him successfully; but at length being overpowered, he withdrew into his wicker defence, and was rolled about the arena by his ferocious antagonist, who vainly endeavoured to pierce his strong hold. During this time the monkey was not idle, but clung to the bull's horns, squalling in a hideous manner, adding thereby to the rage of the animal, and wonderfully increasing the delight of the spectators. This act being finished, and the bull secured, another aspirant to fame appeared, in the likeness of a bear, who placed himself under the branches of a tree set firmly in the ground, opposite the entrance gate of the animal. A lance was affixed to the tree, as a protection to the bear. The moment the bull received his liberty, he rushed blindly at Bruin, and not perceiving the lance, he buried the weapon in his body. The courage of the noble animal did not appear in the least daunted by this terrific shock; he pursued the bear, and turned him over and over on the arena, until the unhappy adventurer was rescued by the adroitness of the *bandilleros*. Still the poor animal plunged about the arena, bearing in his wounded body the broken lance, and defying the approach of an antagonist, until a man appeared with an instrument of steel, in the shape of a half moon, very sharp, within the curve; with this he divided the tendons of the poor beast's legs, while another man dispatched him by a blow

on the spine. Two bulls were then fought in the usual way; one shewed good sport by killing a few horses and maiming several men, while the other shewed still better, by leaping the wall of the arena, seven feet high, and clearing the theatre in a twinkling. After order had been restored, which this *contretemps* had for a time disturbed, six *novelties* were turned into the arena. There are young bulls, not yet arrived at gladiatorial honours, but were allowed to receive a foretaste of their happy condition, by being baited by the populace. The arena was shortly thronged with people, eager to display their prowess; and, presently, by the assistance of the bulls, many were seen cutting summersets in the air, whilst others, not so high-minded, were content with sprawling on the earth. The horns of the animals were tipped, to prevent them doing serious mischief. It is curious to observe the dexterity which the people exert in escaping their dangerous assailants, and the hardihood with which they brave their anger. Two boys particularly engaged my attention. I beheld them carried for a distance on the horns of the bulls, and thrown, but apparently without the slightest injury, for they immediately resumed their sport. When the bulls had shown sufficient entertainment, some tame oxen were introduced, to induce the excited animals to make an orderly retreat. If any should prove refractory, two of the trained oxen immediately take charge of him, and conduct him to his stall. These animals are trained to this purpose, and to bring up the wild bulls from the plains to taste the blessings of a civilized life.

Notices of New Books.

Cumberland's Theatrical Illustrations, No. 1.

WE have here no less than thirteen engravings from Wageman and Cruikshank for *only sixpence*, of interesting scenes from some of our most popular plays. Were not the names of the artists a sufficient guarantee for their worth and fidelity, we should dwell more largely upon their merits; but as their labours are familiar to most of our readers, we shall only observe that this collection embraces some of their happiest and most skilful efforts at a price *unprecedentedly low*. At the same time, we cannot but remark the idea of issuing these illustrations in a

separate form, seems to have originated with ourselves, from our publishing the embellishments of the *OLIO* as a distinct work.

Cumberland's British Theatre, Vol. XXIX, and the Minor Theatre, Vol. V.

WE have before noticed these editions of the acting plays on our stage, as remarkable for cheapness, neatness of printing, and cleverness of embellishment. The volumes before us are as much entitled to commendation as any that have preceded them; the dramas, which they comprise, are worth possessing, and the accompanying remarks are sensibly written.

Remarks on Landscape Painting in Water Colours. By an Amateur. 8vo. 24 pp.

A very cheap, clever, and well-digested pamphlet, full of useful information. Every tyro in the art should possess these brief remarks, which will assist him greatly in copying nature. The directions here given for compounding colours must be the result of long practice and experience.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.
M.W. of Windsor.

THE FOUNDING AND BORING OF CANNON.—During the eighteenth century, iron-foundry became almost identified with casting of cannon. The consumption of cast-iron, as well as of brass, in the article of ordnance alone, during our wars in Belgium, with America, and arising out of the French Revolution, was beyond all conception enormous. This branch of home trade, having government for its especial patron, enriched many individuals, who, if a pun might be allowed, may be said to have become *founders* of families, as well as of guns. Of this class may be mentioned the respectable house of Walker, at Masbrough, near Rotherham, where this business was for many years carried on with unprecedented success.

Some idea of the quantity of cast-iron which at one period was consumed in the article of guns, &c. may be formed from the fact that, about 1795, the average amount of metal purchased by the Board of Ordnance in the state of cannons, mortars, carronades, shot and shells, taking the account of three years, was estimated at nearly 11,000 tons

annually. The India Company took for a yearly supply about half of that amount, i. e. 5000 or 6000 tons; and besides these two items, other armed trading vessels were said to purchase 10,000 tons, making a total of 26,000 tons of iron annually cast into that "devilish enginery," at the explosion of which, so oft, by sea and land, a few years ago,—

"Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscured with smoke, all Heaven ap-
pear'd.
From those deep-throated engines belch'd,
whose roar
Embowell'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish gut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes, which on the opposing host
Levell'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might
stand,
Though standing else as rocks, but down they
fell
By thousands." PAR. LOST, b. 6, 594—595.
Cab, Cyc.

ANCIENT SUSPENSION BRIDGES.—Portable rustic bridges, composed of ropes, so arranged as to be hastily thrown over a river to facilitate the transit of the native huckeries, have long been known in India; these, though differing so essentially in the simplicity of their formation and the fragility of their materials, deserve, nevertheless, from their similarity of principle, to be considered as the prototypes of our more elaborate and massy suspension bridges of iron. It has, indeed, lately been asserted on anonymous authority, that the largest iron bridge in the world is in China, near Kingtung, where it forms a perfect road from the top of one immense mountain to another; moreover, that it is formed of twenty chains, bound together by cross chains; and is more than 150 years old.

DESTRUCTION OF WEEDS IN PAVED PATHS AND COURTS.—From that useful work, *The Repertory of Arts*, we copy the subjoined information:—"The growth of weeds between the stones of a pavement is often very injurious, as well as unsightly. The following method is adopted at the Mint of Paris and elsewhere, with good effect. One hundred pounds of water, twenty pounds of quick lime, and two pounds of flower of sulphur, are to be boiled in an iron vessel: the liquor is to be allowed to settle, the clear part drawn off, and, being more or less diluted according to circumstances, is to be used for watering the alleys and pavements. The weeds will not appear for several years."

ECONOMY PERSONIFIED.—Sir John Gallini, a city knight, was not the only manager of the King's Theatre who discharged all the duties of his office with strict attention to economy. Y—g, one of his predecessors, was even a more rigid calculator than he. The following rich specimen of his achievements, in a novel way, deserves to be recorded. This piquy of a director, going the rounds of the house one morning early, and having an eye to business, observed a large oil barrel stowed away in a corner, as he thought, nearly empty. Wishing to ascertain the exact contents of the vessel, he climbed up the side, and being a short pury man, lost his balance and plumped in. The depth of the cask, and the sunset taken into the account, made his escape from the vessel a matter quite hopeless. In this dilemma, his cries brought the only fit man of the establishment to his assistance—this was the lamplighter, who not without difficulty fished him out of the vat, and banished from his mind all fear of an early entombment. Important as was this service, it was not enough to satisfy the parsimonious manager, who insisted that the interests of the house required yet another duty at his hands, so he ordered his benefactor to suspend him by the skirts, from a beam just over the vat, in order that the oleaginous stream might drain into it. F.E.

Customs of Various Countries.

THE FESTIVAL OF MATRIMONY.

An Early Venetian Ceremony.

It seems that, in primitive times, the Venetians sought to increase the sanctity of wedlock by restricting the performance of the nuptial ceremony to one day in every year, when gentle and simple, rich and poor, were all married at the same time, in the same church, that of San Pietro di Castello, then called di Olivolo; and the matrimonial festival, for which the most impatient lovers were compelled to wait, took place upon the day of the Purification of the Virgin Mary, in profane parlance, the 2d of February. In that ungallant age, when the refined courtesies introduced by chivalry were yet unknown, the brides were expected to repair first to the church, each carrying in her hand a small coffer, called an *arcella*, containing her modest wedding-portion. In the church they were

joined by their bridegrooms, families, and friends in procession. The bishop married the several couples simultaneously by one ceremony, and then each bridegroom taking his bride and her *arcella*, all withdrew to spend the remainder of the day in feasting and dancing. Afterwards, to give more dignity, and a more national character to the festival of matrimony, twelve maidens of distinguished beauty and irreproachable conduct were annually selected from the poorest families, portioned by the nation, decked out in borrowed ornaments, and conducted to the altar in state by the Doge, who thus witnessed the celebration of every Venetian marriage. *For. Quar.*

ANECDOTES.

LOYALTY IN ADVERSITY.—It would be interesting to trace the fortunes of the Scotch and Irish adherents of the Stuarts, through the succeeding generations. Ulysses Monroe, who fought gallantly against Cromwell, and was stripped of his property, received no indemnity from Charles II.; nevertheless, his two sons, Edmund and Charles, remained attached to James II. in his reverses, and the latter accompanied him to France. His two grandsons served in the army of the Emperor of Germany, and arrived at the rank of Major-General: one of whom died in 1801, and the other in 1816.

FORTITUDE.—When Bailly, mayor of Paris, at the French Revolution, was dragged to the scaffold, one of the myrmidons who conducted him, exclaimed, "You shake."—"Yes, with cold," answered the aged sufferer. This stoical reply seems to have suggested a line in Lord Byron's tragedy of the Doge of Venice,—

"—— Thou tremblest, Fallero.
FAL. 'Tis with age, then."

ADDRESS OF NAPOLEON TO HIS SOLDIERS IN EGYPT.—When the French army, in the invasion of Egypt, came in sight of the Pyramids at sun-rise, Napoleon, stretching out his hand towards Gizeh, addressed the soldiers in these words: "To day you are going to encounter the rulers of Egypt; reflect, that from the height of these monuments, forty centuries have their eyes upon you."

THE NEW CROWN.—A staunch but figurative anti-reformer was declaiming the other day on the riots at Bristol.—

"I declare," he exclaimed, "that I no longer consider the king's crown to be safe: no, there is no crown now but the crown of reform; and that, instead of blazing with precious jewels, is only set with Bristol stones."

THE USE OF TIME AND MONEY.—
"Well, how does your nephew go on now?" enquired a wealthy and eccentric baronet of Hertfordshire, of one of his tenants, as he tapped his boots with his whip.—"is he reformed yet?"—"He goes on very indifferently, Sir John," the old farmer replied, "and as to reforming, he spends more than ever."—"Ah, he's a sad dog! There are two things very few persons know how to spend,—their *time* and their *money*; my maxim is to enjoy my time with my money—your foolish nephew does neither; and tell him from me, Farmer Squires, that I wouldn't give a *d—n* for the man that does not know how to spend his time with his money."

THREE NECESSARY QUALIFICATIONS.—One of the same hearty baronet's keepers, having a son, wished him to be promoted in the same service; the youth was introduced to Sir John, whose questions ran thus, and were as promptly answered. "Well, my lad, can you *fight*?"—"Pratty middling, Sir John."—"Can you *work*?"—"Pratty middling, Sir John."—"Can you *ride*?"—"Pratty middling, Sir John."—"He'll do—I wouldn't give a *d—n* for a lad, if he couldn't fight for his king, work for his country, and ride to the *d—l* to serve any body."

A PUZZLER.—What is that which makes itself slowly, and is often lost again quickly—is picked up by the epicure, and run down by the rake. The one would as soon see the devil as have it, and the devil a *bit* can the other get of it. *F. E.*

(The Answer in our next.)

EPIGRAM.

On the recent union of a gentleman named Shield, of Cavendish Square, with a Miss Thorn of Chelsea; one of their friends celebrated the event in the following clever epigram:

Says Tom to Jack, upon his bridal morn,
"How could you plant within your breast a
Thorn,"
"Think not," says Jack, "that thus my heart I
yield—
The Thorn you dread becomes my dearest Shield."

ROYAL FAVOUR.—A braggart of a fellow making a bounce in company, that the king had spoken to him, was asked what his majesty had said, to which question he replied instantly: "He bade me get out of the way."

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, Nov. 16.

*High Water, 9m aft 11 Mor—34m aft 11 After.
St. Edmund, B. of Canterbury, A. D. 1242.*

Nov. 16, 1682.—Gustavus the Great, King of Sweden, killed in the midst of victory, at the battle on the plains of Lutzen, near Leipsic. He appeared to feel some presentiment of his death. Seeing the people, a few days previous, crowd round him with great demonstrations of joy, respect, and admiration, he said, "I greatly fear that God, offended by their acclamations, will shortly convince them, that him whom they reverence as a God, is no more than a mortal man." This hero bore to the grave the name of Great, the regret of the North, and the esteem of his enemies. He had carried war beyond the Danube, and, perhaps, would have dethroned the Emperor, had he not been stopped amidst his triumphs. His death was occasioned by the boldness with which he exposed himself in battle. He was accustomed to say, "A king is unworthy his crown who in battle will not encounter the difficulties opposed to the common soldier."

Thursday, Nov. 17.

St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, Bish & Con. A. D. 270.

Sun rises 57m after 7—sets 22m after 4.

Anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth, in 1588. As lately as Queen Anne's time, on this day, the figure of the Pretender, in addition to those of the P— and the Devil, was burnt by the populace.

This custom was probably continued even after the defeat of the second Pretender; and no doubt gave rise to the following vile epigram, printed in the works of Mr. Bishop:

Three strangers blaze amidst a bonfire's revel,
The P—, and the Pretender, and the devil.
Three strangers hate our faith, and faith's defender,
The Devil, and the P—, and the Pretender.
Three strangers will be strangers long, we hope,
The Devil, the Pretender, and the P—.
Thus, in three rhymes, three strangers dance the hay,
And he that chooses to dance after 'em, may.

Friday, Nov. 18.

St. Hilda, abbess, 680.

High Water 04 21m Morn—04 43m Aftern.

Nov. 18, 1367.—The celebrated patriot, William Tell, founder of the liberties of Helvetia, shot the apple, which the cruelty of Gessler, the Austrian governor, had placed upon the head of his son.

Saturday, Nov. 19.

St. Elisabeth, Widow, A. D. 1231.

Full Moon, 57m aft. 6 After.

Nov. 19, 1665.—Diei Nicholas Poussin, the celebrated painter. He was born at Andelis, in Normandy, studied many years at Rome, and was considered the best painter of his time. The best of his pictures were in the collection of the King of France, and at the Palais Royal. The Seven Sacraments, with the exception of Marriage, are considered his best efforts.

With No. 213, was published the CREAM OF THE ANNUALS, containing a choice selection of the best papers from the *Landscape Annual, Humourist, Friendship's Offering, Forget-Me-Not* and the *Grm.*

All the Vols, Parts, and Numbers, are now in print, and may be had separately or together.

Sunday, Nov. 20.

**TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.**

*Lessons for the Day.—Proverbs, 15 chap Morning
Proverbs, 16 ch. Evening.*

We are now fairly in a month of darkness, storms, and mists; of the whirling away of the withered leaves, and the introduction to complete winter. Rain, hail, and wind, chase each other over the fields, and amongst the woods, with rapid alternations. The flowers are gone; the long grass stands amongst the woodlands and thickets, withered, bleached, and sere; the fern is red and shrivelled amongst the green gorse and broom; the plants, which waved their broad white umbels to the summer breeze, like skeleton trophies of death, rattle their dry and hollow kerxes to the autumnal winds. The brooks are brimful; the rivers turbid, and covered with masses of foam, hurry on in angry strength, or pour their waters over the champain. Our very gardens are sad, damp, and desolate. Their floral splendours are dead; naked stems and decaying leaves have taken the place of verdure. The walks are unkept and uninviting; and, as these summer friends of ours are no longer affluent and of flourishing estate, we, of course, desert them.

Monday, Nov. 21.

Presentation of our Lady.

Sun rises 34m after 2—sets 45m after 2.

It is an old tradition, that the Blessed Virgin Mary was presented in the temple in her infancy, and dedicated, according to the exceedingly ancient custom, to the service of Heaven. This solemn offering of our Lady to God, when only a child, is the foundation of the festival of to-day, which, in the Greek Church, is called the Entrance of the Blessed Virgin into the Temple. This festival is mentioned in the most ancient Greek Menologies which are to be found. Germanus, the Patriarch of Constantinople, in the 13th century preached several sermons on it, which have come down to our days. The festival passed from the Greeks into the West, and was kept at Avignon, as early as 1372.

Tuesday, Nov. 22.

St. Cecilia, Vir. Mart. A. D. 230.

High Water 20m after 3 Mor.—44m after 3 Aftern.

At this season of darkness, cocks are said to crow more than ordinary. That the ancients counted the watches of the night by cock-crowings, we have abundant proof. So in *King Lear*, "He begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock." Again, in the *Twelve Merry Jests of the Widow Edith*, 1573:

"The time they pas merely til ten of the clok,
Yea, and I shall not lye til after the first cok."

It appears from a passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, that they were carousing till three o'clock.

"——— The second cock has crow'd,
The Curfew bell has toll'd; 'tis three o'clock."



See page 306

Illustrated Article.

THE RETURN FROM THE FIESTA ; OR, THE SENTINEL AND THE STUDENTS.

DURING the latter period of the reign of Murat, an unfortunate accident occurred close to the bridge of Vico*, arising out of the extreme vigilance of one of their functionaries, which, at the time, created an unpleasant sensation in Naples; but as no blame could be attached to any one connected with

the occurrence, it was allowed to pass without inquiry.

“ It was a clear beautiful night in the month of August, such as can be seen only in an Italian climate. The moon was not visible; but myriads of stars were reflected from the sparkling bosom of the bay, and the boats of the fishermen were glancing across its surface after their finny prey, with bright lights in their bows, looking like shooting meteors. The dark outline of Vesuvius, then slumbering like some huge giant after his toils, was thrown out in bold relief from the clear blue sky, and the neighbouring mountains, with their thousands of inhabitants, were hushed in quiet and deep repose. The only sound heard on the bay, besides the low murmur of the distant city which the night breeze carried over its waters, proceeded from a large boat pulling slowly along the southern shore, and filled with the students of the Royal Conservatorio della Pietà di Turquini. They were singing a beautiful chorus, accompanied by a band of musicians belonging to their own

* Vico is an ancient town standing on an eminence rising out of the bay at Naples, and is situated between Castell-a-mare and Sorrento. The bridge derives its name from a spacious arched grotto, formed by nature, under the height which supports the town; through this natural curiosity the waves of the sea pass unimpeded through the channel; and in tempestuous weather, the reverberation of sound produced within its hollow recesses by the dashing waters, is said almost to rival that of the far-famed Scylla, so poetically, though terrifically, described by the poets of antiquity.

school, and were on their way to Sorrento, to perform on the morrow at the Cathedral, in celebration of some grand *Fiesta*. Delighted with their little excursion, forming, as it did, so pleasing an interruption to the dull routine of their exercises, the glee of the young students knew no bounds.

"Stay!" cried a young man named Malfatani, rising from the midst of his companions, "I shall leave you, and bestride the bows of the boat, like one of the Tritons of old, only, instead of the *concha*, I shall call the monsters of the deep around me by the notes of my violin." He took the instrument of which he spoke, on which he was a first-rate artist, and, seating himself in the situation he had chosen, again resumed the chorus. Each was intent on his part, and the voices of the whole, harmonizing together with the sounds of the instruments, rendered the challenge of a French sentinel on the coast inaudible. The boat was slowly passing the bluff point of a rock, when the "Quit vive" of the sentinel was again called. A third time the ominous words were repeated, and were almost immediately followed by the discharge of a musket. Poor Malfatani uttered a cry of terror, and fell backwards into the boat. Instantly all was confusion. The guard from the fort, hearing the report, turned out and formed; and the boat pulled to the shore. The sentinel had fired across the bows of the boat when his challenge was unanswered, and the shot, entering the breast of the unfortunate student, had mortally wounded him.

"A surgeon was speedily procured, who declared that he had but a few short hours to live. The officer of the guard, whom the unhappy occurrence had sensibly affected, bore the dying youth to his own quarters, and, placing him on his camp-bed, dispatched a messenger to Naples with the sad intelligence to his friends. His companions, thus so suddenly and fatally checked in their happy and joyous career, were struck with inexpressible sorrow. Malfatani was a young man of exceedingly promising talents, greatly beloved by all his fellows, and, having finished his studies, was about to enter into the world. They stood around his dying couch weeping bitterly.

"The night wore away in this melancholy and heart-breaking manner. The dying youth had not spoken since he had been brought on shore; and, by his difficult respiration, it became evi-

dent that the distressing scene was drawing near to its close. The messenger dispatched to Naples at this moment returned, and was accompanied, amongst others, by a young and beautiful female. As the door of the apartment opened where Malfatani lay, she rushed in, and, regardless of those around, threw herself beside the object of her anxiety, and as she raised his head upon her bosom, and gazed on his pallid features, now fixing in death, burst into a frantic agony of grief. The expiring student half opened his languid eyes, and, fixing them on her agonised countenance, faintly exclaimed, "My wife," and breathed his last in her arms."

MY MOTHER'S DEATH CHAMBER.

For the Olio.

Ah, fatal Eve! how vividly
Thy dismal scene returns;
How freshly with awakes'd pangs
This night my bosom burns.

Again is thought the garden's walk,
With reckless step I pace;
Whose bright 800's mock'd my tearless
eye,—
Whose gales my burning face.

Again I climb the vacant stair,
And tread the solemn room;
Where though the group of sorrow sits,
There's silence like the tomb.

Silence!—ah, broken by that faint,
Thick, rough, and gushing breath,
That on yon couch, a mother's lips
Pour to unpitied Death.

We watch'd the sunlight slowly fade,
And from a gorgeous sky
Dimly depart—'twas well, it seem'd
To shout our misery.

Light fades—the sickly lamp succeeds,—
Those dear, those glazing eyes
Turn from its flame—ah! never more
To see the sunset skies.

'Twas midnight—slowly, one by one,
Most of that group are fled
To weep apart,—but what could tear
Me from my mother's bed.

Her spirit past! 'twas well with her—
But who my pangs can tell?
The wanderer, whose sun goes down
Upon a trackless fell.

Who can declare mine anguish wild,
Who my distraction prove;
They who have mourn'd a mother's loss,
Ere they've repaid her love.

Blest soul! the picture memory draws
I hang upon thy shrine;
Well may it seem of vivid hues,
Stamp'd by a loss like mine.

H. GUILFORD.

THE EVIL OMEN.

An Extract from a Work preparing for the Press.

FOR THE OLIO.

A FAR more dreadful and distressing circumstance occurred while we lay becalmed off the Island of C——. The vessel lay motionless and still, while not a breath of air so much as ruffled the glassy smoothness of the water: at the same time, the heat was so intense, that it was particularly painful to walk the deck in the thin slippers that are usually worn on board. The paint all rose in blisters, and it was deemed necessary to keep the men constantly employed in laving the sides and deck with water to prevent the tar and pitch from oozing away from between the planks. Three days had we remained almost stationary—a slight difference in the inclination of the vessel's head alone showed that the ship had moved. Rears began already to be entertained, that, should the calm continue, our supply of water would be insufficient. A thick scum or film had, within the last two days, been collecting on the surface of the water, which was only disturbed by the buckets of the sailors, or the long fins and tails of the numerous sharks which were skimming and hovering about within cable's length, awaiting, as the sailors superstitiously affirmed, the carcass of some one of their unlucky crew. Two Albatrosses, which had been floating at an immense height, almost perpendicularly over the ship, and which had been discovered at the first dawn of day, were adduced as corroborative evidences that some ill was portended either to the ship or crew.

A young, thoughtless, good-tempered fellow, one of our cabin passengers, who, having finished his education in England, was returning to his friends at Calcutta, was supposed by our bigots on board to be the Jonah on whose account we were to be visited—from having, some three or four days before, shot a Petrel, either to show his dexterity as a marksman, or to add to the collection of curiosities he was forming—which, in the eyes of the sailors, was a greater crime than any sacrilege whatever.

Several attempts had been made, without success, to catch one of the sharks that swam around the ship; at length, a sailor who had been leaning over the taffrail, watching the motions and movements of the long-finned mon-

sters, hastily cried out that a shark was approaching the bait,—a piece of pork, which the above-mentioned Mr. W—— had begged of the captain, and which was floating some twenty or thirty yards from the stern, on the starboard quarter. Hearing a commotion overhead, I hastened up the companion-ladder, and joined the crowd who were thronging the bulwarks and the main and mizen channels, intently awaiting the approaching capture of the victim, who seemed somewhat aware that there was "more than met the eye," from his not immediately doing as "sharks are wont to do."

Nothing could be seen of the rascal, but a long, black, slender, and pointed tail, which rose almost upright from the water, about three feet in height, and occasionally his nose, as he neared the bait. It was really beautiful to observe with what swiftness and grace he performed his evolutions round the focus of attraction—leaving behind a wake which was the more distinctly traced, owing to the scum alluded to. At length, he could withstand the temptation no longer, and having at last made up his mind, dashed with astonishing velocity to the devoted piece, first upturning himself, as he neared, upon his side, and showing for the first time, his light grey belly, and the most tremendous mouth that can be conceived: His upper jaw and nose projecting considerably beyond his lower, is the reason assigned for the singular manner in which all sharks take their prey. The shark having, in rising, shown almost his whole body, immediately after sunk, but in a few seconds rose, evidently smarting from the hook. No time was lost in attempting to haul him in, which, however, required great caution in the execution; for fear the line, which was not a stout one, should fail, or the hook might slip, which sometimes happens, for the shark made most desperate plunges in his efforts to escape, and which required some score fathoms of additional line to be given out.

We could now better calculate his size, for having weakened and exhausted himself by his exertions, his evolutions were less rapid, and he showed himself more frequently above the surface. He was of the largest size, certainly not less than fifteen or eighteen feet, and of a species remarkable for their great voracity. It was at this period, that the romantic and restless W——, anxious to finish the adven-

ture, insisted upon giving the *coup-de-grace* with the harpoon, after the manner of the Greenland fishers. The captain and others most strenuously opposed the mad scheme so fraught with danger, and failing by argument to convince, was obliged to refuse him the boat. Foiled in his designs, he stationed himself on the mizen channels, armed with a harpoon, and there, with uplifted arms, awaited the next appearance of his opponent. The shark neared him—he gathered himself up, and with desperate force sent the harpoon whizzing from his hand.

A lurch which the shark made at the moment, prevented it from taking effect, and it (the shark) remained unhurt, saving the hook, which must have annoyed him. A far more dreadful and certain fate awaited the hapless W—; the effort had been made with such energy, that he lost his equilibrium: he tottered some time in vain endeavouring to regain it, and without being able to snatch hold of the shrouds or ratlings behind him, was precipitated into the sea, within a few yards of the infuriated monster. A loud and piercing shriek from the unhappy wretch was responded by most of the spectators on board. A rope was thrown hastily over, to which the poor sufferer endeavoured to cling: the jolly-boat, too, was instantly manned, and was being lowered from the davits,—when another dreadful shriek announced that the shark was preparing for attack.—The poor, ill-fated wretch had seized the rope; the splash of water told that the boat was already on its way to the rescue; already the hurrah of the crew anticipated success,—when, horrible to relate, the shark, who, on the first dash of the poor youth into the water, had retired some distance, no sooner saw the cause, than he wore round, remained a few minutes stationary, and then, alike regardless of the noise occasioned by the men—the splash of the boat, as it touched the water—and its contiguity to the ship—impelled by that insatiable voracity which so peculiarly distinguishes sharks, he neared his victim, who was now hanging suspended some feet above the water, when, at this awful and peculiarly painful moment, a tremendous splash of the water was heard—and, at the same time, the huge monster, throwing itself entirely out of the water, apparently with as much ease as a salmon or dolphin, seized its devoted victim,—and when, with a dreadful plunge, it returned to its na-

tive element, the legs of poor W— were missing from above the knees.—The thighs, dreadfully lacerated, streamed with blood: but for a few seconds did he maintain his hold—pale and apparently convulsed, one long shriek was all he uttered, before, relaxing his hold, he fell into the sea—when he immediately disappeared. A slight gurgling of the water, succeeded by a splash, gave evidence that he sunk not alone.

Whether in the excusable flurry of the moment, the coil of line to which the shark was attached had been dropped overboard, or whether the shark in its last retreat, had silently drawn it away, was never ascertained—for certain, it was never more seen. A few minutes afterwards, a commotion in the water, being observed some hundred yards a-head, the boat rowed to the spot—which commotion ceased as soon as the boat arrived near:—and there, on the surface, surrounded for many yards by blood, floated all that remained of poor W—, a portion of his entrails.

Such was the end of a gay, kind, high-spirited, but thoughtless youth,—one who a short half-hour before had been the life of the ship's company, and who had conducted more than any else on board to dissipate and lessen the monotony and tediousness of the voyage,—who, with youth, fortune, education, and powerful friends, had a brighter prospect than many. This solitary tale—if any proof was wanting—is enough to convince us of the certainty and immutability of *Fate*.

A singular coincidence, as connected with the sailors' predictions, occurred, and which not a little confirmed them in their prejudices. While the above sad adventure was taking place, the *Albatrosses* had disappeared; in less than an hour after, the air became more cool; and in a few minutes more, the wind freshened into a breeze, which soon bore us from a spot fraught with such horrible and tragic associations.

Bristol, Nov. 1831.

W. W.

THE SOLDIER RETURNED.

For the Olio.

He leans on his crutch, and the scars which
we trace
Bespeak him of valour the son;
While tears of remembrance still hastily race
Each other, adown the brave veteran's face,
Where once smiles of happiness shone.

He leans on his crutch, and fond fancy renews
The spot where his cottage arose;

While with eager distraction and wildness he
views

The desolate scene, which his firmness subdues
And o'erwhelms his sad bosom with woes.

That home, ere he left it (abode of delight)
Was cheer'd by his Emmeline's smile;
By two innocent dear ones,—but clouded in
night

They never again shall snare up his sight,
Or his bosom of sorrow beguile.

And tell me, what meed does his country be-
stow

On her son for his valour so true?
Fond tears of affection—in vain did ye flow!
Warm heart of a parent—in vain did't thou
glow,

To his country he sacrificed you!

To bleed for his country life's morning he gave,
Yet his eye will be clouded in woes!
And what's the reward that's reserved for the
brave?

His scars, and his crutch, and the dark, lowly
grave,

Where his wife and his children repose!
MRS. KENTISH.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

For the Olio.

My son! my son!
My beautiful! my brave! how proud was I
Of thee, and of thy valour! DOUGLAS.

THIS pathetic appeal of Lady Randolph on her son's death, coupled with David's beautiful lament over Absalom, was brought to my notice a few days since by one of the public journals, (the Spectator) in a notice on the death of children; though of a general nature on the whole, yet some part of it was intended, I believe, to condole a nobleman, high in office, on the death of his son,* a youth of great promise, and whose decease must undoubtedly have caused much sorrow to his family. The writer had worked up his sketch with great ability; and his remarks, had they not been connected with the great men of the land, would have interested me very much; but, as they seemed intended exclusively for one rank, I could not help thinking how many persons situated in the lower spheres of life, are doomed to suffer equal, if not greater, affliction than this nobleman, without any of the means of alleviating sorrow that he possessed, and whose troubles are never held up for public sympathy. I was the more struck with this idea from an event which occurred in my own neighbourhood, and which affected me, and those who knew the circumstances connected

with it, greatly; in abler hands than mine, it would perhaps have been better related; but the annals of the poor are "short and simple," and this may interest without much talent.

During a fresh gale of wind in March, 183—, a large vessel was observed running in towards St. Michael's Mount; as usual in such cases, the boats went off to render assistance, in bringing the ship to an anchor; the first boat alongside generally has the preference, and as it is not only at the moment they are employed, but usually all the time the vessel remains in the bay, the exertions made to reach the vessel first are very great, as their livelihood depends much on this; whenever it is possible a boat can put out, the instant a sail appears in sight, all is eager anxiety; the men exert themselves to the utmost for the prize; the boats are launched, and in a few moments they are gaily dashing over the waves; daily and hourly experience have so familiarized the inhabitants of the coast to those scenes, that they brave a sea in which it appears almost impossible any vessel could live, and thus earn a subsistence by their ability out of the very ocean's fury. In the present instance, a boat had succeeded in reaching the vessel; the pilot was on board, and under his direction, in a short time, she was moored in safety; anchored and secure, the commander requested to be put on shore to transact some business relative to his ship; immediately two men got in the boat for that purpose; though blowing fresh and a heavy sea going, all was well until they were about to reach the land, when the captain mistaking some directions given as to running the boat on the beach, in an instant she got entangled among the breakers and filled.—They were so near the place of landing, that the disaster was witnessed by many, yet they dared not go to their assistance, fearing to be involved in the same fate; they saw them struggling in the waves; the white foam playing with them as if in mockery, and hurrying them to and fro, sometimes so near as almost to allow those on shore to reach them, and then drawn out by the returning wave to the verge of the breakers; while no one had courage or presence of mind to devise any plan for their preservation; and not a boat at that time could be procured to get towards them from seaward.

Though human exertion promised little towards rescuing these unfortu-

* Master Lambton, son of Lord Durham, and grandson of Earl Grey, whose picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, graced one of the annuals a year or two since.

nates from the jaws of death, He who never sees the sparrow fall unnoticed, was pleased graciously to interpose; when nearly exhausted, two of them were carried on the top of a huge wave, sufficiently near for those on shore to lay hold of, and draw them to land, the third was yet at too great a distance; still hope filled the minds of his friends, he swam strong, and boldly buffeted the billows, although unable to get without the reach of their fury, but it was evident he could not much longer hold out; weaker and weaker grew his efforts; his strong nervous arms grew stiff and powerless; his whole frame was exhausted—he sank; at that moment a young man dashed into the waves desperately to save or perish.—It was a friend of the drowning man; they had before now shared the same dangers, in the same boat had toiled through many a blustering night, and only a momentary absence had prevented his being at this time with him in his distress; they knew it on the shore, and when he plunged into the waves, there was an involuntary burst of exultation and encouragement from the crowd, to endeavour to keep his courage and nerve to the high pitch required for the bold deed he had undertaken; they feared the issue and breathless waited its accomplishment; he reached the spot and disappeared, the waves covered and hid him from their sight—was he too gone! had he who had risked his life for his friend perished!—no, again he rises; his friend is in his arms, and he strives to gain the shore, but his exertions would have availed little had not a boat just at the moment he began to despair of accomplishing his design, reached the place, and took them both from the world of waters. Mothers are generally proud of their children, and of their merits; scarcely any gift is more precious than the applause bestowed on them by the world, and how highly is this praise cherished; what then must have been the feelings of the mother of this young man; she was a widow, and this was her only son; how her heart swelled within her on hearing the approbation of the multitude for this gallant attempt, and with what admiration did she gaze upon her boy; but when she saw the preserved one himself come and bless her son, calling him his deliverer, she would not have changed her lot for that of any human being—she was indeed happy!

But how unstable is human happi-

ness; this young man, the pride of his mother's heart,—her joy—her support—the living image of a husband who had been most dear to her, and whose death had made her house desolate; this last tie, the only object which bound her to the earth, was now, at a time when he had become more valued than ever, in the pride and flush of youth, cut off from among the living, and she was left more wretched, more pitiable than before, for she stood alone—the last of her race; a widow and childless, never more to be greeted with the name of wife or mother. He died like many of his brethren, upon the sea; the storm had burst upon his devoted bark, and made him its victim; the waves roll over the spot where he perished; but where, or in what manner, he died, no one living knows; he had gone out as usual to his fishing, the night had not been very boisterous, though heavy squalls had at times swept over the bosom of the waves; but in the morning, when he was expected home, he was no where to be seen,—still no one was alarmed, they supposed he had been driven off the fishing ground, and could not get back at his accustomed hour. Not 'till evening advanced, did his mother feel uneasy at his protracted stay, and then maternal solicitude filled her heart with anguish. Night came—a night of torment; and the day which followed, only heaped affliction on her head, for his little boat was then discovered driven on shore, in a creek a few miles distant, and it was evident he had perished.

But the mother:—the neighbours pitied and did what they could to comfort her; they kindly gave what little they had, and tried by their assiduity to make her forget her loss. She still lives; but every thing around reminds her of the loss she has sustained; and when the man, her son preserved, calls on her, then every feeling of the mother breaks forth in lamentation for him, to whom the words of the dramatist,

My son! my son!
My beautiful! my brave!

might be so well applied. But no one told the world the story of her grief; she was only a poor widow who had lost a son on the sea, a thing too common for eloquence to dwell on, when unconnected with rank and power, however worthy the object to be held up for sympathy. May the remaining part of this poor sufferer's days pass

in peace; and though ill-fortune has played roughly with her thus far on her journey through life, may the arm of the Mighty One support her during the remainder of it; and in the end, when her lamp is extinguished on earth, may it be re-illuminated in heaven, and she again join her beloved ones in glory.

H. C.

Pennance, Nov. 1851.

POVERTY OF THE ENGLISH DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

In the fourteenth century none but the clergy and nobility wore white linen. As industry increased, and the cleanliness of the middle classes increased with it, the use of white linen became more general. But, even at the end of the next century, when printing was invented, the paper-makers had the greatest difficulty in procuring rags for their manufacture; and so careful were the people of every class to preserve their linen, that night-clothes were never worn. Linen was so dear, that Shakespeare makes Falstaff's shirts eight shillings an ell. The more sumptuous articles of a mercer's stock were treasured in rich families from generation to generation; and even the wives of the nobility did not disdain to mention in their wills a particular article of clothing, which they left to the use of a daughter or a friend.

The household furniture found in use amongst families at this time consisted, in the more wealthy, of an occasional bed, a brass pot, a brass cup, a gridiron, and a rug or two, and perhaps a towel. Of chairs and tables we hear nothing. We learn from the Chronicles of Brantome, a French historian of these days, that even the nobility sat upon chests in which they kept their clothes and linen. The ancient English chronicler, Harrison, affirms, that if a man in seven years after marriage could purchase a flock bed, and a sack of chaff to rest his head upon, he thought himself as well lodged as the lord of the town, "who peradventure lay seldom on a bed entirely of feathers." An old tenore in England, before these times, binds the vassal to find straw even for the king's bed. The beds of flock, the few articles of furniture, the absence of chairs and tables, would have been of less consequence to the comfort and health of the people, if they had been clean; but cleanliness never exists without a certain possession of domestic

conveniences. The people of England in the days of which we are speaking, were not famed for their attention to this particular. Thomas-a-Becket was reputed extravagantly nice, because he had his chamber strewed every day with clean straw. As late as the reign of Henry VIII., Erasmus, a celebrated scholar of Holland, who visited England, complains that the nastiness of the people was the cause of the frequent plagues that destroyed them;—and he says, "their floors are commonly of clay, strewed with rushes, under which lie unmolested a collection of beer, grease, fragments, bones, spit, excrements of dogs and cats, and of every thing that is nauseous."

The elder Scaliger, another scholar who came to England, abuses the people for giving him no convenience to wash his hands. Glass vessels were scarce, and pottery was almost wholly unknown. The Earl of Northumberland breakfasted on trenchers and dined on pewter. While such universal slovenliness prevailed as Erasmus has described, it is not likely that much attention was generally paid to the cultivation of the mind. Before the invention of printing, books in manuscript, from their extreme costliness, could be purchased only by princes.

SPIRIT OF ENTERPRISE.

For the Olio.

THERE is now in operation on a low ledge of rocks running out into the sea, about half-way between the towns of Marazion and Penzance, in the Mount's Bay, a small copper mine, called Wheal Mexico, which, at high water, is full fifty fathoms from the shore; the shaft, or opening by which the miners descend to their work, is cut through the rock, and only defended from the force of the waves of the Atlantic Ocean, (which, when the wind is from the southward, sweep full upon the spot,) by a wooden frame built around the aperture.

At present the underground work is stopped, but men are busily preparing for the erection of a steam engine on the beach, to drain off the water from the mine, which now comes so quick upon them, that by ordinary methods they cannot clear it away so as to continue searching for ore; they are also building a more substantial frame around the shaft. When this is in a regular train, and the business of the mine going on, it will be an object

worthy the attention of the tourist, and will well repay the trouble of an excursion to the spot.

Not many years since, a mine similar to this was worked at about two miles distant from the present one; it turned out very rich, and would, perhaps, have continued so to this day, had not an American ship, in a gale of wind, driven on the erections, and destroyed the labour of the enterprising individuals by whom it was carried on. The fear of a similar occurrence taking place, and a want of union among the proprietors, put a final stop to this singular work.

J. S. C.

yards of calico and various other cotton fabrics; and of these we export about a third; so that eight hundred million yards remain for home consumption, being about thirty-two yards annually for each person. The woollen manufacture consumes about thirty million lbs. of wool. Of *hides* and *skins* about fifty million are annually tanned and dressed. Of *paper*, about fifty million lbs. are yearly manufactured, which is about two million reams, of five hundred sheets to the ream."

THE DEATH BED: A FRAGMENT.

Concluded from p. 298.

For the Ollio.

CONSUMPTION OF STAPLE ARTICLES IN ENGLAND.

The following is an accurate estimate of the home consumption of England, in the great staple articles of commerce and manufactures.

"Of *wheat*, fifteen million quarters are annually consumed in Great Britain. This is about a quarter of wheat to each individual. Of *malt*, twenty-five million bushels are annually used in breweries and distilleries in the United Kingdom; and there are forty-six thousand acres under cultivation with *hops*. Of the quantity of potatoes and other vegetables consumed we have no accounts. Of meat, about one million, two hundred and fifty thousand head of cattle, sheep, and pigs are sold during the year in Smithfield market alone, which is probably about a tenth of the consumption of the whole kingdom. The quantity of *tea* consumed in the United Kingdom is about thirty million pounds annually. Of *sugar* nearly four million hundred-weights, or about five hundred million lbs. every year, — which is a consumption of twenty pounds for every individual, reckoning the population at twenty-five millions; and of *coffee* about twenty million lbs. are annually consumed.

"Of *soap*, one hundred and fourteen millions lbs. are consumed; and of *candles*, about a hundred and seventeen millions lbs. Of sea-borne *coals* alone there are about three million chaldron consumed in England and Wales; and it is estimated that, adding the coals of the midland counties, each person of the population consumes a chaldron throughout the kingdom. Of clothing, we annually manufacture about two hundred million lbs. of cotton wool, which produce twelve hundred million

We had been destined to meet again, then, notwithstanding the dark circumstances of our former hurried parting—and that parting, it seemed to live in our mutual recollection, as but the event of a month since, though years had flown between,—so indelibly are some things imprinted on the human mind. Walton was the first to break the expressive silence of the few moments that had reigned between us.

"Are we alone?" he feebly articulated, "I have much to say, and feel my time is short."

Making a motion to the woman and her daughter, who were gazing with tearful eyes at the scene, they left the room. Scarcely had the door closed, when, turning to me with a fearful wildness in his eye, he exclaimed, with a measured energy I had thought him incapable of displaying,—

"My early feelings have not misled me: it is at length about to be fulfilled—so was it written, and so ordained to be!"

"What mean you?" I said, alarmed at the sudden wildness of his speech, as his momentary excitement gave way to the languor attending his debilitated state. His voice was low and impressive as he proceeded—

"True, you may have forgotten *that* which, through toils and dangers, joys and sorrows, though it may have slumbered for a time, has never been eradicated from my memory. 'Tis the prophecy—the fate—told me under those impressive circumstances in our early years, we oft have since alluded to. You may well recollect. I was then a happy, wanton lad, at school, full, at times, of mirth and glee, save when on that fatal day, heading our little band of inates, we approached the moon-lit ruin, and marked a woman's dwarfish

form, statue-like, reclining on a grave. It was my evil genius. I spoke—oh! you may well remember. From that time I felt 'the worm that never dies!' From that time," pursued the dying man, his voice rising with the excitement of his feelings, "when springing up in naught of earthly form and look, it fulminated forth its horrid curse against me,—'a criminal, by poison, and in madness, shalt thou depart life!' was its dreadful, soul-fraught anathema. Even now, throughout the lapse of rolling years, those damned words, whose fulfilment are so close at hand, seem to sound again in my horror-stricken ears!"

"Come, Walton, banish these dark thoughts," I said, "recollecting, with a feeling of horror, but too well the unhappy event he alluded to, while I endeavoured to inspire a hope I felt not. "Come, come, Walton—a few strengthening cordials——"

I was proceeding, when I was arrested by the ghastly smile that overspread his features, as placing his hand under the pillow, he drew forth an empty, discoloured phial.

"It is all fulfilled as it was ordained to be, without reservation," he uttered; "nor would I accept of life on any other terms than recalling the dead from the silent depths of the grave."

A single moment sufficed to inform me he had taken a deadly poison. A cold chill ran through my frame, and the perspiration trickled down in large drops upon my forehead, as I gazed upon his ghastly countenance, whose wan and wasted features seemed lit by a faint smile as he steadfastly regarded me. He perceived my emotion, and again seized my hand in the cold quivering grasp of his own, as he said, in a low husky tone, scarcely audible—

"Yes, my fate—my unhappy fate—so well and strangely foretold, as it was pre-written—is nearly done. For happiness did I quit my own country for a foreign land. In cities—on the ocean—and in the desert with the Arab, have I sought it in vain. At length it came, like the transient flash of the cloud, to leave me in a deeper gloom—the very being I fondly loved on earth, was doomed to suffer by me. And now again since that last guilty affair of the lone, abject wretch, Ennesley, who suffered so miserably,—have I returned a proscribed wanderer, to lay my dust with *her*—whose doom I hope to share in that hereafter that men of all countries have speculated on so freely, and which

in a few minutes will be revealed to him who now speaks."

He paused awhile from exhaustion, as a slight and trembling convulsion ran over his frame. Obeying a sign he made, I placed the pillow more under his shoulders. And now he continued, his voice growing less distinct every minute—

"I have one—the last request I shall ever make. By our past friendship, see it accomplished. You know *her* grave—Isadora's.—Many an inclement night have I bared my bosom there, and kissed that flowered turf, where all my future hope lay buried. 'Tis there, by her, in that stilled village church-copse overlooking the green sea, I would be laid. Promise me—but say you will see it done!"

"I will—I will; compose yourself more!"—the tears burst involuntarily from my eyelids, bedewing the chilly hand I held.

"Enough! enough! I know your word is sacred; there is a pleasing melancholy in the feeling even now to think our dust in some few hours shall mingle. O, life! thy shores now fast recede. Do you remember those beautiful lines of Homer so oft repeated in our school-days—

'Frail as the leaves that quiver on the sprays,
Like them man flourishes, like them decays.'

My head burns strangely. I—I—I feel 'tis all——"

His voice, that was entirely failing him, now broke off abruptly into an indistinct murmur,—his mouth quivered for an instant—opened—his glassy eyes became fixed as if on vacuity, as his head sunk back upon his pillow. Hastily calling the good woman of the house up,—a faint respiration seemed still visible in the death-like stupor he had sunken into. Taking a cordial off the shelf, she poured a few drops down his throat, as I held him in my arms. Its effect was quickly visible; once more a flash of animation lit up his eye. It was a feeble, solitary gleam, like the last faint flash of an expiring taper.—He spoke, but indistinctly; his senses had wandered, and reverted wildly to names and events, some of them but too well known to me, during his brilliant, but latterly—sullied by a single act of desperation—misguided career. Again he raved unconnectedly in the delirium of madness, on the subject still uppermost in his mind.

"Ha! a criminal!—madness!—my fate! Isadora!—Isadora!—I come—I come——"

The death-rattle sounded in his throat,—a convulsion wrenched his frame for a moment—it passed, and the next saw the fatalist a livid corpse!

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THE BRIGAND OF EBOLI.

Concluded from page 295.

It was not until several hours after her escape, that Mangone, previously to starting on an expedition to intercept the Viceroy's *procaccio*, or mail, repaired to the cabin to commune in gentleness and love with his captive, whom he destined for his wife as soon as she should be well. His consternation and rage at finding her not in the hut—not in the hamlet, were such as only a fiery, volcanic nature like his, could feel with such intensity. The expedition was abandoned, and himself and his somewhat murmuring comrades went off in different directions, to scour the country in quest of the peasant girl.

But Nicoletta was safe with the old fisherman, who carried her to his own town of Salerno, at the opposite end of the gulf: nor was it until weeks after that her tiger-lover, who never gave up his endeavours to recover her, learned from one of his numerous emissaries, that a girl answering to her description had been received into the service of a nobleman of that fair city. With this intimation, and under cover of a skillful disguise, the daring, fearless Mangone flew from his retreat to Salerno, and ventured within the walls of the city, where he soon traced out the fugitive, who, dreading to return among her kindred and friends with the suspicion of dishonour upon her, so readily entertained by these jealous, susceptible people of the south, and so acutely felt by the female peasantry, and by all the *lower* classes of Italians, (whatever be the morals of their superiors), had indeed determined to live among strangers, and had obtained service in the noble mansion to which he had traced her. His ever-ready wits, now sharpened by the value he attached to the prize at stake,—by the passion that raged in his breast, and aggravated by disappointment,—at once busied themselves in devising the means of decoying Nicoletta from the town, and carrying her again off to his haunt. He watched about the nobleman's house in which he supposed her to be, during the whole day. A glance he caught of her beautiful face at a win-

dow almost maddened him, and his prudence could scarcely prevent him from rushing into the mansion and seizing her at that moment.

The gloom and stillness of night fell on the town of Salerno; the inhabitants had gone to their peaceful slumbers, and the robber Mangone was still prowling round the dark walls which contained the object of his fierce affection, when he saw a person enveloped in a large Spanish cloak approach the silent mansion. He glided into a deep shadow, where he remained unseen, but whence he could watch the proceedings of the mysterious visitor.

Presently, the man in the cloak clapped his hands; the signal was answered by opening of a window: the man threw up the ends of a rope-ladder he carried concealed under his mantle, and in the next instant, before Mangone could reach him and stab him to the heart, he ascended with the active steps of youth and love, and entered the house.

It never entered into Mangone's maddened brain, that in the mansion there must be other women; absorbed himself by one image, he felt that the beautiful Nicoletta must be the object of this night visit, and burning with furious jealousy and revenge, he stayed to kill his fancied rival when he should descend into the street. Just at this moment of absolute madness, a Spanish patrol approached the spot, and the robber bethought himself of a recent and sanguinary law:—to put a stop to the immoralities and intrigues carried to a shameful excess by the lawless young nobles of that day, the Viceroy had decreed that any individual found entering another's house, or even detected carrying a rope-ladder by night, should be instantly punished with death; and the Spartan-severity of this law, as the robber well knew, had been really put in practice. Now, therefore, fearful of being apprehended himself—fearful that his rival might escape the vengeance of his arm—blinded and mastered by the jealousy of the moment—he rushed to the guard, and informed them of what he had so unwillingly witnessed. The captain of the Spaniards instantly roused the house, and while he entered with part of the men the gate the porter opened, the rest remained stationary under the window, or went to the rear of the mansion to intercept the retreat of the offending lover. In a few seconds, a young man in the garb of a cavalier, for he had thrown off the large

mantle that impeded his flight, appeared at the window where Mangone had seen him enter; and though he perceived but too plainly the Spanish guard in the street, he threw out the cords, and drawing his sword, glided down in the midst of them. However strong and expert his arm, and valiant his spirit, he could in no respect have offered a successful resistance; but, as he reached the ground, he stumbled and fell, and was at once pinioned by the soldiers. He was scarcely secured, when a young lady—a very different person indeed from Nicoletta—for she was the daughter of the noble owner of the mansion, to escape the first fury of her dishonoured father, and perhaps still more, to witness her lover's fate, or to intercede for him, descended into the street by the same giddy, unsafe rope-ladder, and calling piteously on the name of Luigi—her dear Luigi—she rushed to the captive youth.

At this sight, which proved to him his jealousy had committed an awkward mistake, Mangone would have gone off and evaded enquiries as to himself, which he felt would be rather difficult to answer. But as he was slinking round the corner of the mansion, some of the Spanish guards stopped him, and told him he must go with them to the guard-house. And away therefore he went, with the weeping lady, and the astounded, enraged knight.

They had scarcely entered this stronghold, whose iron-bound doors and iron gratings somewhat damped the spirit of the imprudent robber, when the lady's infuriated father arrived with the captain of the guard. On perceiving who was the lover—that he was noble as himself, though estranged by a family feud, and unmarried and free,—the old baron's heart relented, and as his passion cooled, he listened to the cavalier Luigi, who represented, that not only might he be saved from the law's severity, but the honour of all parties preserved, by his immediate marriage with the young lady, whom he had wooed and won in secrecy, solely because the existing enmities of their families prevented him from pursuing any other course. The captain of the guard, who now found that in arresting Luigi he had placed a friend's life in jeopardy, joined him in his endeavours to conciliate the old nobleman, and to make up matters at once.

"We must thus avoid further scandal and remark," said he; "none but my faithful men here, and a few of your

own domestics, as yet know ought of the unpleasant occurrence, except indeed this fellow, who turned informer."

"And who is he?" cried Luigi.

"Ay, who is he?" echoed the guard, and some of them rushed to bring the robber, (who would have sunk in the earth, or buried himself in eternal darkness,) to the light of a cresset lamp that hung from the high roof of the apartment.

But though thus caught in his own trap—though confused with the sense of his own folly, and pent up and surrounded by armed men, the bandit's presence of mind did not quite forsake him: approaching the captain, he said, boldly,—

"I am a peasant of Apulia, poor and houseless, and seeking for work, but a faithful subject of his Majesty the King of Spain, to whom I did my duty in obeying the orders of his Excellency the Viceroy!"

One thing, however, he forgot; he did not disguise his natural voice, which was but too well known to one present and most deeply interested.

"By the saints! I have heard the tones of that voice before now, and thou art not what thou sayest," exclaimed Luigi, coming forward to the light, and confronting the robber—"if thou art not he who once held me captive, until released by a ransom—if thou art not Benedetto Mangone, hold out thy right hand!"

"Benedetto Mangone? on whose head is a *taglio* of a thousand golden ducats! is our fate so fortunate!" cried the Spanish soldiers, closing round the robber, who did not hold out his hand, but pale as ashes, gazed with fixed eyes on the cavalier, whom he indeed, had too late recognised as one whom he had robbed and captured not many weeks before.

"The villain is well disguised," continued the cavalier; "but I know that peculiar voice, and I could swear to Mangone, among thousands, by an extraordinary wound under his wrist—let him hold out his right hand!"

"'Tis here!" said the robber, gnashing his teeth, and drawing his arm forth from his bosom, on which it had been crossed: but he drew a dagger from beneath his vest with it, and would have stabbed his detector to the heart, but for one of the guards who levelled him to the earth with a tremendous blow of his halbert.

In falling, his high conical cap, and a quantity of false red hair, flew from

his bleeding head; the soldiers who stooped to remove him, found a breast-plate under his peasant's dress; and Luigi recognised the wounded hand of Mangone.

When the robber came to his senses, he muttered,—“Old Pasquale's prediction is verified, and I am lost for woman!” but no other words could be forced from him. On the morrow, when hundreds of the Salernitans, attracted by the astounding news, that the long-dreaded Mangone was at length taken, thronged to the prison, his person was sworn to by many, and he was sent under a formidable guard to Naples, to meet the death he so richly merited. But the horrid tortures that preceded that death, and the mode in which it was finally inflicted, are such as humanity shudders to think of. He was dragged through the streets on a hurdle, executioners tearing his skin as he went with iron pincers, and after months of captivity, was broken on a wheel by blows of hammers, in the Mercato, or great market-place of Naples. “And of no avail,” says the Neapolitan historian, Giannone, “was this dreadful spectacle, and horrid example, for others: almost immediately after Mangone's death, another famous robber, called Marco Sciarra, took the field, and in imitation of King Marcone of Calabria, another bandit styled himself the King of Campagna, and with a troop of six hundred men, surpassed the exploits and the atrocities of his predecessors.

But, to conclude my tale with pleasanter matter, the young cavalier Luigi was united to the fair daughter of the Salernitan baron, and the pretty Nicoletta, instead of being a robber's wife, soon made a more fitting match with one of the pages of her mistress's husband.

Illustrations of History.

THE THEATRES OF THE ANCIENTS.—The earliest theatres at Rome, as at Athens, were mere temporary buildings of wood, removed when the immediate occasion for them was over. Stage-plays were first introduced A.M. 391. For two hundred years the Romans continued satisfied with standing-room; for, in the year 599, the Censors Valerius Messala and Caius Cassius, wishing to build a permanent theatre, were prevented by the senate, at the instance of Scipio Nasica; and at the same time an order was made that no

person should provide seats at public spectacles within a mile of the city, “that the manly habit of standing, combined with mental relaxation, might be the peculiar mark of the Roman people;” or, according to Tacitus, “lest, if the people sat, whole days might be spent in idleness.” Mummus, the destroyer of Corinth, transported the furniture of the Corinthian theatre to Rome, and, at his triumph, represented plays in the Grecian manner, for the first time, about the year 610. The first permanent theatre was built by Pompey, and finished in 699. Up to that time, the *œdiles*, or other persons who exhibited theatrical amusements, constructed edifices on purpose, at an enormous expense, and with such splendour as would have seemed meant to hand down the name and magnificence of the founder to the latest posterity, instead of serving merely for a passing pageant. But money lightly earned is generally prodigally spent; and extreme magnificence in works of ornament is seldom consistent with the happiness of those at whose expense in reality they are constructed. The immense wealth which supplied these costly entertainments was the fruit of unjust conquest, or the spoils of subject provinces, and was thus prodigally lavished merely to obtain favour in the people's eyes, and procure other and more lucrative appointments. The first permanent theatre was constructed by Pompey, after he returned from Asia, at the close of the Mithridatic war. Plutarch says, that, stopping at Mitylène, on his way home, he attended some dramatic representations there, and was so much struck with the building, that he determined to erect one on the same plan, but with greater splendour, at Rome. It was not completed until his second consulship, in the year 699; and even in that luxurious age, either the ancient jealousy of permanent theatres still remained, or he was afraid of raising envy, and prejudicing his popularity, by giving his own name to so magnificent and proud a structure; for he built a temple of Venus Victrix, the Conqueress, at the highest part of the cavea, and dedicated the whole to her, stating in the edict by which he summoned the citizens to the dedication, that he had built a temple to Venus, “under which,” he said, “I have placed tiers of seats, to behold spectacles.” It would contain 40,000 spectators. Subjoined to this building, and as it were a part of the establishment, were his

own house, a portico, basilica, and curia. It was in the latter that Cæsar was slain, after which it was shut up. It was splendidly ornamented with statues by eminent artists; among them were the images of fourteen nations, those, perhaps, whom he claimed to have conquered. Near it, in later times, stood a remarkable colossal statue of Jupiter, erected by the Emperor Claudius. Being injured by fire in the reign of Tiberius, it was repaired by Caligula, and was again burnt, and restored by Claudius. It was burnt a third time in the reign of Titus. Nero gilded the scene, the theatre, and every thing employed in the performance, to make an exhibition of his magnificence to a royal visitor, Teridates, king of Armenia; the very awning was purple, studded with golden stars, representing the heavens, and in the centre was an embroidered representation of himself, as the Sun guiding his chariot. The next permanent theatre was built by Augustus, and named by him after his favourite, Marcellus, who died before it was finished. It stood on the declivity of the Capitol, near the Tarpeian rock, on the spot where Julius Cæsar had proposed to build one of surpassing magnitude. It is called by Ovid the marble theatre, either from being built of that material, or because four columns, of remarkable size, taken from the atrium of Scæurus's house, stood in it. Vitruvius is generally reported to have been the architect of this building, which would contain 30,000 persons. A third theatre was built by Cornelius Balbus, at the instance of Augustus. These three all stood in the neighbourhood of the Circus Flaminius; traces of them still remain, which will be found in the map of ancient Rome. We do not read of any more separate theatres being built; but they were sometimes placed as appendages to the magnificent Thermæ, which about this time it became the fashion to construct.—To roof these vast areas was probably beyond the architectural skill of the Romans, nor, if thus covered, could they well have been properly and sufficiently lighted. Smaller theatres, however, were sometimes roofed, as was the lesser one at Pompeii; and the celebrated Herodes Atticus built two roofed theatres, one at Athens, the other at Corinth; this, however, was at a much later period.—Originally, the Romans defended themselves from the sun by broad-brimmed hats, called *causæ*, or *pilei* Thessalici; and from the rain by mantles or hoods.

It was the Campanians, who carried to the highest pitch every refinement of luxury, who first devised the means of covering their theatres with awnings, by means of cords stretched across the cavea, and attached to masts which passed through perforated blocks of stone, deeply bedded in the solid wall.

Lib. Enter. Know.

Historic Fragments.

For the Olio.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.—Leland, in his History of the reign of Elizabeth, notices this phenomenon as it appeared in 1574; he says "that the clouds flamed with fire in the month of November, streaming from the North into the South; and the next night the heaven seemed to burne, the flames rising from the horizon round about, and meeting in a vertical point." J. S. C.

GREAT DROUGHT.—"1593. This summer there was so great a drought all over England, that not only the fields but the fountains dried up, so much that a great number of beasts died every where of thirst; and on the 5th September, the water in the Thames failed so much, that a man could ride over it near London Bridge, so shallow was the channel." By the following, I should think this was at high water; if so, it was the more singular:—"Whether this was through that drought, or the impetuous violence of a north-east wind which blew furiously two days, driving forward the fresh waters, and keeping back the sea-tide, I cannot say, especially the moon being now at full, and descending southward." J.S.C.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.

M. W. of Windsor.

THIEVES IN ENGLAND.—It is stated by Harrison, an old writer of credit, that during the single reign of Henry the Eighth, seventy-two thousand thieves were hanged in England. No fact can exhibit in a stronger light the universal misery that must have existed in those days. The whole kingdom did not contain half a million grown-up males, so that about one man in ten must have been, to use the words of the same historian, "devoured and eaten

† I think in some work I have read, this was said to be first noticed in England in 17—, but it is not called by Leland by any particular name, and only noticed as a prodigy; it was evidently the Aurora Borealis.

up by the gallowa." In the same reign the first statute against Egyptians (gypsies) was passed. These people went from place to place in great companies—spoke a cant language which Harrison calls Pedlar's French—and were subdivided into fifty-two different classes of thieves. The same race of people prevailed throughout Europe. Cervantes, the author of Don Quixote, says of the Egyptians, or Bohemians, that they seem to have been born for no other purpose than that of pillaging.

PRIDE AND IGNORANCE OF THE NOBILITY.—It has always been the fashion of ignorant greatness to despise the mechanical arts. The pride of the Chinese mandarins was to let their nails grow as long as their fingers, to show that they never worked. In France under the old monarchy, no descendant of a nobleman could embark in trade without the highest disgrace; and the principle was so generally recognized as just, that a French writer, even as recently as 1758, reproaches the sons of the English nobility for the contrary practice, and asks, with an air of triumph, how can a man be fit to serve his country in Parliament after having meddled with such paltry concerns as those of commerce?

INFLUENCE OF SCIENCE UPON NAVIGATION.—There was a time when ships could hardly venture to leave the shore. In the days of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, a man who had made three voyages across the Straits was entitled to rank as a thane, or nobleman. This feat, then held of so much difficulty, and therefore so highly honoured, is now as easy as crossing the Thames from Westminster to Lambeth. Long after this early period of England's navigation, voyages across the Atlantic could never have been attempted. That was before the invention of the mariner's compass; but even after that invention, when astronomy was not scientifically applied to navigation, long voyages were considered in the highest degree dangerous. The crews both of Vasco de Gama, who discovered the passage to India, and of Columbus, principally consisted of criminals, who were pardoned on condition of undertaking a service of such peril. The discovery of magnetism, however, changed the whole principle of navigation, and raised seamanship to a science. If the mariner's compass had not been invented, America could never have been discovered; and if America, and the pas-

sage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, had never been discovered, cotton would never have been brought to England; and if cotton had never been brought to England, we should have been as badly off for clothing as the people of the middle ages, and the million of working men and women, manufacturers of cotton, would have been without employment.

THE FIRST FIRE-SHIPS ever seen, were employed by Elizabeth for the destruction of the Spanish Armada, as it lay off Calais waiting to be joined by the Prince of Parma. The Spaniards were so alarmed, that they immediately cut their cables, (not having courage to stay to weigh anchor,) and put to sea. Eight of those ships were used on that occasion.

J.S.C.

LAFIS CALAMINARIS was first discovered in England in the year 1561, as well as a vein of pure and native brass, near Keswick, in Cumberland. These proved of great use in founding cannon, in the wars between Elizabeth and the Spaniards. At that time, gunpowder was first manufactured in this kingdom, in any quantity, previous to which it was procured from abroad, at a considerable expense to the nation.

J.S.C.

Customs of Various Countries.

SINGULAR CORNISH CUSTOMS.

For the Olio.

Every butcher carrying on trade in the Hundred of Penwith, that is, in the towns of Penzance, St. Ives, &c. by an ancient regulation are required to give a marrowbone each at Christmas to the poor prisoners confined in the gaol of the said Hundred. This is now commuted into a payment of one shilling each, though the gaol no longer exists.

GODOLPHIN (the ancient seat of the Godolphin family in Cornwall,) and which afforded refuge to Charles II. in the wars between him and the Parliament, is held under the following singular tenure:—The lord of the manor of Lambourne*, (of which this place forms a part,) by his reeve appears at Godolphin on the morning of Candlemass-day, before sunrise, and knocking at the three entrance doors of the mansion, repeats at each door as follows:

"Here I come, the reeve of Lanbourne, to demand my lord's dues; eight groats and a penny in money, a

* At present, Sir J. Aubyn, Bart. is the Lord of the Manor, and the Duke of Leeds is proprietor of Godolphin.

loaf of bread, a cheese, a collar of brawn, and a jack of the best ale. God save the king, and the lord of the Manor!"

He is then paid his demand, but it should be noticed, the reeve is not to sleep in the same Hundred the night previous, and should he neglect being at Godolphin before sun-rise, he forfeits his claim for the year; as well should he not use the exact form, the whole is again to be repeated; and should it not be finished before the time appointed, the claim for the year is lost.

J. S. C.

Anecdotalia.

KENILWORTH.—Dr. Alasco, frequently mentioned in Sir. W. Scott's novel of Kenilworth, is thus spoken of in Leland's History of Elizabeth:—"Out of Polonia (Poland) came this summer, (1583), to see the queene, Albert Alasco, Palatine of Siradia, a learned man, of comely feature of body, a very long beard, and very comely and decent apparell; who being graciously received by her, and entertained by the nobility with great honour and feasting, and by the University of Oxford with learned delights, and sundry pageants, after four months' abode here, withdrew himself secretly being far runne in debt." Sir Walter, without much ceremony, has made him pay the great debt of nature at Cumnor; and, knowing dead men tell no tales, has made equally free with his character; perhaps that great writer reasons, that running away in debt is a proof of crime, and as this worthy did so, he consequently was guilty of every charge he has brought against him.

J. S. C.

THE QUEEN'S MARIES.—The four juvenile attendants of Mary Queen of Scots, selected by her mother when she was removed, at about four years of age, to Inchmahone, an island in the Lake of Monteith, were called the Queen's Maries, because they all bore the same name. They were—Mary Beaton, Mary Seyton, Mary Fleming, and Mary Livingstone; they are thus alluded to in an old ballad:—

"Last night the Queen had four Maries,
To-night she'll ha'e but three;
There was Mary Seyton, and Mary Beaton,
And Mary Livingstone, and me."

Who *me* was is not known; for as the four original Maries, one by one, married and left her service, the Queen

replaced them with new ones of the same name, and seems to have pleased herself with the fancy of having four Maries always in attendance upon her.

PIOUS PUNNING.—When worthy master Samuel Hearn, famous for his living, preaching, and writing, lay on his death-bed, (rich only in goodness and children) his wife made much womanish lamentation about what would hereafter become of her little ones.—"Peace, sweetheart," said he, "that God who feedeth the ravens, will not starve the *Hearns*."

SHAKSPEARE AND THE BLACKSMITH.—Dr. Drake, in his amusing work of "Shakspeare and his Times," has preserved the following repartee of the immortal bard of Avon:

"A drunken blacksmith, with a carbuncled face, reeling up to Shakspeare, as he was leaning over a mercer's door, exclaimed, with much vociferation—

'Now, Mr. Shakspeare, tell me, if you can,
The difference betwixt a youth and a young
man!'

A question which immediately drew from the poet the following reply—

'Thou son of fire! with thy face like maple,
The same difference between a scalded and a
coddled apple.'

CLEMENT THE FOURTEENTH.—The Baron of Gleichen, in his way to Italy, stopped at Ferney, and enquired of Voltaire what he should say from him to the Pope. "His Holiness," replied Voltaire, "favours me with presents of medals, and of indulgencies, and even sends me his blessing; but I would rather that Ganganelli would send me the ears of the Grand Inquisitor." The Baron delivered the message. "Tell him," replied Clement, "that as long as Ganganelli is Pope, the Grand Inquisitor shall have neither ears nor eyes."

ANSWER TO "PUZZLER" IN OUR
LAST,—FLESH.

ENIGMA.

For the Ollio.

What am I?—Come, tell me where I'm to be
found?

I encircle the earth; I spring from the ground;
I was born e'er the world was, and yet, at this
day,

Exhibit no symptoms of waste or decay;
Though I separate nations and kingdoms be-
side,

And in my embraces have many men died,
Yet I form a great portion of every one's food,
And for most of men's purposes found to be
good;

Yes, even this evening, when you were at tea,
You'd have cut a poor figure to be without me.
(The Answer in our next.)

Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, Nov. 23.

St. Clement, pope and mart. A. D. 100.

High Water 10m after 4 Mor.—33m after 4 Aftern.

Ploot, in his history of Staffordshire, describing a Clog Almanack, says, "A pot is marked against the 23rd of November, for the feast of St. Clement, from the ancient custom of going about that night to beg drink to make merry with.

23rd Nov. 1552.—*Ancient Punishment of Fornicators and Adulterers.*—As early as the year 1383, being the seventh of Richard the Second, persons found guilty of incontinence in the city, were imprisoned in the Tunne (a jail in Cornhill) by the Court of Aldermen, and before they were liberated they were exposed with some ceremony through the city. The disgraceful parade attending the punishment will be seen from the following extract:—"Proceedings of the Court of Aldermen, (under the above date). Item, it was orderly and agryed, that Sir Thomas Sowdeley, clerk, who did not deny, but playneley confess this day in the full corte, that he hath kept and viciously and carnally used an harlot in his howse a long tyme, namyng her to be hys wyfe, shall to-morrow be caryed aboute the cytie in a carte, with a ray hode on hys heade, a whyte rade in his hande, and basons and pannes rynging before hym, according to the lawes and ancient customes of this cytie in such case made and provyded and used."

Thursday, Nov. 24.

Sts. Flora and Mary, Vir. and Martyrs at Cordova, A. D. 851.

Sun rises 48m after 7—sets 12m after 4.

The following Sonnet is well addressed to St. Flora at this season:—

Flower of nectar odours, pride of Spain,
Beautie's unvarnished essence, saintlie mayde,
Before whose form all earth-born flowers fade,
And, blushing, let their petals fall again:
How rightly art thou named from the train
Of fragrant crops that catch the morning dew;
Thou the chaste Snowdrop's whiteness without
stain,

Mixt with the Harebell's deeply purpling blue.
Thy care in Spring, wise maid, was to bedew
The garden of the soul with heavenly grace,
Weeting that all that's earthly weuds apace,
Into the dark abyss of death and rue.
Well didst thou weave thy crown for that blest
place,
Where Virtue's flowers ever keep their hue.

Friday, Nov. 25.

St. Catharine, vir. A. D. 305.

High Water, 49m aft 5 Mor.—16m aft 6 After.

"It is now," observes a pleasing writer, "that the labourer is about to enjoy a temporary mitigation of the season's toil. His little store of Winter provision having been hardly earned and safely lodged, his countenance brightens, and his heart warms, with the anticipation of Winter's comforts. As the day shortens, and the hours of darkness increase, the domestic affections are awakened anew by a closer and more lengthened converse; the father is now once more in the midst of his family; the child is now once more on the knee of its parent; and she, in whose comfort his heart is principally interested, is again

permitted, by the privileges of the season, to increase and participate his happiness. It is now that the husbandman is repaid for his former risk and anxiety,—that, having waited patiently for the coming harvest, he builds up his sheaves, loads his waggons, and replenishes his barns." It is now that men of study and literary pursuit are admonished of the best season for the pursuits of literature, and the saug fire-side, in an armed-chair, during a long winter's evening, with an entertaining book, is a pleasure by no means to be despised. There is something, too, very pleasing in the festivals which are now approaching, and which preserve the recollections of the olden-time.

Saturday, Nov. 26.

St. Peter, bishop and martyr.

Sun rises 50m after 7—sets 10m after 4.

Nov. 26, 1703.—To-day began the tremendous wind, attended with lightning, so memorable for the extent of its mischief among shipping: it uncovered the roofs of many houses and churches; blew down the spires of several steeples and chimnies: tore whole groves of trees up by the roots. The leads of some churches were rolled up like scrolls of parchment, and several vessels, boats, and barges were sunk in the river Thames; but the royal navy sustained the greatest damage, being just returned from the Straights. Four third-rates, one second-rate, four fourth-rates, and many others of less force, were cast away upon the coast of England, and above fifteen hundred seamen lost, besides those that were cast away in merchant-ships. The loss which London alone sustained was computed at one million sterling, and the city of Bristol lost to the amount of 200,000*l.* Among the persons who were drowned, was Rear-Admiral Beaumont.

Sunday, Nov. 27.

TWENTY-SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER

TRINITY.

Lessons for the Day.—Proverbs, 17 chap. Morning Proverbs, 19 ch. Evening.

London Fog.—"In a well-mixed metropolitan fog, there is something substantial and satisfying. You can feel what you breathe, and see it too. It is like breathing water—as we may fancy the fishes to do. And then the taste of it, when dashed with a fine seasoning of sea-coal-smoke, is far from insipid. It is also meat and drink at the same time; something between egg-flip and omelette soufflee, but much more digestible than either. Not that I would recommend it medicinally—especially to persons of greasy stomachs, delicate nerves, and afflicted with bile. But for persons of a good robust habit of body, and not dainty withal, (which such, by the bye, never are,) there is nothing better in its way. And it wraps you all round like a cloak, too—a patent waterproof one, which no rain ever penetrated.

"No—I maintain that a real London fog is a thing not to be sneezed at—if you can help it.

"*Mem.* As many spurious imitations of the above are abroad,—such as Scotch mists and the like, which are no less deleterious than disagreeable,—please to ask for the 'True London Particular,' as manufactured by Thames, Coal-gas, Smoke, Steam, and Co. No others are genuine."

C. Lamb.

Part 51, with 6 Fine Engravings, will be ready on the 31st instant, containing the
CREAM OF THE ANNUALS FOR 1832.



See page 326

Illustrated Article.

THE SOVEREIGN AND THE SUBJECT, OR, THE RIVAL SUITORS.

“SHOULD you like to be a queen, Christina?” said Count Piper, in a tone of affected carelessness, to his beautiful young daughter, who was reclining upon a couch, nursing a lap-dog.

“Queen of Hearts,” said the petite Venus, without raising her head.

“That empire is your own already,” returned the politician.

“Then I have no ambition to extend my dominions. I have more subjects, at present, than I well know how to manage.”

“How! I was not aware, madam, that you had lovers. Surely you are too prudent to encourage their addresses.”

“Indeed! I am not so obligingly grateful for homage which I consider as my due. There is only one man in the world for whom I feel the least tender
VOL. VIII. X

regard.” The brow of the Prime Minister of Sweden darkened.

“And pray, who is the favoured Adonis?” Christina blushed, looked enchantingly simple, and redoubled the caresses she was bestowing upon her dog. The Count repeated the question.

“My cousin Adolphus Von Hesse.”

“You have not been so foolish as to fall in love with that boy?”

“Boy, indeed! No, I walked into love with him; for I cannot remember the day when he first appeared lovely in my eyes.”

“Nonsense! You have been brought up together. ’Tis a mere sisterly regard.”

“I should be very sorry if Adolphus were my brother.”

“But the youth is portionless;—has no other maintenance than his commission and my bounty.”

“He is handsome and brave; and, when I discovered that he had fine eyes, and that they spoke the most eloquent language in the world, I never examined the depth of his purse.”

"My dear girl, you must forget him," said the Count, passing his arm tenderly round her waist.

"My dear sire, I don't mean to try. You are not indifferent to his amiable qualities, and love him yourself."

"Not well enough to make him my heir."

"And you will not render us the happiest couple in the world!" said Christina, her fine eyes sparkling like sapphires through her tears.

"Christina, you have been a spoilt child. I have given you too much your own way, and now you demand impossibilities. You are not old enough to choose a husband for yourself. Be a good girl, and your aunt shall introduce you at court; and then you will see our brave young King."

"The rude monster! I have no wish to see him. Besides, he hates women."

"'Tis a libel. He is in love with you."

"With me! I never saw him in my life."

"But he has seen you, and he says—"

"Ah, my dear father, what does he say?"

"You do not care for the opinion of a rude monster, and a woman-bater?"

"Ah, but he is a king. What did he say?" But the Count was determined to keep the secret; and no coaxing, in which feminine art the little flirt was a perfect adept, could wheedle it out of him.

"Christina, I shall bring an officer home to sup with me: you must treat him with respect, as I intend him for your husband."

"But I will never have him," said Christina, laughing, as the Count left the room. "If I do not marry my soldier, I will die a maid."

"Bravely resolved, sweetheart," cried Von Hesse, stepping from behind the arras. "It is worth playing at hide and seek, to hear you advocate a cause so hopeless as mine."

"Hopeless!—why the battle is half-won. My father's anger is like the dew upon the grass, which the first sunny smile evaporates. Prythee, do not sigh, and fold your arms, and look so sentimentally solemn. Love will pay the piper, and we shall yet dance to a merry tune."

"You suffer hope to deceive you, Christina. I know your father better. Ah, Christina! you will not be able to refuse the magnificent bribe he will

offer in exchange for the warm heart and devoted attachment of your cousin."

"I perceive that you are determined that I shall increase the list of faithless lovers," said Christina, pouting, "in spite of the late convincing proof you so treacherously obtained of my constancy."

"Dearest love, you mistake my meaning. Dry these tears, Christina: I am not Stoic enough to withstand such eloquence."

"Why did you cause them to flow?" said Christina, still sobbing. "Was it merely to indulge in the levity of kissing them away; or were you jealous of some imaginary rival? What think you of that antidote to the tender emotions of the heart, Count Ericson?"

"Ah, Christina!—"

"Why that sigh, Adolphus?"

"Your father will introduce to you, to-night, a new lover, and I—I shall be forgotten."

"You deserve the fate you anticipate, for entertaining these unjust suspicions. But, you are a man—and I forgive you."

"Then you really love me, Christina?"

"Am I to tell you so a hundred times! You must be tired of the repetition of that word."

"On the contrary, 'tis ever new to me."

"We love each other," said Christina; "but my father will not, at present, give his consent to our union; and we must wait patiently till he does."

"And if that period should not arrive?"

"Never fear."

"But, Christina, I do fear."

"Our happiness would not be increased by an act of disobedience."

"I thought as much, Christina; you have grown very prudent."

"I cannot break my father's heart."

"But mine?"

"Adolphus, if I am not your's with my father's consent, I will never wed another. But he is so kind—so good—I am his only child. No, no—I cannot disobey him."

The young soldier frowned, and walked several times hastily across the room, at every turn stopping to contemplate the fair tyrant who held his heart in her chains. Christina was trying to look grave; but the roguish dimples, which gave such a charm to her rosy mouth, were ready to expand,

upon the first provocation, into a hearty laugh. It was impossible for the little beauty to look sad for two minutes together. Von Hesse was in no laughing mood. He was in the very heroics of love; and his distorted fancy magnified the reasonable impediments to his union with Christina into mountains, guarded by those hope-extinguishing monsters, ambition and avarice. Ignorant of her father's designs, and firmly confiding in his parental love, Christina saw no difficulty in the matter; and she was greatly diverted by the perplexed and jealous askances of her lover. Von Hesse was out of humour. He dared not complain of Christina's coldness; and he, therefore, endeavoured to draw upon her compassion by railing at himself.

"Christina, I have suffered a fatal passion to mislead me. I will not repay the debt of gratitude I owe your father by robbing him of his child. Farewell, Christina. I go to join my regiment. Should I fall in battle, sometimes think of Von Hesse." His voice faltered—the tears rushed into Christina's eyes—Von Hesse was at her feet. All his magnanimous resolutions vanished; and the lovers parted more enamoured with each other than ever.

If Adolphus was inclined to despair of the success of his suit, Christina, on the other hand, was too sanguine in believing that small opposition would be made to her wishes. The influence she maintained over her father was great; but it was not without limitation. She reigned an absolute queen over his household. Her comfort, her taste, and her inclinations, were consulted in every thing; but her power extended no further. To Christina politics were a forbidden subject: the Count suffered no female interference in state affairs. But, latterly, he had retailed much of the court news to his daughter, and was always eulogising the young Monarch, whose favourite he had the good fortune to be, and who was daily heaping upon him fresh marks of his affection and esteem. This brave prince, whose eccentricities had filled all Europe with astonishment, had been introduced, in-cognito, to Christina, and, in spite of his professed antipathy to the sex, was secretly among the train of her admirers; a circumstance which gratified the pride, and called forth all the ambitious hopes, of her father. Nor was it unreasonable for the politician to suppose, that the youth who had commenced his reign by crowning himself,

and beating the united forces of Denmark, Saxony, and Russia, would scrupulously consult the etiquette of courts, in the choice of a wife. In his charming daughter, Count Piper thought he beheld the future Queen of Sweden.

The hint which he had dropped about the young King's admiration of her personal charms, did not fail to make an impression upon the lively Christina. She knew she was beautiful; and the agreeable consciousness of the fact was displayed with such natural ease and gaiety, that what would have appeared absurd in another female, increased the attractions of Christina. Fond of admiration, she was pleased with those gallant attentions from the other sex which all women secretly love to receive. Her attachment to Von Hesse was steady and sincere; but she thought it no treason against the sovereignty of love to appear as agreeable as she could in the eyes of all men. She received their homage as a matter of course; but it was only when Adolphus approached that her voice became tremulous, the brilliancy of her eyes softened, and her heart beat with reciprocal tenderness. Christina would not have died for love; but she would have retained through life a painful impression of the lost object of her early affections.

In spite of her lover's jealous fears, the spirit of coquetry induced her to bestow an extra ten minutes on the business of the toilette; and, when she entered the hall, where supper was prepared, for her father and his solitary guest, with unusual magnificence, she looked perfectly captivating. The stranger advanced to meet her, and, in an awkward and constrained manner, led her to her seat at the head of the table. Great was Christina's disappointment in recognizing, in her new lover, an old familiar face. "Count Ericson!" she muttered to herself: "what does my father mean by introducing such a dull wooer to me?"

And who was Count Ericson? Patient reader:—a tall, raw-boned youth, in a captain's uniform, with large blue eyes, a high aquiline nose, ruddy cheeks, and yellow curling hair; slovenly in his dress, ungraceful in all his movements, and so blunt and uncourteous in conversation, that he had long been Christina's butt and aversion. For some weeks past, this half-grown man had been a constant visitor at her father's table, with whom he was often closeted for hours. Christina, out of

very mischief, had played off, upon this luckless wight, all her artillery of bright glances and wreathed smiles, without being able to extort from him a single compliment. He would sit and stare at her for hours, without speaking a word; and sometimes, but this was seldom the case, he had condescended to laugh at her brilliant sallies. Christina had given him up in despair: great was her indignation at her father's providing her with such a spouse, and she determined to affront him the first time they were left together. As if aware of her hostile intentions, the silent youth endeavoured to exert his powers of pleasing, and, for the first time, commenced a conversation with his fair enslaver, by abruptly asking her what she thought of Alexander the Great?

Christina burst out a laughing, and replied, with great simplicity, that "she had never thought much about him; but she remembered, whilst reading his history, considering him a madman."

Ericson eagerly demanded her reason for pronouncing *non compos mentis* the greatest conqueror the world ever saw?

"Had Alexander been as wise a man as he was a great conqueror," said Christina, "he would have learned to govern himself before he undertook the subjugation of the world."

Ericson reddened, and his proud eye flashed, as he replied with some warmth, "Cannot you, madam, enter into the noble zeal which hurries a brave man into the focus of danger, and induces him to relinquish life, and all its petty enjoyments, to gain the wreath of immortal fame?"

"No, indeed," returned Christina; "I have no feelings in common with the destroyer. I would rather be celebrated for conferring blessings upon my fellow-creatures, than be immortalized by their curses. I have ever looked upon great conquerors as fools or madmen—a scourge to their own people, and an intolerable pest to society."

"My lord," said the Minister, striving to mollify the rising cholera of his guest, "you must pay no heed to my daughter's impertinences. Her knowledge of battles and conquerors is confined to the chess-board. On that limited sphere, she enacts the general so well, that even an old soldier like me finds some difficulty in taming her audacity."

Ericson regained his composure, and turning to the laughter-loving Christina, with more gallantry than she had imagined him capable of displaying, challenged her to play a game with him.

"With all my heart," said Christina: "but if I should beat you?"

"It would not be the first time that I have been vanquished by you, Lady Christina," said Ericson, looking her full in the face. Christina coloured, and cast her eyes to the ground, only to flash them again upon the Count with a proud glance of mingled coquetry and disdain. But the ice was broken—the bashful youth had gained more confidence; and he met her indignant look with an expression of admiration and defiance.

"There is more mettle in this proud boy than I imagined," thought Christina, as she took her seat at the chess-board; "my father has set me to play a dangerous game." She shaded her glowing cheek with her hand, and fixed her eyes immoveably on the board, determined, out of pure contradiction, to play as stupidly as she possibly could, to mortify her opponent. The game, however, required no particular skill to ensure a conquest on her part. Ericson scarcely looked at his pieces. His moves were made without judgment; they were rash, and easily counter-planned.

"My queen gives check to the king," said Christina, with a triumphant air.

"Fair tyrant," said the defeated, "do not you wish that you could make the king your prisoner?"

"No, it is enough that I have him in my power."

"Most completely," said Ericson, rising and pushing the board from him: "you have check-mated me."

"Father, how could you impose upon me by bringing Count Ericson here as my wooer? Do you imagine that a girl of any sensibility or taste, could condescend to marry that awkward boy?"

"He is nineteen; just two years your senior; is brave, wealthy, and nobly born. What would you desire more?"

"My cousin," said Christina. "As to this Count Ericson, I detest him, and mean to tell him so the very next time I have the misfortune to spend a whole evening in his company."

But many days passed away, and Christina was too much amused in tormenting her unfortunate lover, to put her threat into practice. Besides, Von Hesse purposely absented himself from the house; or, when present, behaved in so cold and distant a manner, that Christina saw no other way of restoring him to his senses than by flirting with the Count.

"I had the misfortune to dream of

you last night," she said one morning to the enamoured youth: "I wish, for the future, that you would not presume to disturb my slumbers by your unwelcome presence."

"I, too, had a dream," said Ericson: "I dreamt that you smiled upon me, and I was happy."

"You must take dreams by their opposites," said Christina. "I know better, waking, where to bestow my smiles."

"How did I appear to you last night?" said the Count.

"Oh, just as agreeable as you do today."

"Scornful girl, teach me how to woo you," cried Ericson, suddenly imprinting a kiss upon her ruby lips. This freedom, the rudeness of which he was not quite aware of, was repaid by so smart a blow, that the offender, as he rubbed his crimsoned cheek, marvelled how it could have been inflicted by a hand so soft and delicate.

"Your father led me to imagine," he said, in a sullen tone, "that you would not receive my addresses with indifference."

"My father knew nothing about the matter," said the indignant Christina, "or he never would have introduced to his daughter such an unmannerly youth. But you are not an object of indifference!"

Before she could conclude the ominous sentence, Von Hesse stood before her.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Ericson, fiercely.

"A soldier," said Von Hesse, flinging his sword carelessly upon the table:—"one who has bled in the cause of his country, and is ready to die in her service."

"We must be friends," said Ericson, extending his hand.

"We are rivals," said Von Hesse, drawing back.

"Does Christina love you?"

"She has told me so a thousand times. See what it is to trust the faith of woman. You are no longer an object of indifference, and I resign my claims."

"To whom?" said Christina, the tears slowly gathering in her eyes.

"The King," said Von Hesse, turning away.

"Stay!" said Charles. The young man reluctantly obeyed. "I have seen your face before—what is your name?"

"Adolphus Von Hesse, the son of a brave officer, who died on the field of battle, and left me no other heritage

than his good name and my mother's tears."

"And where did you receive that scar upon your left temple?"

"In the battle of Narva, where your Majesty, with a handful of men, defeated the armies of Russia."

"You need no other passport to my favour," said Charles, raising him from the ground, as he attempted to kneel and kiss his hand. "That glorious day made me act the part of a soldier, and feel like a man. Then turning to Christina, who had already dried up her tears, he said with an air of pleasantry, "By my sword, maiden, I am a sorry wooer. That blow of thine has frightened away all the Cupids that had taken possession of my heart. Do you love this brave youth?"

"Most sincerely."

"What prevents your union?"

"My father refuses to make us happy."

"On what plea?"

"He has higher views for his daughter."

"Umph!" said Charles, "I see through them now; but Love has outwitted the politician. Christina, if your father refuses to bestow you in marriage on the man of your heart, why—I will. Charles, though an uncourteous lover, is not an ungenerous friend."

The delighted pair sunk at his feet; and, with blunt good-humour, he united their hands. Then, bending over the blushing Christina, he pressed upon her snowy brow the last kiss of love he ever proffered to woman.

"Will your Majesty pardon me," whispered Christina, "for inflicting such a severe blow upon your royal cheek?"

"Silence," returned Charles; "have I not amply revenged the injury? My bride must be wooed in the field of battle, and won 'mid the shouts of victory!"

The following week he honoured the marriage of Christina and Adolphus with his royal presence; and the disappointed Politician alone wore a grave countenance at the feast. *The Gem.*

THIS IS NOT MY HOME.

[Suggested by the picture of a Negro Slave, to which was attached "Far from home."—The scene was in the West Indies, and a holiday.] *J. S. C.*

For the Olio.

Why am I sad when all around is smiling?
Why do I mourn when every one is gay?
'Tis that I feel not pleasure's voice beguiling,
But think upon my home, far—far away!

Herr (and I feel it) every one speaks kindly,
They pity my condition, sad and lone;
I thank them—yet think not I speak it blindly,
When that I tell you, this is not my home.

The sea-wave beats upon this shore, then
rushes

Back to its parent, chafed into a foam;
The gallant war-ship sails on ocean's bosom
Along this coast—'twas not so near my
home!

My home was in the woods in Afric's land;
There's naught here like it, but I see it yet,
Before my eyes the picture seems to stand
Beauteous as ever; how can I forget?

My home! my dwelling! full of joy and love,
My home of peace! but why talk I of home?
I've had no home on earth, since the dread
day

I was made captive, and obliged to roam.
They forced me to the ship, on the great wa-
ter,—

They bore me off in spite of my complaint!
I never saw the sun, 'till death made slaughter
Among the crew, and I was weak and faint.

My fetters were struck off—I looked around
me,

For land—alas! no land could I desire;
'Twas all one waste of water, and naught else
Could I discover but the clear blue sky.

We reached the land, I cared not what they
did,

The world to me was nothing; on the earth
I had no friend, since from my sight was hid
The land which gave me and my father's
birth.

E'en now, though I am always kindly treated,
And have my freedom, still my mind will
roam

To Afric's woods, and will not once be cheated
Into the thought that this place is my home.
J. S. C.

THE CLOAK.

For the *Olio*.

"Take my portmanteau to the coach-office, and I will follow immediately," said I, to a waiter of the Hotel de Meurice. It was a bitter cold night; the thermometer stood at 46. As I shivered down the street, I bethought myself that a cloak would be no uncomfortable addition to my travelling apparel, and, while debating whether it should be a new or second-hand article, the cold froze my pride, and I turned off in the direction of the Rue de Friperie. I soon found myself in the Monmouth-street of Paris, and walked through it quickly, but looked about "as vigilant as a cat to steal cream." At length I saw a roquelaire that seemed to ensure the wearer against petrefaction, even at the North Pole; and having passed the shop where it was exhibited two or three times, I was accosted by a diminutive Jew, who asked me—"If I wanted to buy a cloak?" in a tone of voice which denoted a presumption that I did want such an article. I entered his

shop. The owner cautiously shut the door.

"I think, Monsieur, I can sell you a cloak that will just suit you," said the little fripier, peering at me through his ferret-like eyes.

"And why me particularly?" I asked.

"Because," was the epigrammatic reply, "the cloak is very hot, and you seem very cold."

"Let us see!"

The old cloathes-man, having called to an assistant to mind the shop, conducted me into a little parlour, the door of which he carefully closed. With great difficulty he opened a drawer, and having taken from it a quantity of wearing apparel, he at last requested me to assist him in pulling out the cloak he had recommended. It would have been a sight for a Kamschatdale—a half-hundred weight of plush, fur, and shaggy cloth—I felt my blood circulate as the old man assisted me on with it.

"The price?" I demanded eagerly.

"Two hundred francs, Monsieur."

"What! Why the best cloak between Calais and the Pyrenees is not worth half the sum," I exclaimed, my liberality cooling in the same ratio as my body warmed.

"What will Monsieur be pleased to offer?"

"Just half."

"Monsieur shall have it," agreed the rag-merchant, without another scruple.

The roquelaire soon became mine, and after having paid the money, and left the shop, I thought I heard a wild, exulting laugh issue from it. I tried to turn my head, but the collar of my new purchase had taken it prisoner. I thought I never should have reached the Bureau de Diligence: I accomplished my walk just in time to see my inside place forfeited. The clerk came bowing up to me, full of regret that my tardiness had lost me my place.

"Monsieur must therefore oblige us by taking his seat on the outside."

"With pleasure!" I answered, exulting in the possession of my cloak—and with some difficulty I mounted.

"With pleasure!" simultaneously echoed the less fortunate outside passengers.

We drove off. The coach being full, its progress was but slow; the contents—or rather mal-contents—expostulated. "It is so cold!" was the elongated, frost-bitten ejaculation. "And so slippery," rejoined the driver. A rea-

son soon satisfies a Frenchman, and if the Diligence had proceeded at the same rate as Russell's waggon, the passengers would not have been dissatisfied. I heard nothing around me but shivering and teeth-chattering—I felt like a Salamander in Iceland—my incendiary cloak had set me on fire!

"It is very warm!" I remarked, wiping the perspiration from my brow—just as we had stopped to clear the snow from the horses' hoofs. My neighbour, an elderly, nervous, petit-maitre, turned sharp round; in the twinkling of an eye (a Frenchman's eye), took an inventory of my person (viz. my cloak, face, and cap), and politely requested a change of seats with a fellow-traveller—a whispering succeeded between the obliger and the obliged, none of which was audible to me, except the adjective "Mad!"

This arrangement, however, proved far from unpleasant to me, seeing that it placed me in the more agreeable vicinity of a lady, whom the incessant glow of four cigars, most perseveringly whiffed vis-a-vis, enabled me to pronounce the prettiest (except one) I ever saw. She—a woman—was freezing. I—a man—was burning. "Charity covers a multitude of sins," so I gallantly made a resolve to change coverings—the lady making use of my cloak, while I took charity for mine. I soon discovered I had not gained much by the exchange, for, after all, my *cent-franc* cloak was worth all the charity in the universe for keeping out the cold. I soon became "cold as charity,"—the perspiration froze on my body. In a quarter-of-an-hour I felt—no! I could not feel at all.

After a little more such misery, I thought I distinguished a spire amongst the trees; I was told it was a part of Amiens—a "piece of Amiens." Joy at the anticipation of a good fire and a hot meal, made me quite stoical at the surrender of my cloak, just as the leader fell into a pit, dug (one would think,) on purpose. I lost my temper—it seemed as if the horse had made a point—a freezing point—of stumbling just within five minutes of the consummation of my hopes. My companions, being mostly Frenchmen, bore the delay with exemplary patience—I, having the fear of a cold supper before my eyes, would have vented my English impatience in bad French, but was prevented by finding myself deprived of my voice on account of a hoarseness caused by a sudden check of perspiration.

I endeavoured to get down and walk, but I should have succeeded just as well in moving Sisyphus, or straightening the tower at Pisa, being literally frozen to my seat, and my legs were obstinately bent upon remaining so. In this position of affairs, the horse regained his legs—I the equanimity of my temper, and the prospect of a hot supper, aided by a warm dispute on the coach about the late fires in Lombardy, restored my powers of locomotion sufficiently to enable me to alight from the Diligence, although not until every one else had quitted it.

After a good deal of hobbling, I found myself entering a large hall, where several persons of both sexes were seated round a large fire: I recognised them as my fellow-travellers. I was surprised to see the alacrity with which they made room for me; I thanked them for their politeness. The good effects of the fire in dispelling the benumbing influence of the season, were visible in all their faces.

"It is very cold!" I remarked, as well as my hoarseness would let me. My petit-maitre overturned his seat in his efforts to gain the supper-table, and the rest of the company soon left me in undivided possession of the fire-place. "*Pauvre garçon!*" occupied the interval of almost every spoonful of soup—and I was highly flattered that they appreciated my heroism in resigning my cloak, and felt pleased that they commiserated the ill effects it had caused me. Again a genial warmth pervaded my veins, heightened by the soup I afterwards devoured; and it was with no little exultation that I remounted the vehicle, and hid myself in my invulnerable cold-dispeller.

During the rest of the journey, my cloak was the envy of the passengers; they quite begrudged the drops of sweat which fell upon it from my hair. One gentleman, a military person, seemed to examine it very minutely, and the result of his observation, was a remark *en passant*, that he had never seen but one other such, and that had been his, and was stolen from his cab in the neighbourhood of the Rue de Friperie. The singular little Jew—his mystery—and the suspicious secrecy from which the cloak had emerged,—all combined to assure me that I was the purchaser of a stolen article. But I determined not to lose such a valuable prize without an effort. I was not called upon to act upon this resolution until we arrived at Calais.

The officer took every opportunity of renewing his examination of the cloak, and when we arrived at the end of our journey, conceive my horror and amazement at finding myself and my cloak in custody of a gens-d'arme!

"Sorry to trouble Monsieur," said the gentlemanly police-officer,—“we only wish the pleasure of his company to the Bureau, for the purpose of acquainting the commissioner how he became possessed of this cloak.” And with the air of a valet did this specimen of executive politeness proceed to disencumber me of my unfortunate outer garment.

Again did the air chill my very vitals,—again did I fancy myself gradually undergoing the process of petrification. I could not walk; a fiacre was called, and in it we proceeded to the police office, where I found my quondam stage-coach companion, the officer. After some preliminary business, he proceeded to examine the cloak. He looked minutely at every part—he seemed confused—shook his head, and sighed—“he looked and sighed, and sighed and looked again.” *He was mistaken*—he made every apology, and I made the best of my way in the fiacre to the steam-packet-office, bearing back my cloak in triumph. A fair wind and a favourable tide soon wafted us across the channel; I stepped upon the quay, glorying in the certainty of my safe right and title to the cloak, when I felt a hand hold the collar of it; I was walking out of my roquelaire—a peculiar laugh succeeded. I turned my head, and, O horror! what did I see—the Jew! I made a convulsive grasp at the cloak, and—I heard the voice of my wife!

“No wonder I get such colds, Charles—here have you been tumbling about the bed-clothes this half-hour.”

“But the cloak, Ellen!”

“What cloak! Oh, you have been dreaming.”

“I should not wonder but I have been!” W.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE LOST.

For the Otto.

“My boy! my boy! I saw thy sweet eyes
take
A strange unearthly lustre, and then fade—
And felt that thou must die and in the dust be
laid!” W. HOWITT.

Two years ago thy young blue eyes
First shone upon my heart,—
How can I bear to think of this,
And know how cold thou art.

Within the dark and dreary grave,
My beautiful! my blest!
They laid thee in the narrow house,
With none to watch thy rest.

Alas! I did not love thee
As a mother should have done:
Or I could ne'er have left thee there,
My loved and only one!

'Tis many months since thou wert laid
Beneath that dismal earth;
And they have led me to the world,
And scenes of idle mirth.

But 'midst the brightest pageants
Of its gay and mirthful crew!
There ever floats before mine eyes
A coffin and a shroud.

A little coffin scatter'd o'er
With roses dim and sweet—
And, oh! the dear pale face half hid
Beneath the winding sheet.

Not long wert thou my own, and yet
Within that little space,
How much have I to think upon,
Of thy beauty and thy grace.

Thy little winning fond caress,
That spoke, though words were none,
Thy playfulness—thy pretty ways—
My boy! and art thou gone?

I cannot think it—and I seek
To hear thy little feet
Come pattering on the household floor,
And feel thy kisses sweet.

I see thy arch and bashful glance
Of triumph, when thy play
Had won thy mother's fond applause—
Those eyes! oh, where are they?

How many a lingering day was thine,
Of sickness and of pain;
Yet borne with such sweet patient love,
Thou never didst complain.

Thou' darkness came upon thine eyes,
And fever to thy breast;
And thy little weary head could find
Scarce any place of rest.

Until at last, thy sinless breath
Past with a happy sigh;
So soft and low, it almost seem'd
A bliss to thee to die!

Alas, for me! that lived to look
On such a sight of woe;
And feel how vain the hopes of bliss
I had two years ago!

E. S. CRAVEN.

THE EXILE.

For the Otto.

THOUGH thousands of the children of Portugal have gone to that place from which no one returneth, since the Summer of 1826, yet there remains a vast multitude, who still remember that a number of their brethren were at that time obliged to fly their country, and take refuge in this kingdom, after an ineffectual attempt to put aside the power of Miguel, and set up the authority of Donna Maria di Gloria in its place. They landed at different ports in the

West of England, and at Falmouth many of them remained a considerable period after the order from the British Government to form a depot at Plymouth. Generally speaking, they were treated with much kindness, and though many of them wanted not pecuniary resources to render their exile agreeable, still that love of country so strongly planted in the human breast prompted them to sigh for their own—their well-remembered land. As misfortune wonderfully draws forth love towards our fellows, from a knowledge of the difficulties they have to encounter, acquired by our own participation in them, the attentions of the people of Falmouth to their less fortunate brethren, were gratefully acknowledged, and the respect with which all were treated allayed, in a measure, the sorrow which memory brought, when it reverted to former times and more happy days.

In the latter part of September, 1828, the Imperatrice frigate, with her Majesty the Queen of Portugal, arrived at Falmouth, and this again diverted the sorrow of the exiles. They beheld with delight the preparations made for her landing, and placed part of the pageantry of the ceremony to their own accounts; it is a praiseworthy feeling to be proud of our own country, and as the crowds assembled on the shore to give the youthful queen a welcome,—while the gay barks floated around the frigate, waiting to be her escort, and dashing the spray like liquid diamonds sparkling in the sun, the feelings of the Portuguese were excited beyond expression; to them it was a day of glory—visions of their country's former splendour passed before their eyes, and her renown in olden time seemed to revive. But when the cavalcade had passed away with the youthful queen to the British court, and their real state once more brought before them, this glory appeared in its true colours, and proved too truly to be but a fleeting shadow—the hope of an hour—a gleam of sunshine, only making more gloomy the face of their fortunes—and the Portuguese exiles returned in the evening to their dwellings (it could not be said to their homes), sad and sorrowful, to mourn over the degeneracy of their country, and the feeble hope of succour which the Brazilian monarch held out to them.

On the morning of the next day, the Sabbath, all traces of the bustle of the preceding day were gone; every thing was quiet, still, and holy; the business

of the world appeared entirely excluded from the mind, and the worship of God seemed the only object of the multitudes who passed calmly on to the house of prayer. The Portuguese strangers looked with astonishment from the windows, to see the order and regularity of this vast body, and were struck with the difference of the appearance of the Sabbath in this and their own country; yet not a remark was made by them expressive of contempt at what appeared singular, but the regard they paid to the institutions of the country which gave them refuge, ahewed the sense they felt of the superiority of mental religion over the mummery of that which they had been accustomed to.

In the evening of that Sabbath, a party of young people were assembled at the house of Mr. K—, to spend an hour of quiet enjoyment; the elder branches of the family were not present, but as the mistress of the house was particularly fond of sacred music, it was proposed to sing some of the pieces she liked best, as a surprise to her when she entered the room; knowing the time of her return, they contrived to begin at that moment an old solemn air to the words, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept." It was not noticed at first that with the owners of the house a stranger had entered the room, but when the piece was concluded, and the singers turned round to receive the thanks of the party for whom this little surprise had been prepared, all eyes involuntarily rested upon him; he had an air of grandeur such as we picture one of the old Roman patriots, and with that lofty look of command which shews conscious superiority, was blended a peculiar softness of expression, which inspired confidence, while the noble bearing of the man plainly indicated he was a being who would not suffer insult, or tamely brook oppression. He was introduced as one of the fugitives from Portugal, in consequence of his being an object of suspicion to the ministers of Miguel, at first from his liberal principles, and then as their declared enemy, having taken arms in the late revolutionary movements, in consequence of an attempt to deprive him of his liberty.

As this was a popular cause, every one endeavoured to show him the kindness and attention which his misfortunes demanded. He desired them to continue their music, and after a short pause, they began that thrilling

piece of harmony, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Absorbed in attention to the singing, (for they felt what they sang, and thus, perhaps, unconsciously heightened the effect of the music,) no one observed the poor stranger's countenance, bathed in tears, and gradually assuming a deadly paleness, till he fell senseless from his seat.—They rose him up, and succeeded in bringing him to a state of consciousness; but this circumstance broke up the party from their music, and following the example of that Redeemer of whom they had been singing, each tried to give assistance and consolation to this claimant upon their kindness.

"I am afraid I have interrupted your enjoyments," he said, "but this evening bore so much resemblance to the Sabbaths in my own family in times past, which will never return, that the idea of my loss quite overcame me.—But do continue your music; I think it will recover me in some measure, however melancholy the recollections brought with it."

They once more began, but the spell was broken; they were afraid to bring on again the poor Signor's illness, and after a short interval it was entirely dropped, and a conversation began on the events of the preceding day. This in the end led to some remarks on the tyranny of the ruler of Portugal.

"Cruelty seems to be the natural disposition of Miguel," said a young female; "and yet from his countenance I should not have formed such an opinion. I saw him when he came to this country from Vienna."

"His countenance sadly belies him, lady," replied the exile; "like all tyrants he is cruel, and his minions, those who surround him, work upon his fears, and make him worse than he would be!"

"You have suffered from his tyranny, and therefore speak from experience," said another individual.

"Suffered!" and the eyes of the Portuguese flashed fire,—*"Suffered!* yet what are my sufferings, compared to many? But a day of retribution will come, and he will die a dog's death!—he will envy the end of the veriest beggar in Lisbon! I have prayed to be the instrument of vengeance,—I have sworn eternal enmity to him, and I shall die happy under the hands of the executioner, if I can rid my country of its greatest curse,—a tyrant's rule. He has driven me into exile—my family are scattered,—and my wife! the grave had

an untimely victim when she died!"—The exile paused a moment, and the storm of passion having a little subsided, added,—*"I see you think me wrong—perhaps I am; these feelings at one time had not a place in my mind; misery and oppression have made strange changes. But I will relate to you my story, and then you will be better able to judge how far I am culpable."*

To be concluded in our next.

BREVITIES.

THE surest way to acquire the worship of mean spirits, is to begin by worshipping yourself.

Our reasons for excluding the Jews from political privileges tend to make them good citizens.

The press is the right-arm of reason; though, like the arm of a madman, it is sometimes used to wound its owner.

The gentry should cherish the peasantry for the same reason (if they were incapable of a higher feeling) that they preserve the sturdy old groves that protect their family mansions from the cutting winds. When the bodily vigour of the working-classes is destroyed by hard fare and ill-usage, the scions of the aristocracy will soon degenerate into slaves and prostitutes either to a despotic court or a hardier nation.

A man's intimates, however from jealousy or envy, are not in general the best judges of the value of his literary or other intellectual efforts; they are equally liable to overrate what is indifferent, and to underrate, or at least not sufficiently to admire, what is really excellent. If they are led, by the author's general conversation and manners, to expect excellence, it can of course excite no sensation when it comes; and if his public efforts far transcend what might have been expected from him, his friends can scarcely, in the moment of surprise, avoid suspecting that there is some mystery, some legerdemain, in the matter; and judging the candidate for fame rather by what they hear, than by what they read or see. Talent, however, is not the less real because it is variously developed; and those who possess it in one form should always be ready to hail its manifestation in another.

The vessel of the state is in danger of foundering from being overladen, and some of our self-called practical reformers would consent to throw over a band-box to lighten her:—or she is

running on a rock, and they wish to hang out a sheet of tissue-paper by way of defender.

If a man's genius do not influence his conduct and language, it is little better to him than a machine that he has the power of putting in motion; and he will not be much more loved or respected on account of it, in private life, than he would for being the possessor of an elaborate steam-engine.

Mon. Mag.

LORETTO.

THIS celebrated little town in the territory of the Pope, may be said to owe its increase, and, indeed, its very existence, to the fable of Santa Casa, or House of Nazareth, a legend which many authors have doubted, and among them Eustace, the Italian tourist. Its authenticity has, notwithstanding, been generally admitted by Catholic Europe. Emperors, kings, and princes have come from afar, to enrich by their gifts, and honour by their adoration, this sacred shrine; and the credulity, or policy, of the Popes has induced them to afford the sanction of their countenance and the active co-operation of their purse, to the aggrandisement of Loretto and its Santa Casa. This well-known history affirms that this most holy house, being the very one in which the Virgin Mary and the infant Saviour and Joseph dwelt at Nazareth, was, in the year 1294, transported by angels from Palestine, then in the possession of the Infidels, and set down first in Dalmatia, and afterwards near the town of Recanati, on the opposite shore of Italy; from whence, in consequence of a quarrel occasioned by the avidity of the two brothers who were jointly proprietors of the ground on which it stood, it again removed in the night-time, and finally fixed its residence in the neighbourhood of a forest possessed by a good old lady of the name of Laureta. From hence arose the name of the town to which the zeal of its votaries has given existence, and the Santa Casa has remained stationary.

A very handsome church has been built over this sacred house, or rather room, which is of small size, hardly exceeding thirty feet long and thirteen feet broad. The architecture of this church, and of the square where it stands, was planned by Michael Angelo, but finished by Bramande; the exterior of the Santa Casa is covered with a casing of white marble, beautifully

sculptured in bas-relief, representing prophets and sybils. The reason for this extraordinary combination, is that the latter, as well as the former, predicted the coming of our Saviour. The marble, instead of looking white, is perfectly black, except in the lower part, where the kisses of the pilgrims preserve a portion of its natural colour. The number of devotees who daily perform the circuit of the Santa Casa on their knees, has worn a deep channel all around it. Although the zeal and number of the more illustrious rank of pilgrims have suffered great diminution, still upwards of 30,000 votaries are annually brought hither from motives of devotion.

ALPHA.

Notices of New Books.

Knowledge for the People, Part II. Curious Customs. 18mo., 68 pp. London, S. Low.

This work is quite a little store-house of instruction; the plan is admirable, and the facts and circumstances are explained and recalled to memory in a way both simple and pleasing.— Turn where you will, something may be attained from this ingenious and edifying performance. To bear us out in our opinion of its utility, we take the following:

“*Why were children, in Northumberland, when first carried by the nurse to visit a neighbour, presented with an egg, salt, and fine bread?*”

“Because an egg was a sacred emblem, and a gift well adapted to infancy, and cakes and salt were used in religious rites by the ancients.”

“Bryant says, ‘an egg, containing in it the element of life, was thought no improper emblem of the ark, in which were preserved the rudiments of the future world:’ hence, in the Dionusiaca, and other mysteries, one part of the nocturnal ceremony consisted in the consecration of an egg; by which was signified the world. This seems to have been a favourite symbol among many nations; and the Persians said that one of their deities formed mankind and enclosed them in an egg. In Chelsea churchyard, we remember the tomb of Sir Hans Sloane, surmounted with the mystic symbols of an egg and serpent, as emblems of his knowledge and skill. The Jews probably adopted the use of cakes and salt in religious rites from the Egyptians: ‘And if thou bring an

oblation of a meat-offering, baken in the oven, it shall be unleavened cakes of fine flour,' &c. *Levit. ii. 4.*—'With all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt.'

"Why were not poor's' rates requisite before the Reformation?"

"Because, in the quaint language of Aubrey, 'the charitable doles given at religious houses, and church ale in every parish, did the business. In every parish there was a church-house, to which belonged spits, pots, crocks, &c. for dressing provisions. Here the house-keepers met, and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people came there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c. Mr. A. Wood assures me there were few or no almshouses before the time of King Henry VIII.; that at Oxford, opposite to Christchurch, is one of the most ancient in England. In every church was a poor man's box, and the like at great inns.

"There were very few free schools in England before the Reformation.—Youth were generally taught Latin in the Monasteries, and young women had their education, not at Hackney, as now, scilicet, anno 1678, but at nunneries, where they learnt needle-work, confectionary, surgery, physic, (apothecaries and surgeons being at that time very rare) writing, drawing, &c. Old Jackquar, now living, has often seen, from his house, the nuns of St. Mary, Kingston in Wilts, coming forth into the Nymph Hay, with their rocks and wheels, to spin, sometimes to the number of threescore and ten, all of whom were young girls sent there for education."

Historic Fragments.

CANNON—The first cannon used were of a prodigious bore, carrying balls, generally made of stone, which weighed from 200 to 1200 pounds weight. They were mounted upon huge beams of timber perfectly immovable, except by means inapplicable to field service; and could be fired with effect only at a certain level, no instrument having been invented either to elevate or depress them. It was a long while ere cannon of any description were fabricated in England. Henry VII. was the first of our sovereigns who attempted to cast cannon in his own dominions; and even he was, after a short trial, compelled to employ foreigners for the purpose.—From the date of his reign, however, the

progress made in rendering these instruments available for all purposes was truly astonishing. In the fourteenth century cannon were so unwieldy as to be little regarded either in the field or at a siege. In the fifteenth, artists had so far improved upon them, that war-carts, a sort of waggons shaped like a bee-hive, and loaded with two patteredos, the muzzles of which projected through the roof of the machine, were invented. In 1588, we read of mortars used at the siege of Vaklerdonc in Guelders, and not long after, of hand grenades; whilst in Charles the First's time, the gun, under all its forms, was brought almost to the same construction which it retains at this moment. Numerous alterations in the mounting of the instrument have, indeed, been since effected; it has, from age to age, been rendered more light, more moveable, and more manageable; but the form of the gun itself has undergone no alteration of importance since the era of Marlborough's wars, nor indeed from a date considerably anterior.

Cap. Cye.

Illustrations of History.

THE ORIGIN OF ALMANACS.—Some contend that the Egyptians published the predictions of events annexed to the months prior to the Arabs, though the word itself, Almanac, is derived from two Arabic words, *Al* and *Manak*, signifying the diary. All the classes of Arabs, and indeed, the Asiatics in general, are much given to the study of astronomy and astrology, and they engage in no business of importance without previously consulting the stars. From these people, the custom of forming astrological compositions passed into Europe; and Almanacs have every where to this day, not only retained their old Arabic name, but in many European nations are still interspersed with a great number of astrological rules for regulating the various transactions of life. The northern nations appear to have used a kind of almanac, which was introduced into this country by the Danes, called the Runic, or Log Almanac; and comprehending the order of the feasts, dominical letters, days of the week, and golden number, with other matters necessary to be known throughout the year. The external figure and matter of these calendars were various; sometimes they were engraved on one or more wooden leaves, bound together after the man-

ner of books; sometimes cut on the scabbards of swords and daggers, but most usually on that of walking-staves, or sticks, known under the name of Clogs. The characters engraven on them are, in some, the ancient Runic; in others, the later Gothic characters of Ulfius. Dr. Plot, in his "Perpetual Staffordshire Almanac," has given a description and figure of one of the Clogs found in Staffordshire.

The modern Almanac answers to the taste of the ancient Romans; for some time after the introduction of printing, it was not merely confined to one year or annual, but calculated for several years; to which was added, the Practica, or Astrological Predictions, with the proper days for taking medicine, &c. One of this description was published at Nantes in 1463. John Miller, the celebrated astronomer, generally known under the name of Regiomontanus, appears to have been the first in Europe who reduced Almanacs into their present form and method; he published one in 1474, in which he foretold the eclipses and other phases of the moon, and calculated the motions of the planets, &c. In 1579, an Almanac was published in London, under the title of the "Shepherd's Calendar."

The Oxford Almanac, adorned with hieroglyphics, and containing also a concise history of the University, was first drawn by Maurice Wheeler, Canon of Christ Church, in 1673; it so injured the sale of the other Almanacs, that the Stationers' company paid the University printers an annual sum to put a stop to it; since which, the Oxonians have only published the present embellished sheet Almanac, which, probably, was the first of that description.

The nautical Almanac and Astronomical Ephemeris was first published by Dr. Maskelyne, the celebrated astronomer, in 1767, under the direction of the Commissioners of Longitude, and has been continued ever since. J.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.

M. W. of Windsor.

RICHMOND (as noticed in 1827.) In the twelfth year of the reign of Henry the Seventh, a great fire suddenly began in the king's palace of Shyne, (Sheen) whereby a great part of the building was consumed, with much costly household stuff, which gave the king occasion of building from the

ground that fine pile of Richmond, which is now standing. J.S.C.

AVARICE OF HENRY THE SEVENTH. — Lord Verulam, in his life of Henry the Seventh, observes, noticing his meanness: "I do remember to have seen a book of account of Empon's, (one of his privy council) that had the king's hand almost in every leaf by way of signing, and it was in some places pencilled in the margin with the king's hand likewise; in one place was this remembrance: Item—received five markes for a pardon to be procured; and if the pardon doe not passe, the monie to bee repaid, except the partie bee some other-ways satisfied.. And over against this memorandum (of the king's own hand) otherwise satisfied." J.S.C.

YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.—The coronation of Henry the Seventh took place on the 30th October, 1485. On which day (to use the words of Francis Lord Verulam,* in his history of the reign of that monarch) also as if the crowne upon his head had put perils into his thoughts, he did institute for the better securitie of his person, a band of fiftie archiers under a capitaine to attend him, by the name of *Yeomen of his Guard*; and yet that it might be thought rather a matter of dignitie, after the imitation of that *hes* had knowne abroad, then any matter of diffidence appropriate to his own case, he made it to be understood for an ordinance not temporarie, but to hold in succession for ever after. J.S.C.

THE act for the admission of poor suitors *in forma pauperis*, was passed in the eleventh year of the reign of Henry the Seventh. J.S.C.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD BANKRUPT. — This term which is applied to men of broken fortune, is derived from the Italian *banco rotto*, broken bench; it being the custom in Italy, when a banker failed, to break his bench, by which the public was informed that the person to whom the bank belonged, was no longer in a condition to continue his business. The first law in this country respecting bankrupts, was passed in 1543, when both their bodies and goods were placed under the controul of the Chancellor; in 1731, it was made death for a bankrupt to secrete his property or books, and John Perrot suffered under this law in 1761. J.J.

BISSEXTILE OR LEAP-YEAR, was so named, because Cæsar, in his reformation of the calendar, appointed an additional day in every fourth year, im-

mediately to precede the sixth of the calends of March; and, therefore, on account of that day being twice reckoned, this year was called the bis-sextile year. This double day is noticed in the time of Henry the Third, when, to prevent misunderstandings, the intercalary day, and that next before it, were ordered to be accounted as one day.

CITTEENS AND VIRGINALS.—Mention is often made by old writers of these musical instruments; the first of which, if not the same, closely resembled the other. The word *Cittern* is a corruption from the Spanish *citara*, a guitar; or citron, a guitar-maker.—Citterns were a species of that extensive class of musical instruments of the guitar kind, known in the best era of music in England, which went under the names of the Late Ompharion, Bamburg, &c. some of which had notes to nine. The *Virginals* was a keyed instrument of one string to each note, like a spinet, but in shape resembling a small piano-forte.

J.R.J.

BAN-DOGS.—These animals are described as being a variety of the mastiff, but lighter, smaller and more vigilant, although at the same time not so powerful. The nose is also less, and possesses somewhat of the hound's scent; the hair is rough, and of a yellowish grey colour, marked with shades of black. The bite of a ban-dog is keen and considered dangerous; and its attack is usually made upon the flank. Dogs of this kind are now rarely to be met with.

J.R.J.

RECORDERS were wind instruments somewhat resembling flutes, or rather clarionets; for by the description which is given of one by Lord Bacon, it may be ascertained that the instrument was blown into at one end. It appears from the same authority, that it consisted of a tube with stops, or wind holes and a fipper, or mouth-piece; the lower end was open, like the flageolets of the present time. The word fipper, used by Bacon for mouth-piece, literally signifies a stopper, from the Latin *ſtūti*; whence it may be argued that the upper end of the recorder terminated in a cap, from which issued the pipe that conveyed the breath throughout the whole instrument.

J.R.J.

Customs of Various Countries.

TIGER FIGHTING IN JAVA.—A favourite and national spectacle among the people of Java, is the combat be-

tween the buffalo and the tiger. A large cage of bamboo or wood is erected, the ends of which are fixed into the ground, in which the buffalo is first and the tiger afterwards admitted, through openings reserved for the purpose. It seldom fails that the buffalo is triumphant, and one buffalo has been known to destroy several full grown tigers in succession. In these combats the buffalo is stimulated by the constant application of boiling water, which is poured over him from the upper part of the cage, and of nettles, which are fastened to the end of a stick, and applied by persons seated in the same quarter. The tiger sometimes springs upon the buffalo at once; he very generally, however, avoids the combat, until goaded by sticks and roused by the application of burning straw, when he moves round the cage, and being gored by the buffalo, seizes him by the neck, head, or leg. The buffalo is often dreadfully torn, and seldom survives the combat many days. In these entertainments the Javans are accustomed to compare the buffalo to the Javan, and the tiger to the European, and it may be readily imagined with what eagerness they look to the success of the former. The combat generally lasts from twenty minutes to half an hour, when, if neither of them is destroyed, the animals are changed, and the tiger, if he survives, is removed to be destroyed in the manner called *rampog*, which is as follows:

On receiving information of the retreat of a tiger, the male inhabitants are sometimes called out in a body, by the order of a chief, each man being obliged to be provided with a spear, the common weapon of the country. The place where the animal is concealed is surrounded; a double or triple range being formed, according to the number of hunters, and he is roused by shouts, by the beating of gongs, or by fire.—The place where he is expected to attempt his escape is carefully guarded, and he is generally speared on the spot.

In many districts, where the population is not deficient, the appearance of a single tiger rouses the neighbourhood, and he is infallibly destroyed by the method described.*

* The fruit of a species of *contorta*, called *kalak kambing*, has a steady effect on tigers. It is prepared by the admixture of other vegetables, and exposed on a piece of rag at the places frequented by them. In some districts their number has been sensibly diminished by this poison.

When the *rampog* is resorted to by way of amusement at the capital of the sovereign, a hollow square of spearmen, four deep, is formed on the *atwa atwa*, in the centre of which are placed the tigers in small separate cages, or rather traps, with a sliding door, in the manner of a rat-trap. Two or three men, accustomed to the practice, at the command of the sovereign, proceed into the centre of the square, and placing plaited leaves in front of the cage, to supply the place of the wooden door, set it on fire, and drawing the wooden door up, throwing it on one side, themselves retreating from the spot at a slow pace, to the sound of music. As soon as the tiger feels the fire he starts, and in endeavouring to make his way through the spearmen is generally received upon their weapons. Instances, however, have occurred, in which the animal has made good his retreat, but he was soon afterwards killed; sometimes the tiger, particularly if he has been opposed to the buffalo, will not move from the centre of the square; in which case the sovereign generally directs six or eight of his choice men (*gandek*) to advance towards him with spears. This they do with surprising coolness and intrepidity, never failing to pierce the animal, by fixing their spears into him at once. The smaller species of the tiger is generally selected for this amusement.

Ανεκδοτiana.

STRANGE CLUB.—There is in Lincoln a society called the "Last Man," the object of which is altogether of an extraordinary nature. A bottle of wine was placed, at the institution of the club, in a case; the custody of which is determined by lots annually drawn. The member who has the care of the wine at Christmas, gives a dinner or supper to the whole club. The bottle is to be preserved until only one member of the society remains; and he, the "Last Man," is to drink it to the memory of his former friends.

MURDER WILL OUT.—Mr. F——, an extensive tea dealer, calling on a customer, a grocer at Bristol, amused himself whilst the latter was occupied in writing an order, by talking to his son, a boy of some eight years standing, "Well, my little friend," said he, as the paper was placed in his hands, "I hope you will make a better man than your father," a common phrase address-

ed to children.—"Sir," said the customer, greatly agitated, as the boy retired, "Sir, I am surprised that you, a man of education and a gentleman, should make reflections on my character, and that too to, in the presence of my son. *It is true that the sheep were found in my yard, but then I was honourably acquitted.*" G.S.S.

RECOLLECTING AN ADDRESS.—Dr. Reid, the celebrated medical reporter, was requested by a lady of literary eminence to call at her house. "Be sure you recollect the address," said she, as she quitted the room; "No. 1, Chesterfield Street."—"Madam," said the doctor, "I am too great an admirer of politeness not to remember Chesterfield, and I fear too selfish ever to forget *Number One.*"

SALVATOR'S AND HOGARTH'S FIRST INSPIRATIONS IN ART.—Rosa drew his first inspiration from the magnificent scenery of Pausilippo and Vesuvius: Hogarth found his in a pot-house at Highgate, where a drunken quarrel and a broken nose first "woke the god within him." Both, however, reached the sublime in their respective vocations,—Hogarth in the grotesque, and Salvator in the majestic.

ALPHONSO, KING OF CASTILE.—This Spanish monarch, upon one occasion, was presented with a list of those servants who were useless to him, and whom he ought to dismiss, and with another containing the names of those he ought to retain. The king, however, acted as most monarchs do, and resolved to retain both, saying, "I have need of these, and the rest have need of me."

QUANTITY AND QUALITY.—A noble marquis disputing with a celebrated financier, said to him, "Sir, I would have you to know that I am a man of quality."—"And I," replied the man of figures, "would have you to know, my lord, that I am a man of quantity."

THE DUTCH.—This race of people have been not inaptly compared to their own turf, which kindles and burns slowly, but which, when once kindled, retains its fire to the last.

THE TONGUE, according to physicians, is a *machine*. Like all other machines, it generally loses in *power* what it obtains in *speed*.

ALL FOUR-LEGGED.—There are nothing but *Quadrupeds* at Drury Lane this year; even a *Bucks* lets the boxes, and a *Tabby* prints the bills.

SOLUTION TO THE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST, — WATER.

Diary and Chronology.

Monday, Nov. 28.

St. Stephen the Younger, M. A. D. 764.

High Water 15m after 9 Mor—55m after 9 After.

Nov. 28, 1814.—The Spanish Government, wishing to obliterate the remembrance of the Cortes, collected about this time all the papers in which the proceedings of that body were maintained. The journals of the *Liberales*, viz.—*El Abego, El Redactor*, and *El Concise*, were carried in carts to the Plaza de Cebada, at Madrid, and burnt, with the formality usual at the *Auto-de-fe*.

Tuesday, Nov. 29.

St. Saturninus, b. and marr. A. D. 257.

Sun rises 54m after 7 — Sets 6m after 4.

Nov. 29, 1330.—Execution of Mortimer.—Roger Mortimer, an English nobleman of good figure, was the favourite of Isabella, queen of Edward II. After the tragical end of that unfortunate king, to which Mortimer greatly contributed, he entirely governed the Queen and the kingdom.—Young Edward III. though raised to the throne by the crimes of his mother, saw with regret the power assumed by the unworthy favourite—capable of assuming the reins of government, he surprised Mortimer in Nottingham Castle, where he was shut up with the Queen, and delivered him to the Parliament. He was found guilty of high treason, and hung upon a gibbet twenty feet high.

Wednesday, Nov. 30.

St. Andrew, Apostle.

High Water 32m after 11 Mor—57m after 11 After.

Delta, in the present Blackwood's Magazine for December, thus pictures

NOVEMBER.

For ever shuts the great eye of the world?
So seems it—for a grim and pallid hue
Pervades the cheerless universe, a blue
And death-like tint; ascend the vapours curl'd
From the low freezing mere; the sea-mew shrieks
Down to the shore; and, 'mid the forests bare,
The lonely raven, through the dusky air,
Her bleak, unarming habitation seeks.
Blow on, ye winds! and lower, ye shades of
night,

Around my path. As whirl the eddy leaves
Redly beside me, and the flaky snow
Meets in the turbid stream, with stern delight;
The thwarted sp'it hears the wild winds blow,
And feels a pensive pleasure, while it grieves!

St. Andrew.—Our saint was the son of James, a fisherman at Bethsaida. He was younger brother of Peter. He was condemned to be crucified on a cross in the form of an X; and, that his death might be more lingering, he was fastened with cords.

Barnaby Googe, in the translation of Nnoegeorgus's *Regnum Papticum*, alludes to some curious observances anciently practised to-day:

“To Andrew all the lovers and the lustie woovers
come,
Beleeving, through his ayde, and *certaine ceremonies done*,
While as to him they presentes bring, and conjure
all the night,
To have good lucke, and to obtaine their chiefs
and sweets delight.”

On the 10th of December, with No. 218, will be published another Supplement superbly illustrated, devoted to those *Annals* published since our last CREAM OF THE ANNUALS.

Thursday, Dec. 1.

St. Eligius, bish. A. D. 659.

Sun rises 56m after 7—sets 4m after 4.

As Winter may be now considered to have set in, a poetical illustration of the season cannot be out of place.

WINTER.

The drooping year is on the wain,
No longer floats the thistle down;
The crimson heath is wan and sere;
The sedge hangs withering by the mere.
And the broad fern is rent and brown.
The owl sits huddling by himself,
The cold has pierced his body through:
The patient cattle hang their head,
The deer are 'neath their winter-shed;
The ruddy squirrel's in his bed,
And each small thing within its burrow.
In rich men's halls the fire is piled,
And ermine robes keep out the weather;
In poor men's huts the fire is low,
Through broken panes the keen winds blow,
And old and young are cold together.
Oh, poverty is disconsolate!
Its pains are many, its foes are strong;
The rich man in his jovial cheer,
Wishes 'twas winter through the year;
The poor man, 'mid his wants profound,
With all his little children round,
Prays God that winter be not long!

Friday, Dec. 2.

St. Bibiana, Vir. and Mar. A. D. 363.

High Water, 0h 40m Mor—1h 0m After.

Dec. 2, 1805.—Expired, *ÆT. 69*, the Rev. Benjamin Forster, Rector of Boconnoc and Bradoc, in the county of Cornwall. He was educated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and was a man equally distinguished for his benevolence and liberality, as for his wit, and metaphysical acuteness of intellect, and a prodigious store of classical and general knowledge.

Saturday, Dec. 3.

St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies. Conf.

Sun rises 58m after 7—Sets 2m after 4.

St. Francis Xavier, the great apostle of the East, was styled the *Thaumaturgus* of the Sixteenth age, from the number of miracles which he wrought, and the number of converts which he made to christianity. In 1534, on the feast of Assumption of Our Lady, St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, and six others, formed the resolution of visiting the Holy Land, which they accomplished on foot.

Sunday, Dec. 4.

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Lessons for the Day.—Isaiah, 5 chap. Morning

Isaiah, 24 ch. Evening.

New Moon 48m after 7 Morn.

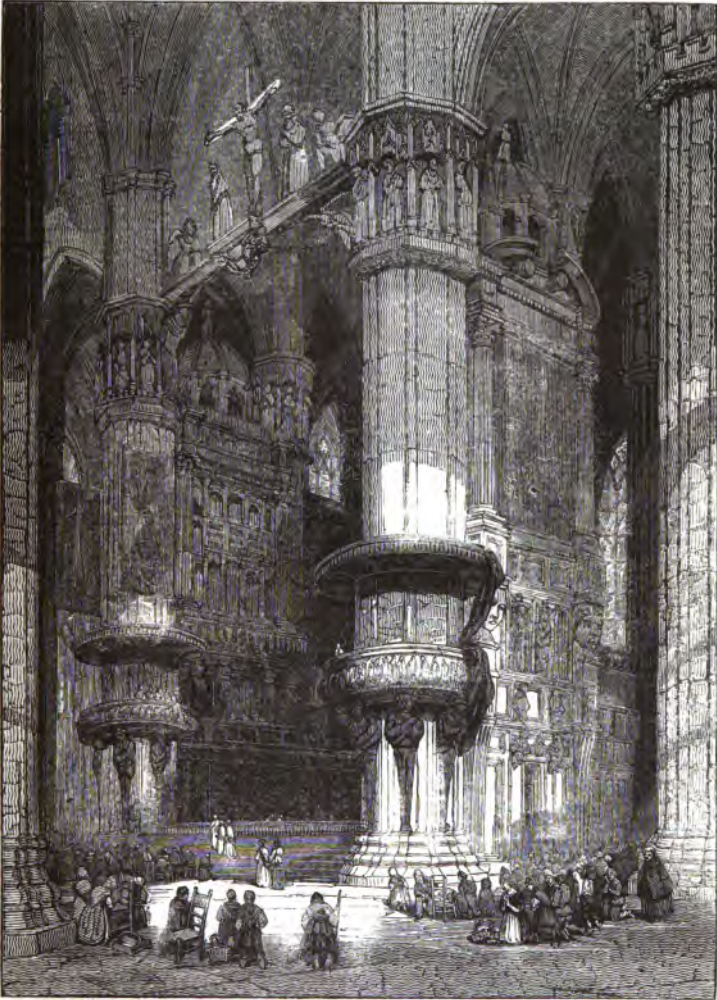
Dec. 4, 1789.—On this day, arrived at Leith, in the ship *Brothers*, Captain Stewart, from Archangel, who reported that, on the coast of Lapland and Norway, he sailed many leagues through immense quantities of dead haddocks, floating on the sea. He spoke of several English ships who reported the same fact. The three years preceding the above date, haddock, a fish always in abundance in the Edinburgh market, had scarcely been seen there. In February, 1790, three haddocks were brought to market in the Northern capital, and sold at the high price of 7s. 6d.

The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XXII. — Vol. VIII.

Saturday, Dec 10, 1831



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF MILAN CATHEDRAL.

[From a Drawing by I. D. Harding]



Cream of the Annuals for 1832.

It affords us great satisfaction, upon resuming the pleasing subject of THE ANNUALS, to be enabled, by the kind permission of the proprietor of

The Landscape Annual,

to present our readers with a copy of one of its very elaborate and masterly plates, which for beauty of subject and excellence of execution, we fearlessly venture to pronounce has never been excelled, if equalled, by any work of far higher price and greater pretensions than our own.

It will be remembered by most of our friends, that in the last Supplement we stated that it was our intention to return to the Landscape Annual again in our next. We therefore hasten to redeem our promise, and take such portion of the interesting account of Milan as appears to us best suited to throw a light upon the subject of our illustration, and interest the readers of the OLIO.

Before we proceed, we will pause a minute to say a word or two upon the great city of Milan and its inhabitants, ere we enter upon the subject of the city's chief ornament, THE CATHEDRAL.

MILAN, anciently Mediolanum, was founded by the Gauls (as mentioned by Livy,) about 600 years before Christ. It was taken by the Romans, who fortified, embellished, and made it the capital of Cisalpine Gaul. It was devastated by Attila, in 451; retaken by Belisarius; and again fell into the power of the barbarians, under Vitigi, in 539. After the destruction of the kingdom of the Lombards by Charlemagne, Milan was governed by its archbishops, who became the chiefs of the Ghibelline faction. During the wars between the popes and emperors, Frederick Barbarossa took this city, razed it to its foundation, and passed the plough over the spot where it had stood. It was rebuilt in 1171, and soon regained its former splendour. The Turrianis, the Viscontis, and the Sforzas, in turn usurped the government of Milan. The claims of Louis the Twelfth on the Milanese, through his mother Valentina, only daughter of John Visconti, entailed on France those repeated, but vain efforts, by which the latter endeavoured to gain possession of this duchy. After the lapse of centuries, Buonaparte seemed to have secured to France this long-coveted possession of the Bourbons:

and by the various improvements which he effected in the capital of his favourite "Kingdom of Italy," shed a ray of glory over his short-lived usurpation. With the triumphs of the allied Sovereigns, Milan returned to her accustomed subjection to the House of Austria.

The Milanese are a good-natured, quiet race of men, fond of ease and comfort; they like good eating, drinking, and pleasures in general. This disposition is the natural consequence of living under a mild climate in a land of plenty, for such is Lombardy above all other countries, and of being deprived of the stimulus of national spirit and ambition. Very few beggars are to be seen in the streets of Milan, a pleasing exception from the rest of Italy. All kinds of provision are good, cheap, and plentiful; the plains produce abundance of corn, rice, wine, and vegetables; the valleys of the Alps afford excellent pasture for cattle; and meat, milk, butter, and cheese, are superior in this country.

But stay: do not let us forget that we are abridging the limits of our space while dilating upon the "milk and honey" of this favoured spot, when another object should claim our attention; therefore let us divest ourselves of the city and its population, and speak only of—

The Duomo or Cathedral, which has been pronounced "a mountain of marble, cut, for the most part, into diminutive ornaments, obelisks, columns, and statues of all sizes," and "an effort of Gothic architecture for grandeur and sublimity of effect unrivalled." The view given in the preceding plate, taken from the interior of this imposing edifice, we trust will be found worthy of the fame which this noble building has acquired throughout the world,—at least we have done our best, and our labours, we rest satisfied, will more than speak for themselves.

"In looking back to the times in which it was commenced, this splendid monument assumes a still more imposing grandeur in our eyes. Neither St. Peter's at Rome, nor our St. Paul's, were then in existence—the only two temples which can vie with that of Milan, the idea of which was first conceived by the little Prince who then lorded over that and a few other cities of Italy.—Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti was the sovereign to whom the honour belongs of having laid the foundation of that church. He was chiefly moved to it by

that immoderate desire of glory, or rather by that vanity, which prompted all his actions. His character presents a miserable picture of human weakness, though naturally a man of strong mind, brave, clever, and to the utmost degree ambitious. The same ambition which urged him to lay the foundation of the Duomo of Milan, made him weak enough to accept as truth, and approve as undoubted, a most flattering and fabulous genealogy of his family. The name Visconti is one of the most ancient, not only of Italy but of the world, and he would not have found many who could have equalled his nobility, even had he been satisfied with the mere truth. But this was not enough, and nothing less than a Trojan origin could satisfy his silly pride. It was therefore gravely attested that a grandson of Æneas called ANGLIO (*Anglus*) founded *Angleria*, now *Angera*, or *Anghiera*, or the Lago Maggiore; from Anglo descended the Counts of Angera or Anghiera, and from them the Visconti, following a long generation of kings, heroes, knights, saints, popes, and vagabonds of all ranks. It is a pity that no such grandson of Æneas was known to old English genealogists; he would have been honored as the first sovereign of *Anglia* with as good a title as Brutus, from whom they say came the name of Britannia. Several descendants or successors of the Visconti were so proud of this title, that, to the one of *Duke of Milan*, they added that of *Count of Angera*, and some of them, Latinizing according to their fancy the words from *Angera*, called themselves *Angli*. Lodovico Sforza added the word *Anglus* to his titles on his coins, and indeed he might be mistaken for an Englishman by those who are not in the secret of his Trojan descent."

"But, to return to the cathedral,—although it had always been intended that the cathedral of Milan should be finished according to the original plan, and consistently with the style of architecture adopted in its earliest parts, yet the length of time which had been spent upon it, the frequent interruptions to its progress, the love of change, and of finding fault with each other's drawings, which animated the different architects, have occasioned a departure from a strict adherence to that plan. Notwithstanding this temple was begun so early as 1386, it is not yet completed, and the number of architects who have been employed or consulted con-

cerning it is incredible. The enormous expense which was required to finish the work, independently of the length of time necessary for sculpturing so many statues and agalias, bas-reliefs, and other ornaments in marble, was the main cause of this delay. Various inhabitants of Milan left most munificent donations for assisting the progression of the building, and amongst others, one Carcano bequeathed the sum of 230,000 crowns of gold for that purpose.

"In earlier times not only the tyrannical power of the Dukes of Milan, but that of the Popes, and the produce of indulgences, were employed to forward the completion of the cathedral, and it was by the will of a despot that a powerful impulse was given to the speedier accomplishment of the work. The façade of the cathedral had been often projected, and its erection begun, but as often interrupted, when in 1805, Buonaparte ordered that 5,000,000 of Milanese livres, proceeding from the sale of the property belonging to the church itself, should be applied for that object. No original drawing existed of this part of the church, and after long discussions, the plans presented by Carlo Amati and Guiseppe Zanoja were approved of, and in about three years the façade was completed, as well as several other parts of the building. For the façade only there were produced more than 250 statues, forty-two bas-reliefs, and an immense number of other ornaments in marble suitable to the principles of Gothic architecture, which prevailed in this temple, and which was generally persevered in."

Admirably adapted to rank by the side of this delightful volume, is the new candidate for fame and favour,

Prout's Continental Annual,

Edited by W. Kennedy, Esq.

which is both novel in plan and execution; the engravings that adorn it, though not quite so numerous, (but more than enough for the price of the volume,) as the rest of the larger annuals, are no less beautiful; indeed, it would be a task of great difficulty to point out a work where the pencil and the graver have been more successfully exerted. The scenes portrayed are in Mr. Prout's best style, and are remarkable for truth, variety, and brilliancy.

The following excite our admiration most:—

The Cathedral Tower, Antwerp,—

capitally engraved by W. Floyd. In this plate the prominent feature is the fine tower of the Minster, represented with an effect quite surprising.

The vignette of the *Roman Column at Treves*, with its rich and chaste ornamental border, by S. Fisher, is a charming specimen of Roman magnificence in by-gone days; we pronounce this plate the *chef-d'œuvre*.

The View of Ghent, by Kernott, is a bustling scene, of great beauty.

View in Nuremburg, by Roberts. This plate presents us with one of the principal streets in the capital of Franconia, full of animation,—a more interesting scene could not possibly have been selected; it recalls to mind so many interesting historical events connected with this ancient city. Here watches, or Nuremburg eggs, so called on account of their oval form, were invented in 1490, by Peter Hele. Here, too, padlocks were invented, for the miserly and avaricious, by Hans Ehrman, in 1550; and in the cell of a monk in this place, by accident, the explosive properties of gunpowder were found out, “to fright and kill men,”—the discoverer Schwartz losing his life by his pernicious discovery. And here, also, was born Martin Behaim, to whom some historians have attributed the discovery of America—and Albert Durer, the inventor of the art of engraving upon wood.

The City and Bridge of Dresden, well engraved by Willmore. The bridge over the Elbe, and several of the fine churches which add so materially to the interest of the Saxon capital, are cleverly and clearly shown here.

Place of St. Antonio, Padua, by Roberts, and the *City and Bridge of Prague*, by Le Keux; very picturesque.

Rouen Cathedral, by W. Wallis.—A sweet view of the Manchester of France; replete with architectural grandeur.

Another favourite is the *Church of St. Pierre, at Caen*, by Carter. There is an air of calmness imparted to this scene, which at once conveys to the mind's eye that it is a secluded part of the city.

The whole of these delightful views, as well as those unnoticed by us, are accompanied by interesting and ably-told tales, illustrating the respective places which they are associated with. Here is one of the best, which, if we remember aright, is a translation from Hoffman.

THE RUSSIAN SPY.

A TALE OF THE SIEGE OF DRESDEN, IN 1813.

To pay the measure of their country's wrong,
The old wax youthful, and the feeble strong.
LAKESHOT.

THE immediate consequence of the terrible conflicts near Bautzen in May, 1813, was the arrival of 20,000 wounded in Dresden, for whom my professional aid was put in immediate requisition. The slightly wounded and the sick were quartered on the citizens; the city became an immense hospital, and the numerous patients were tended as well as the daily sinking resources of the inhabitants would permit, but in the regular hospitals, which afforded very inadequate accommodation for the great number of badly wounded men, the mass of human suffering was horrible—too horrible indeed for description.

The house in which I resided, or rather slept, commanded from its upper rooms a view of the bridge and of the vine-covered hills beyond the Elbe. It was one of those antique, gable-end houses, so common throughout Germany, and the roof contained several attics, the highest of which was occupied by an aged man, who got a scanty support by fishing in the river, while his daughter Meta, a girl of eighteen, whose manner and look indicated mental imbecility, was employed by my compassionate landlord to wait upon his lodgers. The father and daughter had been only a few months in Dresden. Their history was unknown, but it was understood, or rather conjectured, that they had originally sustained a better rank in life, and that some terrible and sudden calamity had affected the reason of the daughter, without, however, disabling her from attending to the light duties required of her by the kind-hearted landlord.

There was a mystery about this girl which all my professional sagacity and worldly knowledge failed to unravel. I had occasionally spoken to her when she brought up my breakfast, and for a time her childish answers, and the unmeaning smile upon her lips, satisfied my, then, pre-occupied attention that her intellects were unsound. She was attired in the coarse and unbecoming garb of a Saxon peasant; but as far as her clumsy apparel would enable me to discern, her person was elegantly formed. Her voice was soft and musical, and her features resembled some-

what the Asiatic character of the female countenance in the district of Moscow. It was obvious from her accent and peculiar idioms that she was no native of Germany, while they betrayed also to a close observer that she possessed, or had possessed, a refinement far above her apparent condition. There was less appearance of a former rank above his actual station about the old man she called her father, whose coarse and ample clothing, suited to his calling as a fisherman, entirely shrouded his tall and robust person, while his long matted hair and bushy beard, both silvered with advanced age, as effectually veiled his features. He was dumb, or affected to be so, and the only sounds he ever uttered resembled the low muttering or distant growling of a wild beast. He soon became well known in Dresden by the name of Old Peter, the dumb fisherman. The French soldiery, with reckless levity, gave him the honours of canonization, and always hailed him, as they passed, by the name of *Sainte Pierre, le Pecheur*.

My professional attentions to the old man during a short illness, evidently won upon the daughter's feelings. From that time she paid more solicitous attention to me than to any of my host's lodgers; but all my endeavours to draw from her some account of her original situation were fruitless. The vacant smile indeed disappeared when I addressed her: her look became downcast or wandering; a brighter glow suffused her clear and delicate complexion; and on one occasion, when, with looks and tones which betokened a deep interest in her welfare, I questioned her about her home and parentage, she burst into tears, covered her face with both hands, and hastily quitted the apartment.

Insensibly the charms and graces of this unknown—and to every eye but mine—imbecile girl, laid a hold upon my sympathies, which served to beguile my toilsome duties in the hospitals during the terrible summer and more terrible autumn of 1813. The events of the ever memorable siege of Dresden are too recent and too well known to require detail: I shall proceed, therefore, at once to the crisis of my narrative. In the beginning of November the allied armies had invested in great force every approach to the city, and the remaining French troops, about 30,000 men, under Marshal St. Cyr and the Count de Lobau, were now enclosed within the immediate, but still formi-

dable, defences of Dresden, which, being cut off by the besiegers from all communication with the country, was exposed to great privations, and was, indeed, almost destitute of provisions, fuel, and medicines.

On the night of the 5th of November, about ten o'clock, I quitted a coffee-room with a friend, and proceeded homeward. Passing the palace of Count Bruhl, then occupied by the Commander in Chief, Gouvion St. Cyr, our attention was caught by an unusual glare of light in the saloons, and an audible bustle in the vestibule. While pausing to gaze and listen we were joined by a friend, who told us in a whisper that the Marshal had just held a grand council of war. He had heard, he added, from a friend in the palace, that a sortie of 12,000 men would take place that night, and probably an hour before day-break. After long discussion of the possible results, we agreed, with lightened hearts, that the attempt would be baffled by the vigilance of the besiegers, and eventually accomplish our deliverance from the curse of French occupation.

Too much excited to sleep, I determined to remain within a prudent distance of head-quarters, and await the event. I had not long to linger in suspense. Soon after the church clocks had struck twelve, I heard a low rumbling sound reverberating through the deep silence of the deserted streets, and from the dark angle in which I was placed, I beheld several pieces of artillery, with powder waggons, the wheels of each carefully covered with straw, pass slowly by towards the bridge.—Taking a shorter road through narrow passages, and favoured by the darkness, I gained the centre of the bridge, where an arch, blown up in the spring by Davoust, had been replaced by strong oak planks, flanked on each side by lofty palisades. Drawing my cloak tightly around me, I extended myself on the pavement within one of the recesses, to escape observation. While thus waiting the arrival of the artillery, I suddenly heard some ponderous body strike the palisades, and distinguished the sound of voices from beneath the bridge. The intense darkness of a November night, and the loud rush of a north-wester through the battlements, prevented me from discovering the cause of these strange occurrences; but when the artillery, already on the bridge, had passed, and the deep rumbling of the cannon had ceased to distract my at-

tention, I looked and listened attentively for a recurrence of the mysterious sounds beneath the planking, and was no little surprised and alarmed when I saw one of the oak planks close to me slowly raised. At this moment, the storm having somewhat dispersed the heavy clouds, the pale rays of a new moon, piercing through the drift, fell upon the spot, and with amazement I beheld rising, as through a trap-door, the tall figure of my fellow-lodger, the father of the interesting Meta.

Soon as he had gained the surface of the wood-work, some one beneath handed to him a long white pole or fishing-rod, which, after carefully replacing the plank, he extended over the parapet, and stood motionless in the attitude of a person fishing with rod and line. At this moment my listening ear distinguished the heavy and measured tread of a body of armed men at the city end of the bridge, and the flickering moon-light flashed upon the arms of the French van-guard.—Shrouded by a dark blue cloak and the deep shadow beneath the parapet, I gazed with a beating heart upon a battalion which passed me in profound silence. When the front rank reached the planking, the old man began to sing in his dumb fashion, and held out his cap with one hand as if for alms, while the other supported his fishing-rod.

“*Ah! voilà St. Pierre qui veut pecher!*” exclaimed a grenadier. Another in the following rank, halting for a second, said—“*Ah ca! mon ami! Je t’aiderai a pecher! Tenez!*” and threw a coin into the cap of the old man, who thanked him in tones which rather resembled the howling of a wolf than a human voice. Several officers and many soldiers, as they passed, threw their contributions into the cap, and each donation was acknowledged in the same unintelligible howl. At length, a well-mounted officer of rank, in whom I recognized the Count de Lobau, approached so near the ancient beggar, that I expected every moment to see him trampled under the hoofs of the fiery charger. Fixing his hat more firmly on his head, the Count turned hastily to an aid-de-camp, and in a stern voice, exclaimed,—“Who is that man, Larive?”

The group of mounted officers behind him reined in their impatient steeds, and I began to tremble for my own safety as well as for that of my fellow-lodger, when, to my inexpressible relief, a black-bearded veteran sap-

per, marching with shouldered axe out of the ranks, carelessly answered,—“’Tis only a poor dumb maniac, well known in Dresden. They call him ‘St. Peter the Fisherman.’”

The Marshal and his suite proceeded, and the battalions continued to defile over the bridge, not, however, with the bounding step and *gaiete de cœur* displayed by the French soldiery in the brighter days of Napoleon, but in unbroken silence and evident discouragement.

The passage of about 10,000 infantry, 1,000 cavalry, and 200 baggage-wagons, necessarily occupied a considerable time; at length, however, the last of the rear-guard quitted the bridge, the heavy tread of men and horses died away in the distance, and my attention was again solely occupied by the old fisherman, who suddenly leaned his rod against the parapet, withdrew a wooden peg which secured the planking, and hastily removed the same plank he had raised before. Kneeling down, and applying his face to the aperture, the dumb man exclaimed, to my infinite amazement, in good Russian,—“*Katinka! Katinka! is all ready!*”

“Yes, grandfather! there is a fish on every hook,” answered a shrill voice from beneath, in the same language. Starting up, the old man seized and raised his fishing-rod, which by the increasing moonlight I now saw was no rod, but a stout pole of great length. Instead, however, of fish, I observed three small, but well-lighted lanterns, attached to as many cords of different lengths, forming, when the pole was placed by the fisherman in a perpendicular position, a signal or beacon of three equi-distant lights.—Supporting the end of the pole on the parapet, he remained motionless until he saw a brilliant rocket rush into the air from an elevation at some distance beyond the Elbe. This rejoinder was followed by numerous rockets and fire-beacons, which blazed up in rapid succession along the hills of Meissen, filling the atmosphere with vivid coruscations, which were reflected in long and flaming lines on the ruffled waters of the Elbe. Starting on my feet at this extraordinary spectacle, I saw the old man some paces beyond the planking, whirling in apparent ecstasy his heavy pole and its pendant lamps above his head until the lights were extinguished by the rapid motion. Availing myself of his absence, I approached the aperture, when I stopped short in breathless

surprise as I beheld, slowly emerging from the trap, the head, arms, and figure of a woman, from whose dripping hair and apparel the water streamed upon the boards, while her wet clothes clinging closely to her person, betrayed the contour of an exquisitely-proportioned figure.

The storm was now fast subsiding, and the moon, shining brightly in an unclouded quarter of the sky, enabled me to discern her features. Gracious Heaven! it was my lovely and mysterious Meta, who I beheld in this strange condition. "In the name of wonder! Meta," I exclaimed, "what brings you here?" Without uttering a word in reply, she abruptly seized my arm, and with incredible force dragged me some distance along the bridge towards the city.

"*Pour l'amour de Jesus! Wolmar!*" she whispered in pure French, and with energetic intonation,—"Utter not a word, and quit the bridge, or you are lost.—See, see, dear Wolmar! my best and only friend! the fierce old man is replacing the plank,—away! away! begone, or he will murder thee!"

Had she been a stranger to me, I could not have resolved to leave this shivering girl in such a pitiable condition; and I now for the first time felt all the force of my attachment to her. Taking off my cloak, I threw it around her; meanwhile the fisherman was still watching the rockets thrown up by the besiegers on the hills beyond Grossenhayn. "There they go!" he shouted, "eight—nine—ten—eleven thousand of those incarnate devils—those murderous incendiaries! Rush down upon them, my valiant countrymen! Lay on, and spare not!—Avenge the fires of Moscow! Avenge the cruel massacre of my son, and my son's son—my wife and daughters!—Lay on, lay on, and spare not, in the name of God and St. Andrew!"

Tossing his lanterns into the river, he now strode towards us with a speed and vigour wonderful at his advanced age; when, suddenly perceiving me, he angrily exclaimed in Russian,—"Katinka! unhappy girl! Who is that man? why speak to him? we shall be betrayed and shot before noon.—But hold," he continued through his clenched teeth, "there is yet a way and a will."

Raising his heavy pole, he darted forward, and, with all his great bodily strength, levelled a blow at me which

would assuredly have fractured my skull, had not his grand-daughter sprung forward, and by a sudden push against his arm given another direction to the ponderous weapon, which was broken to splinters on the pavement, while he who wielded it was thrown upon his knees.

"*Allons! Allons!*" was now heard from numerous voices near the other end of the bridge, along with the tramp of cavalry and the loud rolling of gun-carriages. It was the detachment of Count de Lobau defeated on the Drachenberg, and returning, after the discovery that the Russians were on the alert, and had occupied all the mountain passes. It was the next day rumoured in Dresden that the besiegers were apprised of the intended sortie by Russian spies secreted in the city. To return, however, to my own critical situation.

I saw there was not a moment to lose. The courageous girl, who had thus saved my life, exhausted by the effort, and by long exposure in a boat, to the wet and cold of a stormy November night, had fallen senseless at my feet. Taking up the precious burthen in my arms, I told the old man to fly for his life, and hastened towards the city with a speed which would not allow me to observe whether he had followed my advice, but which soon placed me and my beloved Meta in security. Avoiding every sentinel, and passing through unfrequented streets, I reached the retired house of a maternal aunt, who had often been a resource to me in hours of need. With ready kindness the old lady surrendered her warm bed to the still unconscious maiden. I prescribed what was needful to restore her, and anxiously watched her recovery; but it would have required more than human skill to prevent the fever which followed the excitement and bodily fatigue of that memorable night.

Returning the following noon to my lodgings, I found my worthy landlord pale and trembling in his parlour.—With a voice interrupted by strong emotion, he told me that Meta had disappeared, and that he had seen her aged parent leave the palace of Marshal St. Cyr, escorted by a numerous guard, which conducted him to the bridge. Thither he had followed and seen the poor dumb creature.

Further details were checked by a gush of tears, but I could too well infer the sad catastrophe.

Happily I succeeded in concealing the untimely end of her only surviving

relative from the lovely orphan, until she had been some weeks my wife.

Since the auspicious day which made her mine for life, many years have gone by; but never has she for a moment given me cause to regret, that I confided my honour and my happiness to the keeping of a *Russian Spy*.

We cannot resist giving a place in our pages to the subjoined sweet bit of poetry, from the tale of the "Vintner's Daughter."—

SONG OF THE MINSTREL TRAUENLOB.

Now comes so merry the vintage time,
The cymbals ring, and the village bells chime;
And away to the vineyard with morning's prime
Goes the beautiful Ernestine hie!
In holiday garments is she clad,
Yet the heart of the maiden is far from glad,
And she singeth a song with a burthen sad—
"Without thee, my love, I shall die!"

O wealthy's the lord of the vineyard I ween,
And his only child is the fair Ernestine;
He will give her a dower befitting a queen
If his choice she'll be guided by,—
He tells her she's ever his darling care,
Of a gallant young knight he bids her beware,
She speaks not, but carols her pensive air—
"Without thee, my love, I shall die!"

The grapes are gather'd—the vintagers gone;
Ernestine sits in her chamber alone;
The rose from her delicate cheek has flown—
All heavily does she sigh;
At last there comes in a leech's guise,
A gay young knight, who to sooth her tries,
He offers a ring, and the maid replies—
"Without thee, my love, I must die!"

We leave with regret this enchanting cabinet of romances, but a desire to fill our columns with variety compels us. In taking our farewell of such a splendidly embellished and really talented work, we must be allowed to express a hope that it may long continue to flourish, and see many anniversaries. We shall now turn from the dark legends of distant lands, to something of a livelier nature:—

The Comic Annual,

Edited by Louisa Henrietta Sheridan,

which again appears with additional claims to public favour. The fair editress (though a host in her own person) has thought proper this year to associate with herself in her arduous task several other talented pens, and their united efforts have produced a volume replete with frolic, wit, and humour. Many of the articles possess a piquancy extremely pleasing, and there is no want of laughter-moving ideas in them: indeed, Miss Sheridan may be pronounced a powerful rival to the witty, facetious, and ingenious Hood. As a designer, we think her superior in execution, though not quite equal to him in point of invention.

The cuts illustrating this volume of

gaieties are very numerous, and those the handywork of the editress, are sketched with the freedom and spirit of a Cruikshank. It is really astonishing to find a lady so *au fait* with the frivolities and whimsicalities of everyday life. We are also well pleased with several subjects from the pencil of a Mr. Meadows, whose name is quite new to us; a rich vein of humour pervades the whole of his productions, and we nowhere notice in them any straining after effect. His style is natural, easy, and original, and although his performances abound with comicalities, they are perfectly chaste and free from vulgarity.

As a sample of the *good things* admirably suited to set the Christmas "table in a roar," and banish drear winter's dulness, we give the following:—

LETTER FROM AN OXFORD STUDENT TO HIS MOTHER.

Brasen-Nose College, Oct. 1838.

DEAR MOTHER,

Your anger to soften,
At last I sit down to indite,—
'Tis clear I am *wrong* very often,
Since 'tis true I so seldom do write!

But now I'll be silent no longer,
Pro and Con all my deeds I'll disclose,—
All the *pros* in my *verse* I'll make stronger,
And hide all the *cons* in my *pros*!

You told me, on coming to college,
To *dip into books* and excel;
Why, the tradesmen themselves must acknowledge
I've dipp'd into books pretty well!

The advice you took pleasure in giving
To direct me, is sure to succeed,
And I thank you'll confess I am living
With *very great credit* indeed!

I wait on the Reverend Doctors
Whose friendship you told me to seek;
And as for the two learned Proctors,
They've *call'd for me* twice in a week!

Indeed, we've got intimate lately,
And I seldom can pass down the street
But their kindness surprises me greatly,
For they *stop me* whenever we meet!

My classics, with all their old stories,
I now very closely pursue,—
And ne'er read the *Remedia Amoris*
Without thinking, dear mother, of you!

Of Virgil I've more than a smatter,
And Horace I've nearly by heart;
But though famed for his smartness and satire,
He's not quite so easy as Smart.

English Bards I admire every tittle,
And doat on poetical lore,
And though yet I have studied but *Little*,
I hope to be master of *Moore*.

You'll see, from the nonsense I've written,
That my devils are none of the *Blues*;
That I'm playful and gay as a kitten,
And nearly as fond of the *Muse*.

Bright pans (oh! how crossly you'll bore 'em!)
I scatter, while Logic I cram;

For Esclid, and Puar aslorum,
We leave to the Jobuans of Cam.

My pony, in spite of my chidings,
Is skittish and shy as can be;
Not Yorkshire, with all its *three ridings*,
Is half such a *shier* as he!—

I wish he was stronger and larger,
For in truth I must candidly own,
He is far the most moderate charger
In this land of *high chargers* I've known.

My doubts of profession are vanished,
I'll tell you the cause when we meet;
Church, army, and bar I have banished,
And now only look to the *Fleet!*

Come down then, when summer is gilding
Our gardens, our trees, and our founts,
I'll give you accounts of each building,—
How you'll wonder at *all my accounts*.

Come down when the soft winds are sighing;
Come down—Oh you shall and you must,—
Come down when the dust-cloths are flying,—
Dear mother—*Come down with the dust!*

THE SPINSTER'S LAST HOPE.

By Mrs. Walker.

MUCH has been written, more, perhaps, than ever was felt, upon the frustration and annihilation of our first hopes. Many a goodly sonnet, with its proper quantity of lines and syllables, and *minus only*, nature, feeling, and imagery, has been thrust before the public eye, to record that life's vernal spring is not perennial, and to announce the new and interesting fact, that human existence has not changed its character since the period when it was denounced by Job as being of "few days and full of trouble." One would have imagined that these words, stamped as they are in the volume of eternal truth, would have availed as a beacon to guide man, and woman too, from the dark abyss of disappointment. Yet every day's experience shews us some unfortunate victim of excited expectations, blazoning forth his sorrows to the world, "in all the pomp and majesty of woe," and challenging its sympathy as loudly as if it were any novelty or distinctiveness of grief, and as if every heart that is warmed into life, numbered not the greater amount of its pulsations by the dial of despair! But no more of this—I am a professed enemy to querulousness, and a consistent and decided opponent to sentimentality of all kinds—and maintain the possibility of living cheerfully and contentedly, even after one's *last* hope has been laid low. Such is my case; and it behoves me to introduce it, in its details.

Reader, are you of the "Beau sexe," and are you married? If so, you must remember well the throbs and anxieties,

the alternations of hope and fear, during the progress of the courtship which led you to the altar. But was not the preponderating fear throughout, that some untoward accident should defeat your views, and throw you back upon society without the support of that protection which you ought to achieve, by much amiability, a little finesse, it maybe, and diligent dressing? Think, then, of *her* state, who has six times been verging into the character of a wife, and at the age of forty-five, remains to sign herself a spinster! Youth is proverbially the season of enjoyment, and so I found it—eighteen years, and 20,000*l.*—fashion, vivacity, and personability—I hope the word neither compromises my truth nor my vanity—brought me plenty of admirers, and one unexceptionable offer. It was accepted; the ring was bought; the carriage ordered; the settlements adjusted; and I within a few days of white favours and St. George's church, when a brain fever—but I will not commit sentimentalism—and this passage of my life opens such avenues to it, that I would fain rush over it. Enough—my first love died; and I lived to receive, at twenty-one, my second offer, and chronicle, also, my second disappointment! My second adorer was one who, had he been like Cassio in the play, an "arithmetician," would have divided the palm of celebrity with the American boy of calculating fame. Every act and deed was regulated with the nicest exactness, and with the sole view of adding to his fortune, subtracting from his anxieties, or dividing his cares. He lived in calculations. From the period of his making his toilet in the morning, when he balanced for half an hour the advantages of wearing a claret or olive surtout, till twelve at night, which found him in his legislative capacity, in St. Stephen's Chapel, calculating on the propriety of voting with or against the minister.

Fatal to my hopes was this ruling passion. It was at a country ball I was tried by this mental measurement, and found wanting. It was there he proved, that having neither the beauty of Miss L., the fortune of Miss W., or the influence of Miss M., the sum total might, after putting him in possession of a wife, leave him with a diminution of happiness and freedom. He therefore declared off, with all the quiet *nonchalance* possible. And the depression of the agricultural interest forming something like an excuse to my

father, for non-ratification of his engagement, he made his regrets and his *conge* to me, with the most serious of bows, and the deepest of sighs!

Twenty-three—found me—with my hand, small and snowy as it confessedly was, unsought for. I had gone to the expense of advertising myself, by having my portrait painted for Somerset House, and my name fully described in the catalogue. I rode through the park during the season, at the most orthodox hours, and on an unexceptionable horse. I had attended the Opera as regularly as the prompter; still it would not do; when fate suddenly achieved the desired good—an offer! I was on a visit at my uncle's—one of my cousins was given to music—I took the hint, and warbled at him steadily and untiringly. A new song came out—it suited my voice, and I sang it with effect—the reward was an offer to make me Mrs. Algernon Tracy. But evanescent was my triumph! The York music meeting came, and Miss —, the celebrated *prima donna*, came too. She sang my song, and without music—it was resistless—my cousin ceased his plaudits only to seek the fair vocalist, and play the inconstant to me. A few weeks after saw him married to my rival, and myself tearing the identical song into the smallest possible atoms.

Thirty—Alas! I thought, am I then really to be an old-maid? I let down my hair, and it was luxuriant, without the fostering aid of *Macassar*. It told, a gentlemanly, but very bald man, asked my love, and unquestionably would have secured it, and my hand too, had I not discovered in time, that he paid his devotions at a gambling-house more punctually than to me; and that having already dispersed 30,000*l.* through the agency of "*Rouge et Noir*," he was ready and willing to send my 20,000*l.* in pursuit after it. I thought the mission somewhat contingent as to its results, and declined his offer.

Thirty to thirty-five—I was now in a feverish state of anxiety as to the progress of the years, and began studiously to avoid all allusion to birth-days; smiled with peculiar complacency upon every person who called me 'Miss' at first sight; adopted all the mutabilities of fashion; accepted invitations to country seats, in good hunting counties; discoursed with the *Squirearchy* upon dogs and horses; and having, to shew my courage, and gratify the wish of one particular individual, consented to mount a horse who never would do

ought but gallop (I never could do ought but trot gently;) got a severe fall and a contused head. As an indemnity for my obedience to his request, the owner of the steed began to talk of his bruised heart, and to ask me to heal it at the village church hard by. I consented—and here the destroyer of my prospects was a housekeeper—one of those middle-aged gentlewomen, who exercise, in the *menage* of single men, such omnipotent mastery over their purses and persons. She knew her empire would terminate with the commencement of my reign, and persuaded Mr. Darnley that he would go to ruin, and she to the canal, if he turned his old and faithful domestic away;—*did* tears and hysterics for one whole week, and appeared, at the beginning of the next, as the mistress of Darnley Hall!

Thirty-five to forty—is a fearful age for spinsters—offers come "like angels' visits, few and far between." To me they never came at all; and I have now to narrate the climax of my fears, and the death of my hopes, which took place in the October of 1830. In an evil hour, I accompanied some friends to Paris, who had given me sundry hints as to the preference the Frenchmen had for English wives. Arrived in the metropolis, many of the Parisians, with a laudable desire to give pleasure, inquired of me when I should be twenty-five! One whose mustachios were particularly well arranged, and whose decorations were abundant, and upon whom I had begun to look with strong interest, asked me one day to accompany him to the English Ambassador's chapel, and whilst surveying the altar, insinuated his desire to confer upon me there the title of *Madame*. He obtained my promise; and the next day obtained, alas! also from me, an order upon Lafitte, which put him in possession of the whole of my property! He quitted Paris with the avowed intent of laying out some thousands of my *francs* in the purchase of a chateau in Normandy. For any thing I know to the contrary, he may have done so; but this I know, that I have never seen him or my money since. I lost my follies with my fortune; I re-crossed the channel, and obtained a situation as humble companion in Lady D.'s family. And here I am, cheerful and happy; though every chance of changing my name has vanished for ever. And "the Spinster's last hope" has failed her!

A pleasurable task now becomes ours, viz. that of thanking Miss Sheridan for the great gratification she has afforded us, which we do most heartily. And at the same time, we promise the fair humourist a kind reception when another volume appears.

Leaving all the attractions of this mirth-inspiring and very seasonable tome, we proceed to

The Winter's Wrath.

Having already dwelt at some considerable length upon the literary and graphic beauties of this volume, we shall now only select a few of its fairest flowers to adorn our sheet. The subjoined are some of the sweetest.

THE VISIT TO A MONEY-LENDER.

BY W. M. TARTT, ESQ.

A Fragment from the French.

[Un avaro peggio degli altri.—GOLDONI.]

I HAD thoughtlessly promised the young Viscomte de Confians to accompany him; and, almost as soon as I had risen, he called to remind me of my engagement. When we had arrived at the Rue des Gres, he looked round with an anxiety and uneasiness that surprised me. His face by turns became livid and crimson: he was a prey to some horrible anguish; and the perspiration started from his forehead when he perceived that we had reached the gate. At the moment we got out of his tilbury a fiacre entered the street; the falcon-eye of the young man enabled him to distinguish a female within the carriage, and then an expression of almost savage joy animated his countenance. He called a boy who was passing, and desired him to hold his horse. We mounted the steps of the old miser: since I had left the house he had placed a small square grating in the middle of the door, and it was not till after I had been recognized that we were admitted. I found him seated in his arm-chair, motionless as a statue, his eyes fixed upon the mantel-piece, where he seemed reading some memorandums of accounts. A small lamp, once green, but now obscured with smoke and dirt, threw a lurid glare upon his pale face. He turned his eyes towards me, but did not speak.

"Father Gosbeck," said I, "I bring you one of my most intimate friends."

"Whom I mistrust as much as the devil himself," whispered the old man.

"On my account you will render him

your good offices at the ordinary price, and you will extricate him from a pressing difficulty."

The Vicomte bowed in confirmation, seated himself, and prepared to hear his answer, with one of those courtly attitudes of which it is impossible to describe the graceful baseness. Father Gosbeck remained in his chair at the corner of the fire, unmoved and immoveable. He resembled the statue of Voltaire, as it appeared at night on entering the vestibule of the Theatre Francais. He raised slightly, as by way of salutation, the worn-out grey casket with which he covered his head, and the small portion of yellow skull it exhibited completed his resemblance to the marble.

"I have no more money, except for my customers," said the usurer.

"You are vexed then that I have been to ruin myself with others besides yourself," said the young man, smiling.

"Ruin you!" replied Pere Gosbeck with a tone of irony.

"You would say that one cannot ruin a man who has no capital! But I defy you to find in all Paris anything *more capital* than I am," cried the Vicomte rising, and turning upon his heel.

This half serious buffoonery had no effect upon Gosbeck.

"Can I with any decency," said he, "lend a *sous* to a man who already owes thirty thousand francs, and does not possess a *denier*? Besides, you lost ten thousand francs the night before last at M. Lafitte's ball."

"Sir," replied the young man, with exquisite impudence, and approaching as he said it, "my affairs do not concern you: he who has time owes nothing for the present."

"True."

"My bills will be taken up."

"Possibly."

"And at this moment the business between us is simply to know if I offer you sufficient security for the sum that I am about to borrow!"

"Just so."

The noise of a fiacre stopping at the gate was heard from without.

"I go for something that will perhaps satisfy you," cried the young man.

He soon afterwards returned, leading by the hand a lady, who appeared to be twenty-five or twenty-six years old. She was of remarkable beauty, and I had no difficulty in recognizing the Countess of whom Gosbeck had formerly spoken to me. On entering the damp and sombre chamber of the usurer, she

cast a look of suspicion upon the Vicomte. The terrible anguish of her heart was evident, and her proud and noble features had an almost convulsive expression. I could easily believe my companion had now become the evil genius of her destiny. They seemed both standing before their judge, who with a cold and severe look examined them, as an old Dominican of the sixteenth century may have watched the tortures of two Moors in the dungeons of the Holy Inquisition.

"Sir," said she, with a trembling voice, "are there any means of obtaining the price of these diamonds (presenting a casket) reserving to myself the right to re-purchase them?"

As I volunteered to explain to her how this might be done, she seemed to breathe more freely; but the Vicomte knit his brow, aware that with such a condition the usurer would advance a less sum upon them. Gosbeck was absorbed: he had seized his magnifying glass, and was examining the jewels in silence. If I were to live a hundred years I should not forget the remarkable picture that his face presented at that moment. A flush spread over his pale cheeks; his eyes seemed to sparkle with supernatural fire—he rose, went to the light, and held the diamonds near his toothless mouth as if he would have devoured them. The glitter of those beautiful gems seemed reflected in his eyes: he murmured some vague words; lifted by turns the bracelets, the earrings, the neck lace, the diadem; and held them to the light to judge of their water, their colour, and their polish.—He took them out of the casket; he put them back—and again took them out; played with them to bring out all their brilliance, more like a child than an old man—or, perhaps, like both at once.

"Beautiful diamonds!" he exclaimed; "before the revolution, they would have been worth three hundred thousand francs. What water! what beauty!—under the Empire it would have required two hundred thousand francs to have made such a set.—But," added he, with an expression of scorn, "at present the diamond is falling in price every day. Since the peace, Brazil and Asia have overwhelmed us with them—they are no longer worn except at Court."—Yet even while uttering these discouraging words, he examined the stones, one by one, with an unspeakable joy. "Without a spot!—yes, here is *one* spot—here's a flaw—but *this* is a beauty!" And his wan visage,

as the light of the jewels glared upon it, seemed like one of those mouldy antique mirrors that we meet with in a provincial inn, which gives the traveller, who has courage enough to look at himself, the appearance of a man falling into a fit of apoplexy.

"Well!" said the Vicomte, striking him on the shoulder. The doard trembled. He relinquished his baubles, laid them upon his desk, seated himself, recommenced the usurer, and again became smooth, hard, and cold as a column of marble.

"How much must you have?"

"A hundred thousand francs for three years.

"Possibly!"

He then drew from a mahogany box, which was *his* casket, a pair of balances inestimable for their exactness. He weighed the stones, estimating with a glance the weight of the setting—Heaven only knows how!—and during this operation his features struggled between joy and severity. That cadaverous face, lighted up by those gems, had something about it more horrible than I can describe. The Countess seemed to comprehend all the danger of the precipice towards which she was approaching: there was still some feeling of remorse within her; and it only required, perhaps, an effort—a charitable hand extended to save her I determined to attempt it. Gosbeck interrupted me by a sign of the head; and turning towards the culprits,

"Eighty thousand francs in ready money," said he, with a low soft voice, "and you will leave me the diamonds."

"But——" replied the young man.

"Take it or leave it," said Gosbeck, giving back the casket to the Countess. I again drew near her, and whispered,

"You will do better, madam, to throw yourself, at once, at the feet of your husband."

The usurer, doubtless, understood my words by the movement of my lips, and cast upon me a look in which there was something infernal. The face of the young man became livid, for the hesitation of the Countess was palpable. He approached her, and though he spoke low, I heard the words, "Adieu, Emily!—be happy! As for me, to-morrow I shall no longer have a care."

"O, sir!" she cried, addressing herself to Gosbeck, "I accept your offer!"

The usurer gave the money; and the Countess rose and retired, deeply feeling into what a labyrinth of shame and guiltiness she had allowed herself to be drawn.

A DREAM OF HOME.

BY C. MOIR.

Bright scenes of bliss are rushing o'er my
mind,

Hanests of my earlier years; my native hills
Rise like gray patriarchs of the past, behind;

The torrent's roar the silent twilight fills;
From its own clamp of trees with modest
head

Looks out the village spire,—the Sabbath
bell

Meets the church-going peasant on the mead
In sober thought, a sound he loveth well:

A wreath of smoke curls in the morning breeze
From a low cottage roof with ivy clad;

I knew—I know my own beloved trees,
Hear joyous tones that make the wanderer
glad,

And clasps a mother bath'd in tears of joy!—
Hills rise—sons break between her and her boy.

From a paper entitled "Thoughts on Horsemanship," by Hartley Coleridge, we extract the passages here given, for the many useful hints which they contain:—

"It is common enough to ride well, but to ride poetically is a very rare accomplishment—never attained by any but such as to a strong natural sense of beauty and fitness, unite a vigorous mind in a vigorous body; *mens sana in corpore sano*. That this union of requisites is only to be looked for in noble families, is an assertion better timed in the age of Spencer and Elizabeth, than in that of William the Fourth. But in no age can it exist without refinement—without a certain cultivation of habits—a selection from vulgar associations: the mere cultivation, either of the intellect, or of the muscles, will not suffice. Anybody who can ride hard, and long, without danger or excessive fatigue, may be said to ride well. The butcher's boy, on his bare-backed bit of blood and bone, with the præmonitory halter by way of bridle, knees drawn up to serve as a support to the tray, on which the cleaver rings a martial accompaniment, imitative of blood and slaughter—rides well. The apothecary, whose interest requires that, whether he have any business or none, he should always be in a hurry, rides well; his trunk forming a very acute angle with his horse's neck, and the instruments in his coat-pockets having a truly alarming jingle. Tailors—notwithstanding the vulgar prejudice to the contrary—are the best riders you will see of a Sunday within two miles of town. Huntsmen, postillions, rough riders, livery stablemen, blacklegs, all ride well; that is, well enough for themselves, and too well to benefit mankind by affording a hearty fit of laughter; but so far from furnishing

poetical pictures, they make the beautiful and picturesque creature which they bestride, dull, prosaic, or ridiculous.

"Again: No gentleman should ride too well; he should not, like certain painters, create difficulties for the sake of showing how dexterously he can overcome them;—nor should the art or strength whereby he guides his steed be palpable to sight: it should appear as if the simple will did all. Riding *a la militaire*—the modern Heroic poetry of horsemanship—is very imposing when used by a man of military appearance—in a military dress; but should never be attempted by Dissenters, Clergymen of the Church of [Scotland, aldermen, or respectable burghesses. Steeple-hunting, fox-hunting, &c., which correspond to the Pindaric or dithyrambic styles, are doubtless very animated, and delightfully free from the snaffle of common sense. Dramatic racing, (such as is practised by Ducrow and others) though a beautiful—and in him, performed by a man of imagination—an intellectual art, is not much to be studied by the nobility.

"A swan on the water is not so graceful a vision, as a lady-like female on a lady-like palfrey. Yet there are not many women whom it is pleasant to see on horseback. If they display too much courage and adroitness, they are in danger of being unsexed: if they be timid and inexperienced, one trembles for their gentle limbs. I wish some court painter would contrive a more agreeable costume for ladies to ride in. On an absolute girl, whose spirits are etherially brilliant, and whose complexion is of the morning, the round hat and habit are not far amiss; though even by Hebe or Aurora the habit should never be worn, except on horseback. But for a woman of a certain age, the hood and skirt adopted by our grandmothers in the days of the pillion, if not more picturesque, were undoubtedly more matronly.

"These observations are not directed to such females as ride solely for health or amusement; but those who wish to exhibit, had better do it well than badly, for the credit of nature and the advancement of the fine arts—which include not only poetry, painting, sculpture, music, architecture, acting, &c., but riding, walking, eating, dressing, and shuttle-cock playing."

We must terminate our notice of this diverting miscellany with the above pieces, to make room for

The Amulet,

Edited by S. C. Hall, Esq.

In the literature of this annual, we are highly pleased to perceive more solidity than heretofore.

The procuring of those communications only, which possess real information and lasting interest, appears to have been the chief aim of the editor, an end which he has most successfully attained. Nearly the whole of the articles in this highly esteemed volume, are upon subjects of great importance, and are likely to prove attractive when the ephemeral papers, usually found in this class of periodicals, are forgotten; we hail the improvement with much pleasure, and trust that the same good judgment will be exercised in succeeding volumes.

Of the plates but one opinion can be entertained; with one or two exceptions, they are all of first rate merit. When we mention that they comprise four of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits: "Hayter's Death of the First-born," one of "Pickersgill's Eastern Beauties," "Haydon's Death of Euclides," a Venetian scene by the inimicable Stanfield, and Roberts's "Rising of the Nile," every person possessing the least spark of taste, must be enabled to judge of the value of the seventh volume of the Amulet, without further comment from us. For our specimens of its literary excellence, we select the following:

A CHAPTER ON FLOWERS.

*By the Author of "Rank and Talent,"
"Atherton," &c.*

WHAT is the use of flowers? Why cannot the earth bring forth the fruits that feeds us, and the sweet flavours that provoke our appetite, without all this ostentation? What is it to the ponderous cow, that lies ruminating and blinking hour after hour on the earth's green lap, that myriads of yellow buttercups are all day laughing in the sun's eye? Wherefore does the violet, harbinger of no fruit, nestle its deep blueness in the dell, and fling its wanton nets of most delicious fragrance, leading the passenger by the nose?—And wherefore does the tulip, unedible root, shoot up its annual exhibition of most gaudy colour and uninterpretable beauty? Let the apple-tree put forth her blossom, and the bean invite the vagrant bee by the sweet annunciation of coming fruit and food;—but what is the use of mere flowers—blossoms that

lead to nothing but brown, withered, curled-up, vegetable fragments? And why is their reign so short? Why does the gum-cistus drop its bright leaves so regularly at such brief intervals, putting on a clean shirt every day? Who can interpret the exception to the rule of nature's plan of utility? For whom are flowers made, and for what? Are they mere accidents in a world where nought else is accidental? Is there no manifestation of design in their construction? Verily they are formed with as complete and ingenious a mechanism as the most sensitive and marvellous of living beings. They are provided with wondrous means of preservation and propagation. Their texture unfolds the mystery of its beauty to the deep-searching microscope, mocking the grossness of mortal vision. Shape seems to have exhausted its variety in their conformation; colour hath no shade, or combination, or delicacy of tint, which may not be found in flowers; and every modulation of fragrance is theirs. But cannot man live without them? For whom, and for what, are they formed? Are they formed for themselves alone? Have they a life of their own? Do they enjoy their own perfume, and delight themselves in the gaudiness of their own colours and the gracefulness of their own shapes? Man, from the habitual association of thought, sentiment and emotion—with eyes, nose, and mouth, and the expression of the many-featured face, cannot conceive of sense or sentiment subsisting without these modifications, or some obvious substitute for them. Is there nothing of expression in their aspect? Have they not eyeless looks and lipless eloquence? See the great golden expanse of the sun-flower winding, on its tortuous stem, from east to west; praising, in the profuseness of its gaudy gratitude, the light in which it lives and glories. See how it drinks in, even to a visible intoxication, the life-giving rays of the cordial sun; while, in the quiet of its own deep enjoyment, it pities the locomotive part of the creation, wandering from place to place in search of that bliss which the flower enjoys in its own bed; fixed by its roots, a happy prisoner, whose chains are its life. Is there no sense or sentiment in the living thing? Or stand beneath the annual canopy that overshadows a bed of favourite and favoured tulips, and read in their colours, and their cups, the love they have for their little life. See

you not that they are proud of their distinction! On their tall tremulous stems they stand, as it were, on tiptoe, to look down on the less favoured flowers that grow miscellaneously rooted in the uncultivated beds of the common garden. Sheltered and shielded are they from the broad eye of day, which might gaze on them too rudely; and the vigour of their life seems to be from the sweet vanity with which they drink in admiration from human eyes, in whose milder light they live. Go forth into the fields and among the green hedges; walk abroad into the meadows, and ramble over heaths; climb the steep mountains, and dive into the deep valleys; scramble among the bristly thickets, or totter among the perpendicular precipices; and what will you find there? Flowers—flowers—flowers! What can they want there? What can they do there? How did they get there? What are they but the manifestation that the Creator of the universe is a more glorious and benevolent Being than political economists, utilitarians, philosophers, and *id genus omne*?

Flowers—of all things created most innocently simple and most superbly complex; playthings for childhood, ornaments of the grave, and companions of the cold corpse in the coffin!—Flowers—beloved by the cowering idiot and studied by the deep-thinking man of science! Flowers—that of perishing things are most perishing, yet of all earthly things are the most heavenly! Flowers—that, in the simplicity of their frailty, seem to beg leave to be, and that occupy, with blushing modesty, the clefts, and corners, and spare nooks of earth, shrinking from the many-trodden path, and not encroaching on the walks of man; retiring from the multitudinous city, and only then, when man has deserted the habitation he has raised, silently, and as if long waiting for implied permission, creeping over the grey wall and making ruin beautiful! Flowers—that unceasingly expand to heaven their grateful, and to man, their cheerful looks; partners of human joy, soothers of human sorrow; fit emblems of the victor's triumphs, of the young bride's blushes; welcome to crowded halls and graceful upon solitary graves! Flowers—that, by the unchangeableness of their beauty, bring back the past with a delightful and living intensity of recollection! Flowers—over which innocence sheds the tear of joy; and pe-

nitence heaves the sigh of regret, thinking of the innocence that has been!—Flowers are for the young and for the old; for the grave and for the gay; for the living and for the dead; for all but the guilty, and for them when they are penitent. Flowers are, in the volume of nature, what the expression, "God is love," is in the volume of revelation. They tell man of the paternal character of the Deity. Servants are fed, clothed, and commanded; but children are instructed by a sweet gentleness; and to them is given, by the good parent, that which delights as well as that which supports. For the servant there is the gravity of approbation or the silence of satisfaction; but for children there is the sweet smile of complacency and the joyful look of love.—So, by the beauty which the Creator has dispersed and spread abroad through creation, and by the capacity which he has given to man to enjoy and comprehend that beauty, he has displayed, not merely the compassionateness of his mercy, but the generosity and gratefulness of his goodness.

What a dreary and desolate place would be a world without a flower!—It would be as a face without a smile—a feast without a welcome. Flowers, by their sylph-like forms and viewless fragrance, are the first instructors to emancipate our thoughts from the grossness of materialism; they make us think of invisible beings; and, by means of so beautiful and graceful a transition, our thoughts of the invisible are thoughts of the good.

Are not flowers the stars of the earth, and are not stars the flowers of heaven? Flowers are the teachers of gentle thoughts—promoters of kindly emotion. One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower without loving it. They are emblems and manifestations of God's love to the creation, and they are the means and ministrations of man's love to his fellow-creatures; for they first awaken in the mind a sense of the beautiful and the good.—Light is beautiful and good; but on its undivided beauty, and on the glorious intensity of its full strength, man cannot gaze; he can comprehend it best when prismatically separated and dispersed in the many-coloured beauty of flowers; and thus he reads the elements of beauty—the alphabet of visible gracefulness.

[For conclusion of the Cream of the Anaxors see the accompanying Sheet.]

The Otto ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XXIII—Vol. VIII.

Saturday, Dec. 10, 1831.



See page 355

Illustrated Article.

IDA ROSENHEIM ;

THE BRIDE OF BERLIN.

A TALE OF THE CONTINENTAL CHOLERA.

For the Otto.

And the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children. *Holy Writ.*

THE pestilence was spreading widely at Berlin, and hourly were new victims offered up at the altar of Despair, but in the Palace of Rosenheim all was still the same uninterrupted festivity. Guests disappeared from the banquet, and revellers from the wassail board ; but Herman of Rosenheim blanched not at their absence, and the laugh and the wine-song were heard echoing through the lonely square long after the midnight chimes. Ida, the beautiful Ida, was ever the splendid mistress of the feast, till the revel began to grow warmer and wicker, and she fled away to her chamber, and casting aside her glittering robes and braiding pearls, wept long and sadly for the coming

VOL. VIII.

Z

ruin of her House ; every festal exclamation of her father struck harshly on her, for she knew the Demon of Gaming was in his heart, and in every laugh there seemed to her a tone that sounded like the echo of its fiendish mockery ; yet she silently bore the loss of the ancestral jewels of her race, though she knew the diamonds and sapphires, the opal and jacinths, which had adorned the departed beauties of Rosenheim, were nightly cast away by her father as lightly as her own fair hands would shake off the dewdrops from a rosebud. One string of pearls (a Rosary of the Virgin) alone remained to deck the last daughter of the House of Rosenheim, when she presided at her father's table, but many there thought the rich gleam of her ringlets, pouring like a veil of golden silk over brow and bosom, and the violet light of her modest eyes, were lovelier in their unadorned beauty, than when pearls were gathered in her hair like snow amid sunshine, and diamonds clasped her robe from ankle to bosom. Ida had remarked that Otto of Wolf-

219

stein, to her the most disagreeable of her father's associates, had lately become peculiar in his attentions and distressing in his assiduities; she saw her father smile as her white hand trembled in the eager grasp of Otto's, as he led her to her seat, or knelt before her (as she touched her lute) with an air of romantic gallantry.

Love, the lost Elysium of the soul, the true Paradise which fled our first parents as they shrunk beneath the primal curse, had never yet touched the pure heart of Ida; it was the theme of all around her, the burthen of the songs her own sweet sighing voice poured forth to the responses of her lute, but to her it was yet the ideal of the passion—a word of enchantment, having no master power over the talisman of her thoughts. Count Otto had a face and form calculated at the first glance to call forth a feeling of admiration; his courtly address and easy gaiety seemed as if they might win him the world; but a careful observer of his faultless face could see all was not bright beneath, and his large and singularly radiant eyes, had an indescribable meaning in their glance at times, from which the gazer shrunk, and knew not why; his addresses soon became too pointed to be mistaken even by the simplicity of Ida; but Love, the angel of Eden, came not to brighten her heart with his celestial visiting.

She was seated alone one night, listening with an evil divining spirit, to the frantic mirth of the group in the banquetting room, when hurried steps were heard in the corridor, and her father suddenly entered the chamber, and closing the door, looked upon her in silence;—he was pale, and his high and haughty features had a strange sternness in them: the thick heavy curls were shaken back from his lofty forehead, and Ida trembled as she met his fixed and fearful glance. Pushing aside her embroidery frame, she rose to meet him, but with a rapid step he approached, and, seizing her hands, exclaimed—

"Ida!—my daughter, tremble not; thou art my only child; thy beauty is my pride! my idol! born to preserve thy father, should I not triumph when I look upon thee?"

"Thou art my fate, father," murmured Ida; "I understand thee not—thy looks are strangely altered."

"Looks, girl! I tell thee my destiny is changed. The Lord of Rosenheim is a beggar! and thou and I are

outcasts; to-night we must go forth alone and unattended;—thou hast no longer a home, Ida, but in a father's heart! Shrink not maiden, thou hast taken pearls from thy hair and rubies from thy bosom at my bidding, knowest thou for what purpose? they were offerings to ruin, to that destruction which has reached us both:—to-night I have lost all, name, fame, home, and honour! I saw my last possession pass from me, and when I looked upon the smile of my destroyer, the fiend awoke in my heart—What hell has the gambler to fear? he can bear that of his own heart, and how could the malice of a demon invent a subtler torture? I sought by fraud—nay, sink not girl—thy father, Herman Rosenheim, sought by fraud to win again what he had lost—was detected—and yet he lives!" As he spoke thus, he cast aside the dark folds of his cloak and drew a pistol suddenly from his belt, his daughter sunk with a faint shriek upon her knees, and, catching his arm, looked up into his face with the wild helplessness of terror, her fair hair breaking from its silken fillet streamed over her white garments to the very floor of the chamber, and as the clear light of the silver lamp shone upon the pale and sculpture-like beauty of Ida and the dark, convulsed features of her father, they seemed like the impersonations of Pity and Revenge.

There was a moment's pause, and Rosenheim, throwing aside the pistol, suddenly raised his daughter from the ground, clasped her passionately to his heart, burying his face in the profusion of her tresses, as he wept upon her shoulder. "Ida! Ida!" he whispered, "my daughter, wilt thou not save thy father? my fate is in thy hands—Otto of Wolfstein—he alone knows my guilt—he alone is the possessor of mine inheritance, and he asks but thy hand, Ida—thy love, Ida! answer me—what, am I the murderer of my child!" he exclaimed, as her head fell powerless on his arm, and her cold white hands released their clasp held. Calling loudly for help, he laid her on a couch near him, and pouring curses on himself, he knelt by her side till, by the assistance of her maidens, the blue eyes of the devoted girl once more opened to consciousness, and bursting into tears, she threw herself fondly into his trembling arms.

Some days passed away, and Ida, whose sweet and lovely nature could not resist her father's pleadings, faintly

gave her consent to receive *Otto* as her future husband; but she soon found there must be no delay, and the ardent lover himself fixed the day and hour—to *Ida*, whose nameless apprehensions of her future lord increased every moment, it came too soon.

On the eve of her bridal, as she sat attired for the banquet, awaiting her father's summons, the death bell struck upon her ear, and from her attendant she heard it was for the Baroness *Theresa*, the cousin of Count *Otto*, who had that day sunk in the freshness of her youth, beneath the destroying pestilence. *Ida* felt a cold chill at her heart as she listened to the words, and in the splendour of the festival they were not forgotten. Count *Otto* presented her to the assembled guests as his intended bride, and, with courtly grace, as she entered, he knelt at her feet, and clasping a diamond bracelet on her white arm, murmured, "*Ida*, may this bridal gift be with thee even in death, unchanging as the love of *Otto*!" she smiled, and the accompanying blush gave to her innocent beauty a radiance with which it seldom sparkled; as soon as she reached her chamber she unclasped the bracelet, to examine its gorgeous yet delicate workmanship, and amid the rich fillagreeed gold of its enamelled clasp read the name of *Theresa of Wolfstein*!

Morning came, bright and glorious, and early was the hour when *Ida* of *Rosenheim* was to plight her faith to the gallant *Otto*, and her tire maidens entered her chamber with smiles and eager steps, bearing the bridal garments and aerial veil; the lady sat upon a low couch seemingly asleep, her head resting on its arm, she still wore the white satin robe in which she had been attired the preceding evening, but its full and graceful folds were much disordered, the jewelled clasps of her bodice were torn asunder, and the delicate lace which shielded her fair neck seemed as if rent from it in a convulsive struggle, her hair had fallen from its confinement and hid her face as she lay; her favourite maiden gathered up the long curls, and looking down, uttered one thrilling shriek and fell senseless on the ground. Decay and death were on the features then disclosed, and the angel of the pestilence had poured fourth the vial of its wrath on the last descendant of the House of *Rosenheim*.

E. S. CRAVEN.

AVE MARIAS.

For the Otto.

With mingled piety and grace,
Meek *Josephina* turns her face
Towards the setting sun;
Her daughter also fervent turns,
Upon her cheek emotion burns;
No eye more radiant ever shone,
Or beam'd with livelier feeling:
To see her ardent you would say,
Few maids there are so young and gay
Such pious thoughts revealing.

But could the watchful mother know
From whence these strong emotions flow,
And that *Louisa's* thoughts then rove,
To meet a cherish'd, absent love—
That, when he breath'd his last adieu,
Both promised ev'ry eve to gaze—
The sun's departing beams to view,
And mutual watch his parting rays.

'Tis *Luclio's* name her lips repeat,—
With his idea her bosom glows!
No wonder then she turns to greet
The sun when sinking to repose.

Mrs. KENTISH.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LOKMAN THE WISE.

For the Otto.

THE particulars preserved relative to the life of the sage *Lokman*, prove him to have been a person of extraordinary genius. He was born in *Ethiopia*, in the reign of King *David*, and, according to the Arabians, was the son of *Baura*, a kinsman of the Patriarch *Job*. Being sold as a slave in *Palestine*, whither he had been conveyed from his native country, he was employed by his master to tend on flocks, in which occupation he is said to have composed several thousand fables, parables, and proverbs. While in bondage, his conduct seems to have been exemplary; for to the goodness and gratitude of his heart he was alone indebted for his deliverance from servitude. The incident, which produced so desirable an event, is thus recorded:—

Being requested by his master to eat a bitter melon, he, to the astonishment of the latter, devoured the whole.—“How was it possible for you to eat such a nauseous fruit?” exclaimed the master; to which *Lokman* replied, “I have received so many favours from you, that it is no wonder I should, once in my life, eat a bitter melon from your hand.” Struck with such greatness of soul, his master forthwith granted him his manumission.

The exact date of *Lokman's* decease is unknown, but it appears he died in the time of the Prophet *Jonah*. In person he was by no means engaging to the eye, his complexion being black,

and his feet exceedingly deformed. By some authors Lokman and Æsop have been imagined to be the same individual; a belief which is strengthened by the similitude of their writings, and other concurrent circumstances. On this subject M. Marcel, in his translation of Lokman's Fables, published at Paris, affords some curious information. His observations are as follow:—

“If he existed at least five hundred years after Lokman, from whom he must have borrowed his Apologues: for Æsop is said to have lived in the time of Solon, the Athenian legislator; and all the oriental writers agree in placing the life of Lokman at the period when David reigned over the Hebrews, and Kai Khosrou over the Persians. The most general and probable opinion appears to be, that Lokman is the same person whom the Greeks, not knowing his real name, have called in their own tongue *Aisopos*, or Æsop, a term derived from that of *Aithiops*, or Ethiopian, by a slight change which frequently occurs in a word while passing from one dialect to another. Now, Lokman was an Habesby, or Ethiopian slave; and the oriental writers relate of him almost all the peculiar circumstances that have since been attributed to Æsop.”

The subjoined anecdote of Lokman is deserving of insertion:—It being inquired of him whence he had derived the knowledge with which he was endowed, he replied, “From the blind, who never place their feet till they have tried the firmness of the soil: I observed before I reasoned, and I reasoned before I wrote.” As a specimen of the writings of this fabulist, I annex the following ingenious apologue:—

“A vizier having offended his master, was condemned to perpetual captivity in a lofty tower. At night his wife came to weep beneath his window. ‘Cease your grief,’ cried the sage; ‘go home for the present, and return hither when you have procured a live black beetle, together with a little *ghee* (or buffalo’s butter), three clews, one of the finest silk, another of stout packthread, and another of whip-cord;—finally, a stout coil of rope.’ When she again came to the foot of the tower, provided according to her husband’s commands, he directed her to touch the head of the insect with a little of the *ghee*, to tie one end of the silk thread around him, and to place the reptile on the wall of the tower. Seduced by the smell of the butter, which he con-

ceived to be in store somewhere above him, the beetle continued to ascend till he reached the top, and thus put the vizier in possession of the end of the silk thread, who drew up the packthread by means of the silk, the small cord by means of the packthread, and, by means of the cord, a stout rope, capable of sustaining his own weight,—and so at last escaped from the place of his confinement.”

The above fable admirably exemplifies “the possibility of a great change being produced by very slight beginnings.”

ARNOLPHUS.

SOUVENEZ MOI!

For the *Olio*.

There is a silent grave thine eyes
Have never look'd upon;
But oh my heart lies buried deep
With that departed one!
The green grass idly rustles there—
The rain falls dark and chill—
Yet oh the lonely dweller there
I love and weep for still!

If I should pass away like him
Whose life was ALL to me,
(For on this earth my meeting hour
With THEE may never be),
Think sometimes of that unseen grave,
For there I hope to share,
The silence and the dreamless rest
Of him who slumbers there!

This heart can then be never more
By aught on earth beguiled,
And Death, who parted, may restore
The mother to her child!
I will not bid thee mourn us, yet
I know thy heart will bear
Some memory of that distant grave,
And those who perish there!

E. S. CRAVEN.

THE VICTIM.*

A TRUE STORY. BY A MEDICAL STUDENT

[We insert this story, (for which we have to thank an anonymous contributor,) in place of a sketch of greater literary merit, in the hope that any little impression it may create, will serve to swell the general desire for immediate reform in a system which most urgently and fearfully demands it.]

SOME years ago, myself and a fellow-student went to Dawlish for the summer months. An accident, which I need not narrate, and which was followed by a severe attack of pleurisy, chained me a prisoner to my room for several weeks. My companion, whose name was St. Clair, was a young man of high spirits and lively temper; and though

* New Mon. Mag.

naturally kind and affectionate, escaped, as often as he could, from the restraint of a sick room. In one of his walks, he chanced to encounter a young lady, whom he fell in love with, as the phrase is, at first sight, and whose beauty he dwelt upon with a warmth of enthusiasm not a little tantalizing to one, like myself, who could not even behold it. The lady, however, quitted Dawlish very suddenly, and left my friend in ignorance of every other particular concerning her than that her name was Smith, and her residence in London. So vague a direction he, however, resolved to follow up. We returned to town sooner than we otherwise should have done, in order that the lover might commence his inquiries. My friend was worthy of the romantic name that he bore, Melville St. Clare,—a name that was the delight of all his boarding-school cousins, and the jest of all his acquaintance in the schools.

He was the sole son of Thomas St. Clare, of Clare Hall, in the county of —, No. —, in Hanover-square, and Banker, No. —, Lombard-street. An eccentric man did the world account him. "Very odd," remarked the heads of houses for wholesale brides, "that the old man should insist upon his son studying medicine and surgery, when every one knows he will inherit at least ten thousand a-year."—"Nothing to do with it," was the argument of the father; "who can tell what is to happen to funded, or even landed property, in England! The empire of disease takes in the world; and in all its quarters, medical knowledge may be made the key to competency and wealth."

While quietly discussing in my own mind the various relative merits between two modes of operation for poplitical aneurism, at my lodgings in town, some three weeks after our return from the country of hills and rain, (some unglantly add, of thick ancles also,) my studies were broken in upon by a messenger, who demanded my immediate compliance with the terms of a note he held in his hand. It ran thus:—

"Let me pray you to set off instantly with the bearer in my carriage to your distressed friend— M. ST. CLARE."

On reaching the house, the blinds were down and the shutters closed; while the knocker muffled, bespoke a note of ominous preparation. "How are you?" I inquired, somewhat relieved by seeing my friend up; and though looking wan, bearing no marks

of severe illness. "I hope nothing has happened!"

"Yes, the deadliest arrow in Fortune's quiver has been shot—and found its mark. At three, this morning, my father's valet called me up, to say his master was in convulsions. Suspecting it to be a return of apoplexy, I despatched him off for Abercrombie,* and on reaching his room, I found my fears verified. Abercrombie arrived; he opened the temporal artery, and sense returned, when my unfortunate parent insisted on informing me what arrangements he had made in my favour respecting the property; and on my suggesting that his books might previously require to be looked over, he interrupted me by saying it was useless. 'You are the son of a ruined man,' I started. 'Yes, such have I been for the last twenty years! I have secured to you a thousand pounds, to finish your education—and that is all that calamity has left it in my power to bestow.' For some moments I was led to doubt his sanity.

'What, then, can be contained within those two massive chests, so carefully secured?'—'Old parchment copies of my mortgages. Your fortune has only changed in aspect; before you were in existence, the author of your being was a beggar! My credit alone has supported me. I have with difficulty been able to invest in the funds for your wants the paltry sum I mentioned. May you prosper better than your father, and the brightness of your day make up for the darkness of his closing scene. God's blessing—' His head sank on the pillow, and falling into a comatose state he slept for four or five hours, when his transition from time to eternity was as gentle as it was unnoticed.

"For my part, I merely remain here till the last offices are performed. All his affairs will be committed to his solicitors, when the fortune and residence which I looked forward to enjoying as my own must be left to others."

"Courage, my dear fellow," said I, "there is no space too great to allow of the sun's rays enlivening it—neither is that heart in existence which hope may not inhabit."

The funeral was over, the mansions of his father relinquished, and St. Clare himself duly forgotten by his friends. The profession, which he before looked on as optional in its pursuit, was now to become his means of existence; and

* Abercrombie is the chief surgical writer on diseases of the brain.

in order to pursue it with greater comfort to ourselves, we took spacious rooms, which enabled us to live together, in — street, Borough, in the neighbourhood of our hospital. One morning, it so happened that I had something to detain me at home, and St. Clare proceeded by himself to his studies. From the brilliant complexion and handsome countenance of a former day, his appearance had degenerated into the pale and consumptive look of one about to follow the friend for whom his "sable livery of woe was worn."

"Give me joy, Dudley! Joy, I say, for life is bright once more!" exclaimed St. Clare, returning late in the evening, while his face was beaming with gladness.

"I rejoice to hear it," said I. "What has happened?" I inquired.

St. Clare explained. He had met his forgotten mistress of Dawlish; she had introduced him to her father, with whom she was walking, and whom he recognized as a Mr. Smith, an eccentric and wealthy acquaintance of his deceased parents. Mr. Smith invited him to dinner the next day. To cut short my story, St. Clare soon received permission to pay his addresses to the lady he had so long secretly loved; and Mr. Smith, who had originally been in trade, and was at once saving and generous, promised 16,000*l.* to the young couple, on the condition that St. Clare should follow up his profession. The marriage was to be concluded immediately after St. Clare had passed the College of Surgeons, which he expected to do in six months.

"Dudley, I have an engagement to-day, and shall not be at home till the evening," said St. Clare, on his return from the Hospital one morning; "but as we must dissect the arteries of the neck somewhat more minutely before we go up for examination, I wish you would get a subject. I am told you can have one within two days, by applying to this man," giving me the card of an exhumator in the Borough.

"Very well," I returned, setting off.

"Which will you have, sir?" asked the trafficker in human clay, whose lineament bespoke the absence of every humane feeling from his heart—"a lady or a jemman?"

"Whichever you can procure with least trouble," I replied. "When can you bring it to my lodgings?"

"The day after to-morrow, sir."

"Good! What is your price?"

"Why, sir, the market's very high

just now, as there's a terrible rout about those things; so I must have twelve guineas."

"Well, then, at eleven, the evening after to-morrow, I shall expect you."

The night passed, no St. Clare appeared;—the next, still he came not—and eleven on the following evening found him yet absent. Surrounded with books, bones, skulls, and other requisites for surgical study, midnight surprised me, when a gentle tap at the door put my reveries to flight.

"Two men in the street, sir, wish to see you there."

"Very well," said I; and recollecting the appointment, I descended, and found the exhumator and another.

"We called you down, sir, to get the woman out of the way; because, you know, these things don't do to gossip about. Shall we take it up-stairs?"

"Yes, and I will follow behind.—Make as little noise as possible."

"No, no, sir, trust us for that—we're pretty well used to this sort of work. Jem, give the signal!" when the party addressed, stepping into the street, gave a low whistle on his fingers, and something advanced with a dull, rustling noise, which proved to be a wheelbarrow containing a sack. They had filled the gutter with straw, and over this driven the barrow. In an instant two of them seized the sack, and without making any more disturbance than if they had been simply walking up-stairs, they carried it into my apartment, and the vehicle it was brought in was rapidly wheeled off.

To be concluded in our next.

THE EXILE.

Concluded from page 330.

WITHOUT belonging to the class of nobility, my fortune, which was ample, and the education I received at Coimbra, placed me in an exalted station, and I may say, that no one was more looked up to than myself in the neighbourhood to which I belonged;—yet I rarely meddled with my country's government; but, instead of that, endeavoured in my own neighbourhood to remedy what was wrong by doing the good fortune had placed in my power; there were many things I could not make better; still, when we try to ease the burdens of our poorer neighbours, much may be effected, and it will not be a vain boast to say our village was as peaceful and happy as any

in Portugal. Do not for a moment imagine I was deserving praise for thus doing,—no, the praise, if any is due, belongs to another being too good for this world, and a treasure beyond my deserts; I was but the humble instrument of the good, which the kind heart of my wife pointed out to me. At last, to disturb our peace, came the invasion of the French:—then to have remained inactive when the destruction of life and property was carried on with reckless fury around me, would indeed have been criminal. I came forward at my country's call, and did my best to rid her of the enemy who had treacherously invaded her; our efforts you know were successful, and I again returned to my quiet home, and in a short time every thing recovered its former state. Years of happiness passed away, and the future looked nearly as bright as the past, until the spies of Miguel fixed upon me as a person of liberal opinions, and, consequently, his enemy; my friends gave me information of what they heard, and advised immediate flight; but my wife, whose health had been very delicate, was now so seriously ill that I could not leave her, and, trusting in my innocence, I determined, whatever befel me, to remain at home.

I heard nothing more for some weeks, and imagined my friends were deceived, or that I was thought not worthy of notice; when, one evening, 'twas just like that you have now passed, as I sat by my wife's bed-side, cheering her by saying she appeared much better than usual, and listening to my daughters, singing their evening hymn to the Virgin, the storm burst with all its fury, and turned my house from an abode of peace and happiness, to a house of misery and desolation.

The Minister of Police had given orders for my arrest, and now, the officers having found by means of spies, I was at home and not expecting them, came to seize me; the outer gate of the house was closed, and during the time they took to burst it open, a servant rushed into the chamber where we were sitting, and told us what to expect; I was completely stupified, but my wife, with a presence of mind and strength unusual in women, took me by the arm, drew her bed from the place where it stood, and forced me into a small recess behind its head;—in an instant the bed was replaced, and scarcely knowing whether it was a dream or reality, I awaited some event,

I knew not what, but my mind pictured to itself things most terrible. Presently, the minions of power came into the room; my wife, endowed but a few moments before with a supernatural strength, sunk into extreme weakness, and fell on the bed behind which I was concealed, apparently in a dying state; from my hiding-place I could see and hear all that passed. Oh! how they glared on my wife and daughters, and with what curses they carried on their search; my heart burned with vengeance, but my rage was as impotent as that of a child, for I was so pressed in the recess as to be unable to move; the villains searched over the house to no purpose, the situation in which they found my wife, precluded an idea that I could be concealed so near, and they left us with threats of vengeance.—When they were gone I begged to be released from my place of confinement; the servants removed the couch, and I ventured out to their assistance in recovering my wife,—our efforts were successful; she again revived, and became calm and collected; but her anxiety for my safety, would not allow that I should remain a moment longer in a place where so much danger surrounded me. With a heavy heart I parted from them, and prepared to join the army of the Constitution; being a marked man this was a work of difficulty, and when I had reached their encampment, it was but to plunge myself into more misery; day after day added to our sufferings; the people were in a state of apathy, and the deluded peasantry under the dominion of the priests, aggravated by their revilings the bitterness of our situation, God's curse was on us and our cause they said, and ambition was our only aim; our country's good was but a word made use of to further the total overthrow of religion, and the better to cover our wicked purposes. To a people credulous in the extreme this was sufficient; it made us enemies where we should have had friends; and many who, but a few days before, would have received us with open arms, shut themselves up in their houses, and refused us the shelter we requested; thus hunted, with an army much our superior, continually before us; supplied with every comfort while we wanted even the necessaries of life, we were obliged to enter the Spanish territories; here the fear of death was removed, and we could repose in peace; but in every other respect we were prisoners of

war, and were treated, not as if we came as friends imploring protection, but as declared enemies.

From the time of my leaving home, till the army was completely broken up, I never once heard from my family; I became anxious to see them, and resolved at all risks to make the attempt; gathering up every thing valuable I possessed in a small wallet, after destroying all my papers and the things I did not want, I stole in the night from the camp, and cautiously creeping along, contrived to pass the sentinel unnoticed. In the morning I was again in Portugal, keeping out of the track the army had taken. In a few days, weary and spirit broken, I reached the neighbourhood of my habitation; every thing seemed to bear a gloomy aspect, and my heart sank within me long before it had reason to be more than usually overcast.

It was a dark night when I arrived at my home; I sought for the lights in the apartments, but found none; I came nearer, still nothing appeared to give notice of any human beings making it their abode; I approached still closer—all was silent as the grave,—it was more than I could bear, the suspense was horrible; and, determining to know the worst, I ran towards the entrance of the house:—the gate was wide open, I called, no one answered; desperate and frantic I rushed forward, and found my house was a heap of ruins; the walls were in some places broken down; heaps of rubbish obstructed the passages—all, all was desolation; groping my way to my wife's apartments, but heedless of what became of me, I missed my footing, and fell headlong among the wreck. How long I remained in this situation I know not; but, when I awoke, it was to find myself stretched upon a miserable bed, in a hut scarcely habitable, and where misery might be said to have fixed her abode; my head throbbed and beat; my brain was fevered, and beside the agony of my mind, I was suffering considerable pain from the bruises and cuts received in my fall: some one approached me, and I made an effort to discover where I was.

"Lie still, Sir," he said, "and be composed; when you are a little recovered, you shall know all."

"But where am I, Paulo," (for I had discovered it was one of my old domestics,) "where are my wife and daughters, and how came the old house destroyed in the manner I found it?"

He hesitated to give me an answer; despair rendered me strong, and I determined to rise and seek them myself. Then the sum of my misery was told me: some wretches, in hope of plunder, had fired the house; my wife escaped by the exertions of the servants, but my daughters, though seen out of the fire, were never afterwards discovered. My wife was under the same roof that now gave me shelter, and when she awoke, I was again in the little apartment they had fitted up for her; but how altered since we last parted; her wasted form was supported by pillows, but her face was lighted up with a look of glory; her long thin white fingers were clasped in mine, and though she spoke not a word, I could plainly perceive by that upward look to Heaven, a prayer was addressed there for my safety. It was finished: then slowly rising from the bed, she pointed through the window to what was once an earthly Paradise, but now a heap of ruins.

"Pedro!" she exclaimed, "our house! 'tis desolate now—" she could say no more—it was the last struggle, and she sank lifeless down; even now, when deprived of all I prized, and but the cold corpse of her I loved best on earth remained to me, the poor comfort of staying with her inanimate form was denied; again, before the earth received her to its bosom, was I obliged to fly; but ere I went, I swore an oath of vengeance, and I will fulfil it. For every thing else life has lost its charms—'twas that hope of revenge supported me in my flight—'twas that brought me to England, and that will end my life, but I will not die unrevenged.

The story of the exile, and his wild look as he stood before them, will never be forgotten by the party then assembled, but his vow of vengeance never was completed; he again embarked for Lisbon, and tried to raise a party against Miguel; it was discovered, and he was arrested; the Limeiro prison closed the life of one who, but for the tyranny of his rulers, would have been an ornament to his country; his headless trunk floated down the Tagus, and his bones, perhaps, now whiten in some wild spot on the coast of his native land, unlamented and unknown.

J.S.C.

Cream of the Annuals.

Continued from page 352.

A CHAPTER ON FLOWERS.

(Concluded.)

The very inutility of flowers is their excellence and great beauty; for, by having a delightfulness in their very form and colour, they lead us to thoughts of generosity and moral beauty detached from and superior to all selfishness; so that they are pretty lessons in nature's book of instruction, teaching man that he liveth not by bread or for bread alone, but that he hath another than an animal life.

It is a pretty species of metaphysics which teaches us that man consists of body, soul, and spirit, thus giving us two parts heavenly for one that is earthly, the intermediate leading us by a gentle ascent to the apprehension and enjoyment of the higher part of our nature; so taste and a love of the beautiful leads us to the aspiring after virtue, and to regarding virtue as something far sublimer than mere calculation of physical enjoyment. Is not the very loveliness of virtue, its disinterestedness, its uncalculating generosity, its confiding freeness, its apprehension of a beauty beyond advantage and above utility—above that utility which ministers merely to the animal existence?—In its highest and purest sense, utility is beauty, inasmuch as well-being is more than being, and soul is more than body. Flowers, then, are man's first spiritual instructors, initiating him into the knowledge, love, and apprehension of something above sensualness and selfishness. Children love flowers, childhood is the age of flowers, of innocence, and beauty and love of beauty. Flowers to them are nature's smiles, with which they can converse, and the language of which they can comprehend, and deeply feel, and retain through life; so that when sorrow and a hard lot presses on them heavily in after years, and they are ready to think that all is darkness, there springs up a recollection of an early sentiment of loveliness and recollected beauty, and they are reminded that there is a spirit of beauty in the world, a sentiment of kindness that cannot be easily forgotten, and that will not easily forget. What, then, is the use of flowers? Think of a world without flowers—of a childhood that loves them not—of a soul that has no sense of the beautiful—of a virtue that

is driven and not attracted, founded on the meanness of calculation, measuring out its obedience, grudging its generosity, thinking only of its visible and tangible rewards; think of a state of society in which there is no love of beauty, or elegance, or ornament; and then may be seen and felt the utility of ornament, the substance of decoration, the sublimity of beauty, the usefulness of flowers.

THE FISHERMAN.

BY HARRY CORNWALL.

A perilous life, and sad as life may be,
Hath the lone fisher on the lonely sea,
In the wild waters labouring, far from home,
For some bleak pittance e'er compelled to
 roam!
Few friends to cheer him through his dangerous
 life,
And none to aid him in the stormy strife;
Companion of the sea and silent air,
The lonely fisher thus must ever fare;
Without the comfort, hope—with scarce a
 friend,
He looks through life, and only sees—its end.
Eternal Ocean! Old majestic Sea!
Ever love I from shore to look on thee,
And sometimes on thy billowy back to ride,
And sometimes e'er thy summer breast to
 glide;
But let me live on land—where rivers run,
Where shady trees may screen me from the
 sun;
Where I may feel, secure, the fragrant air;
Where (whate'er toil or wearying pains I
 bear)
 Those eyes which look away all human ill
 May shed on me their still, sweet, constant
 light.
And the little hearts I love may (day and
 night)
 Be found beside me safe and clustering still

In many respects, we do not hesitate to pronounce "THE AMULET" quite equal, if not superior, to most of its compeers; in it there are some exquisite moral lessons, and much beautiful writing.

The next on our list is

The Picturesque Annual,

Edited by Leitch Ritchie, Esq. and illustrated by Clarkson Stanfield, Esq.

To use theatrical phraseology, we may say with truth, that the *debut* of this surprising volume is the *most successful first appearance ever made*.—The title page simply announces that the work is "illustrated with twenty-six beautifully finished engravings," but how inadequate are such every day terms to convey any thing like an idea of these splendid triumphs of art. They are certainly the most magnificent specimens we ever beheld; but, as it is our intention, if a press of other matter does not prevent us, to speak of their merits at greater length than we

can do in this place, we shall now confine ourselves to the saying a few words upon the "Travelling Sketches," which so cleverly illustrate this perfect panoramic display of the scenery comprising the north of Italy, the Tyrol, and the banks of the Rhine to Strasbourg.

In illustrating this diversified series of scenes, Mr. Ritchie has not merely given us a dry detail of facts compiled from works already in existence, but a series of vivid sketches, the result of impressions made upon his mind whilst beholding the country he describes; many of them are heightened by romantic narrations of great interest, which impart a powerful charm to the whole quite delightful.

If we regret any thing in the volume, it is the brevity of the descriptions, but this may be wholly attributable to the unbounded gratification we have derived from them. To enable our readers to judge for themselves, we extract the following: it is a tale told by a French lady, a passenger in the diligence, to her fellow travellers, whilst an attempt is being made to free the vehicle from an obstruction met with in its passage over one of the mountains of the Alps.

LOVE IN AN AVALANCHE.

"It must satisfy you to know," began the lady, "that my friend's name is Victorine. She was addressed by a lover, whom, after his profession, I shall call the capitaine; and when matters had been carried on in the usual way——"

"What is the usual way?" interrupted we.

"You shall hear," said the lady, patiently. "The capitaine, being arrived at years of discretion, looked round, agreeably to the advice of his friends, for a wife. He met Mademoiselle Victorine in the street, and seeing that she was charming, fell in love with her. Mademoiselle, however, was his equal in rank and fortune, and it was therefore possible that the capitaine might be refused; so, to save himself from the dishonour of a disappointment, he engaged a friend to sound on the subject a lady who was publicly known to hold the office of confidante to Mademoiselle Victorine. The two go-betweens, accordingly, met one day; and circumstances being found to be mutually suitable, the lover received permission to present himself at his mistress's house.

"Here he had an interview with my charming friend, and no human being present but her mother! They talked in the most candid manner of the opera and Madame Pasta; and, in short, the capitaine was fully as much delighted with the beauties of her mind as he had been with those of her person. The next day, the sweet intoxication of love, rising in rebellion against the dictates of a severe respect, emboldened him to ask permission of her mother to salute his mistress. The kind old lady at once gave her consent with no other precaution than that of advancing a few paces nearer the lovers; and mademoiselle, rising in graceful confusion, presented her cheek to his impassioned lips. The ice being thus favourably broken, the proposal was made in due form on the following day by the gentleman's relations; and it was arranged that our capitaine should be permitted to escort his mistress and her mother into Italy, where they were called by pressing business, and that the marriage should be solemnized at Milan.

"When the travellers were about to enter Brieg, they found the road blocked up by a carriage which had just been overturned. Near it stood a lady, who fainted, screamed, and wrung her hands alternately; while a gentleman who supported her, bewailed his fate, and *sacred* the postillions, in the same breath. Astonished at the spectacle of so much emotion—for in reality no one had been hurt—the capitaine dismounted to enquire into the cause.

"'I am ruined!' cried the stranger lady.

"'We are both ruined!' cried the gentleman.

"'You are dreaming,' said the capitaine. 'This damage will be repaired in a couple of hours, and you would have found it necessary to remain at Brieg for the night at any rate, as it is now late in the day.'

"'I will not remain at Brieg!' cried the lady.

"'We will neither of us remain at Brieg!' cried the gentleman.

"'I will rather proceed on foot,' sobbed the lady, 'and crawl on hands and knees over these frightful Alps.'

"'We will both proceed on foot,' said the gentleman. 'You shall lean on my arm, my ever-adored Ernestine; I will carry your reticule and parasol; and your smile will soften the glaciers as we climb, and melt the avalanche to pity!'

“Dear chevalier!” sighed Ernestine—“but a carriage would be more comfortable.” She pondered for an instant, and then suddenly threw herself on her knees before Victorine. “Oh, mademoiselle!” she exclaimed, “the beautiful are always compassionate, and I know you will take pity on me! Alas! how different are our fates! You, blessed with the protection of an indulgent mother (or rather elder sister,) are flying on the wings of a sanctioned love (for I feel that this gentleman, with the sweet epaulettes and orders, is the affianced of your heart); whilst the chevalier and I, the victims of an honourable but secret attachment, are pursued at once by destiny and my father. Save us—for it is in your power. Admit us into your carriage; rest not at Breig, but order your postillions to gallop as if their steeds were the doves of Venus—and at Milan the chevalier and I will pray for your happiness at the same altar which sanctifies our own!”

“The appeal was successful. Victorine embraced the fair suppliant, and assured her of her eternal friendship; the mother, seeing that the fugitives were genteel, and that the chevalier wore several decorations, allowed her scruples to be overcome; and the capitaine, knowing that the addition to the party would compel him to ride outside, where he might indulge himself with a cigar, was perfectly well satisfied. The innkeepers at Breig in vain endeavoured, by evil prognostications touching the weather, to detain the travellers. Ernestine, hurried on by passion, gave reason to the wind; and Victorine, no less carried away by the enthusiasm of benevolence, would listen only to its dictates; both knew, besides, that innkeepers are always foreseeing storms when company wish to go who travel in their own carriages.

“The prognostications, notwithstanding, were correct. The heavens grew blacker and blacker as they ascended the mountain; the storm began to howl even in the depths of the Saltine; and when they had cleared the Gallery of Schalbet, that voice of terror which shrieks upon the summit of the Alps, fell wildly on their ear. The narrow and dreadful pass which leads to the Gallery of the Glaciers, was traversed in breathless silence—for it was early in the year, earlier even than now, and the snow hung above them on the side of the mountain like vast waves, already broken at the ridges, as they totter-

ed to their fall. The gallery, notwithstanding, was gained in safety.

“Thank God!” cried the ladies, “we are safe! Oh, let us stay even in this dismal vault till the sky clears!” The spikes of ice grated on the roof of the carriage as they spoke; and fell in fragments around it; the rock groaned; and the wind swept shrieking through the dark passage. “Oh, no!” cried they anew, “let us proceed—let us trust ourselves to the mercy of God rather than the workmanship of man;—surely the vault of heaven, dark and storm-rent as it is, is better than this!”

“When they emerged from the cavern, the wilderness of snow and ice that was before them appalled their hearts. In vain they looked down into the gorge of the Saltine, to seek for comfort in the waving trees and green earth; its depths were flooded with darkness, over which swung floating the dark grey clouds. Above, the hanging masses of snow, gleaming portentously through the gloom, seemed ready to break in thunder upon their heads.

“Mere de Dieu!” shouted the postillions at this instant, “Sacre nom de diable!” The carriage stopped; the travellers threw themselves for protection into one another’s arms; there was a sound above their heads as of a torrent that had burst its banks. The sound swept past them, and died moaningly away in the abyasses of the Saltine. A pause of comparative silence ensued.

“When they looked up again, there was no trace visible of the road either before or behind. Masses of snow, piled one upon another, obliterated every object by which the locality could have been recognised—overhanging the precipice till the valley seemed to have removed from its place, and swallowing up the gallery itself at one vast mouthful. Notwithstanding this, the snow on the steeps of the mountain above their heads seemed undiminished in bulk; only its outlines were more broken—its contortions more grotesque and exaggerated.

“Sauve qui peut!” cried the postillions. “Ladies and gentlemen, we can do no more for you!—we must leave even our horses in the hands of heaven! We counsel you to make use of your legs, and follow us, all who can, to the next refuge. We have as yet had but a taste of the avalanche; in another minute there will be the whole dish—smoking. Au plaisir!”—and,

plunging into the snow, they speedily disappeared; but whether downwards or onwards, the travellers could not tell.

"In critical moments, the rules of ceremony and decorum are suspended; and the good mother, setting the example to the younger ladies, divested herself in a trice of the petticoat, and took to the snow in her drawers. But, alas! she had not calculated either on the depth or cohesiveness of the unaccustomed substance. The first step was easy; she plunged up to the corsage; but no effort could enable her to extricate her legs, and there she stood, a monument and a warning!

"Fly, gentlemen!" cried the younger ladies, with the spirit of Frenchwomen: "you see that for us escape is impossible;—away, and leave us to our fate;—the life of a man belongs to his country!"

"It is true, Mademoiselle," said the capitaine; "a soldier has no right to die but in the ranks; and yet, could my remaining be of the slightest service to you, I should remain with pleasure. To do so, however, in the present circumstances, would only be to sacrifice two lives instead of one. Adieu, beautiful Victorine! the hope of meeting you in heaven, if not in Milan, will cheer my solitary fight." And so saying the capitaine darted away, and was soon lost in the gloom.

"It is well reasoned," said Ernestine, with a sigh. "Go, also, mon chevalier—may you be happy!"

"Never, Mademoiselle!" said the chevalier. "It is true that my remaining can be of no service to you; but without you, life is of no value to me. If we cannot live together, we can at least die together;" and so saying he clasped her in his arms. Victorine threw herself back sobbing in the coach; and the good mother wrung her hands as she stood up to the middle in the snow."

A loud huzza from the German peasants, answered by the conducteur and postillions of the diligence, interrupted the fair story-teller; and we found that we had at last been drawn far enough back to admit of the waggons passing us. Some minutes were spent in congratulations on this circumstance, and we perceived that the sufferings of her friends, and the terrors of the avalanche, had completely passed from the lady's mind.

"Madame," said we, "you forget that you have left the company in the deepest anxiety regarding the fate of

your benevolent friend Victorine, and that of the adoring and adored Ernestine. We are also desirous of knowing whether the philosophic capitaine effected his escape, and whether the devotion of the chevalier met with the reward it so well deserved; and, also, what became of the old lady, whose bust we think we see at this moment planted upon the snow!"

"I beg you to excuse me," said the lady, "but I was so near the end of my story, that I imagined I had altogether finished it. The capitaine, you must know, reached Milan in safety, and the avalanche did not fall. The postillions made as much haste as possible to dig a way for their horses, and thus the whole party was saved."

"And the denouement? Come to the marriages! They of course took place as was proposed?"

"Not exactly. Ernestine, from the first moment that she had noticed with admiration the epaulettes and decorations of the capitaine, had become absent and pensive; and the capitaine, on his part, was as much struck with the energy of her character, and the heroism of her love for the chevalier. But why endeavour to account for phenomena which must be for ever hidden among the mysteries of human nature! Early in the morning of the day appointed for the double marriage, the sensitive and enterprising Ernestine stole down the stairs of the hotel, and jumped into the arms of the capitaine, who was seated in a post-chaise. They set out at full gallop for Verona. As soon as the day had sufficiently dawned, they descried another carriage at full gallop in their rear. They were pursued! It was the carriage of Victorine!

"Oh, my poor chevalier!" sobbed Ernestine, "I knew he would not give me up without a struggle:—he is so tender, so devoted! Spare his life, my dearest capitaine, if you fight. Wound him tenderly, if you love me. This, at least, the fidelity of his passion deserves!"

"Poor Victorine!" sighed the capitaine, on his part, "I did not think that she had loved me so well, or that she had so much energy:—I almost begin to re——"

"They were overtaken at the next post-house.

"Forgive me, Victorine!" cried the capitaine, throwing himself upon his knees before her. Victorine screamed and fainted.

"Forgive me, Ernestine!" cried the chevalier, kneeling also.

"Forgive you? What! It is I who ought to beg forgiveness. I was just going to be married to the capitaine."

"Good God, how fortunate! Victorine and I were married this morning!" The two gentlemen embraced with ardour.

"My children," said the good mother, "all has happened for the best.—I will not now reproach the capitaine with leaving me in the snow, since I, on my part, have endeavoured to leave him in the lurch. In the meantime, let us go in to breakfast."

"Agreed! agreed!" The good mother was handed in by the two gentlemen, one on each side; and the young ladies followed, with their arms round one another's necks."

[We have now given our unbiased opinion of, and selections from, nearly a dozen of these splendid and popular periodicals, and yet several remain unnoticed by us. We mention this circumstance to show that it has not been the result of prejudice: in future numbers we shall endeavour to perfect the list, and so bring up the arrears.]

Notices of New Books.

Nicotiana; or, the Smoker's and Snuff-taker's Companion. By Henry J. Meller. 18mo. pp. 128. London: Effingham Wilson.

Tobacco, from its first introduction into this island, up to the present time, has had, notwithstanding its acknowledged useful and social qualities, the strong prejudices of countless enemies to contend with. Pedantic royalty, in the infancy of its importation, instead of hailing it with delight for its medicinal virtues, condemned its use; and in our own times its refreshing and exhilarating powers are despised by our fair countrywomen, who, generally speaking, have a thorough aversion to the herb. To endeavour to remove such unmerited odium is the laudable pursuit of Mr. Meller's labours; and it will be strange indeed if such powerful arguments as he has used do not prove successful in the accomplishment of his purpose.

The author has treated his subject in a very masterly and pleasing way. The facts and opinions (the result of almost unbounded research) which he has collected, to show the high estimation the "sovereign and precious weed" has been held in by both potentates and philosophers in remote times, are very numerous and conclusive; they are also

admirably calculated to convince those persons who still asperse its salutary qualities, how much the herb is still revered by the natives of most nations, whether civilized or uncivilized.

In the work before us is given a concise history of the Tobacco plant, its culture, medical qualities, and an abstract of the laws relative to its importation and manufacture; an account of the origin of smoking; an article upon snuff; a well-written essay in defence of the pipe and box; besides a long string of anecdotes of illustrious smokers, and some very clever pieces of poetry in its praise. So that it will be seen for the grave there is something serious, and much to please the light-hearted. The following is a portion of the amusing contents of this clever little volume.

Origin of the Lundy Foot, or Irish Blackguard. — Lundy Foot, the celebrated snuff-manufacturer, some six-and-twenty years ago, had his premises at Essex-bridge in Dublin, where he made the common scented snuffs then in vogue. In preparing the snuffs, it was usual to dry them by a kiln at night, which kiln was always left in strict charge of a man appointed to regulate the heat, and see the snuffs were not spoiled. The man usually employed in this business, Larey by name, a tight boy of Cork, chanced to get drunk over the 'cratur' (i. e. a little whiskey) that he had gotten to comfort him, and quite regardless of his watch, fell fast asleep, leaving the snuff drying away. Going his usual round in the morning, Lundy Foot found the kiln still burning, and its guardian lying snoring with the fatal bottle, now empty, in his right hand. Imagining the snuff quite spoiled, and giving way to his rage, he instantly began belabouring the shoulders of the sleeper with the stick he carried.

"Och, be quiet wid ye, what the devil's the matter, master, that ye be playing that game!" shouted the astounded Larey, as he sprung up and capered about under the influence of the other's walking cane.

"You infernal scoundrel, I'll teach you to get drunk, fall asleep, and suffer my property to get spoiled," uttered the enraged manufacturer, as each word was accompanied by a blow across the dancing Mr. Larey's shoulders.

"Stop! stop! wid ye, now; sure you wouldn't be after spaking to ye'r ould sarvant that way,—the snuff's only a little dryer, or so, may be," exclaimed 'the boy,' trying to soften matters.

"You big blackguard you, didn't you get drunk and fall asleep?" interrogated his master, as he suspended his arm for a moment.

"Och by all the saints, that's a good-'un now, where can be the harum of slaaping wid a drop or so; besides—but hould that shilelah—hear a man spake raison."

Just as Lundy Foot's wrath had in some degree subsided in this serio-comic scene, and he had given the negligent watcher his nominal discharge, who should come in but a couple of merchants. They instantly gave him a large order for the snuffs they were usually in the habit of purchasing, and requested to have it ready for shipping by the next day. Not having near so large a quantity at the time by him, in consequence of what had happened, he related the occurrence to them, at the same time, by way of illustration, pointing out the trembling Larey, occupied in robbing his arms and back, and making all kinds of contortions.

Actuated by curiosity, the visitors requested to look at the snuff, although Lundy Foot told them, from the time it had been drying, it must be burnt to a chip. Having taken out the tins, they were observed to emit a burnt flavour, anything but disagreeable, and one of the gentlemen taking a pinch up, and putting it to his nose, he pronounced it the best snuff he had ever tasted. Upon this, the others made a similar trial, and all agreed that chance had brought it to a degree of perfection before unknown. Reserving about a third, Lundy Foot sold the rest to his visitors. The only thing that remained now, was to give it a name: for this purpose, in a facetious mood, arising from the sudden turn affairs had taken, the master called his men to him, who was lingering near, "Come here, you Irish blackguard, and tell these gentlemen what you call this snuff, of your own making."

Larey, who did not want acuteness, and perceived the aspect of things, affected no trifling degree of sulky indignation, as he replied:—"And is it a name ye'r in wapt of, sir? fait I should have thought it was the best thing you couldn't give; without, indeed, you've given all your stock to me already. You may even call it 'Irish blackguard,' stidd of one Michael Larey."

'Upon this hint he spake,' and as many a true word is spoken in jest, so was it christened on the spot. The snuff was sent to England immediately, and to different places abroad, where it soon

became a favourite to so great a degree, that the proprietor took out a patent and rapidly accumulated a handsome fortune. Such are the particulars connected with the discovery of the far-famed Lundy Foot, or Irish Blackguard—for which we are indebted to a member of the Irish bar, who was a resident in Dublin at the time."

Every one who entertains a distate to the plant should read this volume, to acquire a knowledge of the manifold virtues which it possesses; and those who regard it with "a particular fondness," should possess it for the mass of useful information which it contains.

Customs of Various Countries.

RELIGION OF THE BOHEMIANS.—It was a remarkable feature of the character of these wanderers, that they did not, like the Jews, whom they otherwise resembled in some particulars, possess or profess any particular religion, whether in form or principle. They readily conformed, as far as might be required, with the religion of any country in which they happened to sojourn, nor did they ever practice it more than was demanded of them. It is certain that in India they embraced neither the tenets of the religion of Bramah nor of Mahomet. They have hence been considered as belonging to the outcast East Indian tribes of Nuts or Parias. Their want of religion is supplied by a good deal of superstition. Such of their ritual as can be discovered, for example that belonging to marriage, is savage in the extreme, and resembles the customs of the Hottentots more than of any civilized people. They adopt various observances, picked up from the religion of the country in which they live. It is, or rather was, the custom of the tribes on the Borders of England and Scotland, to attribute success to those journeys which are commenced by passing through the parish church; and they usually try to obtain permission from the beadle to do so when the church is empty, for the performance of divine service is not considered as essential to the omen. They are, therefore, totally devoid of any effectual sense of religion; and the higher, or more instructed class, may be considered as acknowledging no Deity save those of Epicurus, and such is described as being the faith, or no faith, of Hayraddin Maugrabin. I may here take notice, that nothing is more

disagreeable to this indolent and voluptuous people, than being forced to follow any regular profession. When Paris was garrisoned by the Allied troops in the year 1815, the author was walking with a British officer, near a post held by the Prussian troops. He happened at the time to smoke a cigar, and was about, while passing the sentinel, to take it out of his mouth, in compliance with a general regulation to that effect, when greatly to the astonishment of the passengers, the soldier addressed them in these words: "*Rauchen sie immerfort; verdamt sey der Preussische dienst!*" that is, "Smoke away; may the Prussian service be d—d!" Upon looking closely at the man, he seemed plainly to be a *Zigeuner*, or gipsy, who took this method of expressing his detestation of the duty imposed on him. When the risk he ran by doing so is considered, it will be found to argue a deep degree of dislike which could make him commit himself so unwarily. If he had been overheard by a serjeant or corporal, the *prugel* would have been the slightest instrument of punishment employed.

Note to Quentin Durward.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.

M. W. of Windsor.

PURIFYING DWELLINGS.—The following is Dr. J. C. Smith's recipe for purifying houses where contagion is supposed to exist, for the discovery of which that gentleman received a Parliamentary grant of 500l.:—"Take 6 dr. of oil of vitriol, mix them in a tea-cup, by adding to the nitre 1 dr. of the vitriol at a time; the cup to be placed during the preparation on a hot hearth or plate of heated iron, and the mixture stirred with a tobacco-pipe or glass rod; the cup to be placed in different parts of the contaminated chamber."

ILLUSTRIOUS SMOKERS.—Tobacco was first brought into England in the reign of Elizabeth, who greatly patronized it among the nobles and poorer orders, by whom it came speedily into general use. Most mighty herb!—the effects of thy worship were soon visible, for where do we find a reign so great and glorious either for victories by land and sea, or the distinguished talent and genius, whether in the camp or cabinet, it fostered at home. Then was it, that Shakspeare—the magnificent Shakspeare, (blest and honoured was the reign in which he drew life)

burst forth like a star destined to excite the astonishment of the world he came to throw the effulgent light of his genius upon. He was a smoker.

Then, to sketch forth the gigantic march of intellect, in the ages of which we write, came forth those luminaries of the world; Hobbes, the parent of Locke's philosophy, the profound philosopher Lord Bacon, the most illustrious mathematician and philosopher, Sir Isaac Newton, and the singularly talented metaphysician Locke, each and all of whom were celebrated for their devotion to the soothing and stimulating powers of a pipe! It is related of Hobbes, who was one of the most profound thinkers of his time, that as soon as the dinner was over, he used to retire to his study and had his candle with *ten or twelve pipes* of tobacco laid by him; then shutting the door he fell to smoking, thinking and writing for several hours together. Locke and Bacon smoked much for recreation; the latter of whom probably was indebted to the practice for the preservation of his life in the plague of 1665, from whose contagious influence in London he sought safety in the country and his pipe.

Nicotiana.

INVENTION OF THE AIR-GUN.—This machine, for expelling bullets by the expansive force of air, is first noticed in the Elemons d'Artillerie of David Rivant, the preceptor to Louis XIII. He gives the merit of the invention to Marin, a burgher of Lesieux, who was presented to Henry IV. of France, about the year 1592.

J.J.

Anecdottiana.

A WELL-DOER.—A father wishing to dissuade his daughter from marrying, said to her, "She who marries does well—but she who remains single does better." "My dear father," she answered meekly, "I am content with doing well; let her do better who can."

LORD ROSS.—Walpole relates that the reprobate Lord Ross, being on his death-bed, was desired by his chaplain to call on God, when he replied, "I will if I go that way, but I don't believe I shall."

NOT IMPROBABLE.—"The Bishop of London has a great dislike to skittles and bowls."—"Not if the bowls have *parch* in them," replied a wag.

CONUNDRUMS.—What newspaper is like a bottle of soda-water?—*The Cork Reporter.*

Diary and Chronology.

Monday, Dec. 5.

St. Sabas, Abb. A. D. 532.

High Water 2 1/2m after 2 Morn—4 1/2m after 2 After.

On this day the festival of the Faunalia was celebrated at Rome, in honour of Faunus, who is said to have been originally a son of Picus, and to have reigned in Italy 1300 hundred years before the birth of Jesus Christ. His bravery as well as his wisdom have given rise to the tradition that he was the son of Mars. He raised a temple in honour of the god Pan, called by the Latins Luperus, at the foot of the Palatine Hill; and he exercised popularity, and his fondness for agriculture made his subjects revere him as one of their country deities. After death he was represented with all the equipage of the satyrs, and was consulted to give oracles.

Tuesday, Dec. 6.

St. Nicholas of Myra, S. and conf. A. D. 342.

Sun rises 1m after 8—Sets 5 1/2m after 3.

Hospinian observes, that it used to be common on the Vigil of St. Nicholas, for parents to convey secretly various sorts of presents to their little sons and daughters, who were taught to believe that they owed them to the kindness of St. Nicholas and his train, who, going up and down among the towns and villages, came in at the windows, though they were shut, and distributed them.—This custom, he says, originated from the legendary account of that saint's having given portions to three daughters of a poor citizen, whose necessities had driven him to an intention of prostituting them; and this he effected by throwing a purse filled with money, privately at night, in at the father's bed-chamber window, to enable him to portion them out honestly.

Wednesday, Dec. 7.

St. Ambrose, bish. and conf. A. D. 397.

High Water 3 1/2m after 3 Morn—4 1/2m after 3 After.

Dec. 7, 1714.—To-day the Turks declared war against the Venetians. After the Turks had entirely driven the Venetians from the Isle of Candia, the emperor undertook the defence of the Venetian Republic, and declared war against the Porte. His example was followed by the Pope and the King of Spain, who joined their ships to those of the Venetians.

The Turks, beaten in several naval engagements, were obliged to raise the siege of Corfu. Prince Eugene, at the head of the Imperial troops, gained a complete victory on August 5th, 1717, near Peterwaradin, which completed the conquest of Hungary. He laid siege, the year following, to Belgrade, beat the Grand Vizier, and surrounded him. Belgrade surrendered soon after, and the war ended by the treaty of the 21st of July, 1718, upon the basis of the *uti possidetis*.

The island of Candia, the Crete of the ancients, is said to have been the birth-place of the fabulous deity Jupiter, and was once famous for its hundred cities, for the laws of Minos, and for the labyrinth of Dædalus. From this labyrinth, Theseus, after destroying the Minotaur, escaped by means of a clue of thread, given to him by Ariadne.

Hence back the victor beat his cautious tread,
Led through the labyrinth by a slender thread,
Which mark'd those tortuous paths that thought
in vain

Had toil'd to trace, or memory to retain,

Lamb's Catalogus.

Thursday, Dec. 8.

Conception of Our Lady.

Sun rises 2m after 8—sets 5 1/2m after 3.

Dec. 8, 1695.—Expird Berthelemi d'Herbelot, the first person among the French who made himself acquainted with the Eastern tongues and Oriental history. He was held in the highest esteem by Colbert. His Oriental library is a curious work, necessary to those who wish to know the genius, history, and customs of the East. The best edition of this work is that published at the Hague, in four vols. 4to.

Friday, Dec. 9.

St. Leocadia, Vir. and Mar. A. D. 304.

High Water, 4 1/2m after 4 Morn—Om after 5 After.

Advent.—In the ancient church great austerity was practised during this season as a pious preparation for the coming of the Feast of the Nativity; marriages were, consequently, prohibited; it was first directed to be observed A. D. 430, and formerly included five or six Sundays; the number was limited to four A. D. 1000.

As this day is one included in the season of Advent, we may introduce the following ancient lines on the sports of the season:—

“Three weeks before the day whereon be borne
the Lorde of Grace,
And on the Thursdays boyes and girles do runne
in every place,
And bounce and beate at every doore with blows
and lustie snaps,
And cry, The Advent of the Lord, not borne as
yet, perhaps.
And wishing to the neighbours all, that in the
houses dwell,
A happie year, and every thing to spring and
prosper well;
Here have they peares, and plumbs, and pence,
ech man gives willfiglee,
For these three weeks are always thought unfor-
tunate to bee;
Wherein they are afrayde of sprites, and cankred
witches spight,
And dreadful devils black and grim, that then
have chiefest might.

Saturday, Dec. 10.

St. Eulalia, vir. and mart.

Sun rises 4m after 8—Sets 5 1/2m after 3.

Dec. 10, 1508.—The Convention of Cambray was concluded against the Venetians, between Pope Julius II., the Emperor Maximilian, the King of France, and the King of Spain. This was a most astonishing league of princes against a Republic, which, 300 years previous, was no more than a small fishing-town. Pope Julius saw with indignation his country under the yoke of France. An effort had been made at Genoa to recover its ancient freedom, and was punished by Louis XII. with all pomp and oppression; he entered that city sword in hand, and ordered their charter of privileges to be burnt before his face; his throne was then erected upon a scaffold superbolly ornamented, and the Genoese were forced to hear upon their knees, at his feet, that they were condemned to pay to France 100,000 gold crowns, and to build a citadel to be named the *Briala* or *Curb* of Genoa.

In our next, “Castle Baynard, a Tale of the 13th century,” and a paper entitled “Woman.” “Two Nights in Beauchamp Tower; or, the Coronation and the Scaffold,” and “Ruth Melrose; or, the Resurrectionist,” will appear in early numbers. The first tale of the “Bureau de Police” is received, we should be glad to see the remainder of the series, previous to its being put in type.



See page 374

Illustrated Article.

CASTLE BAYNARD.

A PAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.
For the Olio.

IN Thames Street, between Blackfriars and Queenhithe, may be seen on the wharf now occupied by the Carron Iron Company, a few remains of the once celebrated Baynard Castle. Behold the changes a few centuries have wrought. In ancient times it was the abode of feudal power, and the scene of chivalric magnificence. In 1831, it degenerates into a receptacle for frying-pans and register stoves ; and the same ground on which richly caparisoned chargers pranced to the " Martial Trumpet's Sound," is now torn up by the clumsy hoofs of the draught-horse, accompanied by the ear-splitting clashings of the iron cart.

Baynard's Castle was built by Geoffrey Baynard, of Baynard, who came to England in the victorious train of William the Conqueror. In the year

1111, William Baynard, the third possessor of this castle, and grandson of its founder, by an act of felony, forfeited this, together with the rest of his property ; and it was subsequently granted to Robert Fitz-Walter, in whose time it was partially destroyed and rebuilt. Lastly, it devolved on the Pembroke family, with whom it remained until its partial destruction by the great fire of 1666.

Before commencing our narrative, it may not be amiss to submit to the reader a slight description of the castle.

Baynard's Castle presented from the Thames the appearance of a huge, ungainly mass, sufficiently characteristic of the tasteless inelegance of the primitive Norman architecture. It consisted of four sides, the whole forming a hollow square ; and it had also five towers, three facing the river, the fourth on the east side, and the other in the middle of the square ; all of a septangular form, except that at the southwestern corner, which was round.—Seven abutments protruded into the river, and between the second and

third, was a door that opened on a platform, terminating in a small flight of steps, used for the purpose of embarkation; the other egress was at the back of the building, on the spot now occupied by Thames Street. The castle had no fence or protection from the river, so that a high tide brought the water within a small distance of the long, narrow, loop-holes, which served as windows. The adjacent tenements being raised, as it were, upon stilts, were by that means protected from the inroads of the Thames.

In 1218, Castle Baynard owned for its lord, Robert Fitz-Walter, and the 23rd of June in that year, was appointed by King John for a visit to the city, for the purpose of witnessing certain civic rites then and there to be performed; an act which has been represented as an attempt to conciliate the discontented spirit of the barons,* which his oppression, tyranny and cowardice, had raised. Among other ceremonies, that of doing quit and service as principal banner-bearer to the City of London, was to be performed by Sir Robert Fitz-Walter.

At the appointed hour, the King, accompanied by Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the great officers of state, together with Henry Fitz-Aldewyne,† the aldermen, and a retinue of the city authorities, assembled in St. Paul's Cathedral; and at eleven o'clock Sir Robert Fitz-Walter, and a large and magnificent procession, started from Baynard Castle for the western door of the Cathedral.

The feudal train consisted of—first four heralds on horseback, who acted as trumpeters, habited in coats on which the arms of their master were worked in gold; next came six clerks, wearing hoods of black budge (a kind of serge) over gowns of grey cloth; these were followed by Fitz-Walter, in a complete suit of armour, bestriding a noble black charger, and accompanied by his esquires well mounted. But the most interesting object in the procession was a lovely female form; the beauty of whose face was hid by the ample white veil which hung in rich luxuriance down to her feet, covering a part of the milk white-palfrey that bore the sweet burden; six maidens

followed on foot, attired like their mistress, with the exception of the veil being exchanged for white hoods. So long a train of retainers, grooms, vassals, and inferior servants followed, that the whole were not in motion when the heralds had passed through Ludgate, and were turning in the direction of St. Paul's.

By the time they had reached the outer gate of the Cathedral, the Lord Mayor was standing at the door holding the magnificent banner of St. Paul, on which appeared a representation of the Saint; the body embroidered in gold, and the face, legs, and arms, in silver.‡ Fitz-Walter rode up to the door attended by his esquires; his lovely daughter and her maids, the retainers, &c. forming in ranks in St. Paul's churchyard. The lady alighted, and proceeded with her train into the chancel to say mass. Fitz-Walter then vaulted from his steed, and kneeling before the King, (who was seated on a platform behind the Lord Mayor and aldermen) said in an audible voice—

"Sir Mayor, I am come to do my service which I owe to the city."

The Mayor then answered—

"We give you, as our banneret of fee in this city, this banner; to bear and govern to the honour and profit of this city, to your power."§

Fitz-Walter then walked into the chancel; and after hearing mass, was returning with his daughter, when, on passing the royal platform, he was accosted by King John.

"By God's tooth!"¶ said the monarch, "thou hast a comely damozel for thy companion. Who may she be?"

"Matilda Fitz-Walter, surnamed the fair," was the hasty reply.

Fitz-Walter well knowing the licentiousness of John, would have fain passed on; this prudent intention was, however, frustrated.

"Whither so fast, Sir Banneret," pettishly ejaculated the monarch, "we must see thy daughter's face, she be not surnamed 'the fair' without good cause I wot—prithce, fair dame, remove thy veil."

The royal request was obeyed, and a cry of admiration from the lascivious monarch was the consequence; a very different feeling was traceable in the countenances of the rest of the assembly—all seemed to appreciate the dan-

* Independent of the noble barons of the realm, the citizens of London were dignified by that distinguished title (Mat. Paris.)

† The first Lord Mayor of London—the duties of his office were previously discharged by two citizens called custodes.

‡ Stowe's survey, page 60.

§ Stowe's survey, vol. 1.

¶ His usual oath, see Mat. Paris.—Stowe, &c.

ger of awakening the amorous propensities of King John.

While the King condescended to hand Matilda the fair to her palfrey, her father, wielding the banner, proceeded on foot to the outer gate of St. Paul's, followed by the Mayor and aldermen. The former having taken the bridle of a horse, (on which had been thrown a splendid cloth richly embroidered with Fitz-Walter's arms) he presented it to the chief banner-bearer of the City of London. Fitz-Walter seated himself on the animal, and having joined his retainers, &c. returned to Baynard Castle.

To what trifling causes may not the most important events be traced. The little incident just related, contributed a spark, which hastened, in no small degree, the ignition of the flame which rose to feed that Phoenix of our liberties, the Magna Charta.*

The next morning found the fair Matilda busily employed at her knitting-frame.

"Nay, Fitz-Aubin; this visit to my apartment savours somewhat of abruptness," said the damsel to a comely, noble looking knight, who had just entered her presence.

"If thou lackest my absence, sweet Coz. I will retire," replied the youth, making a very low retreat towards the door, "but I had purposed to drop in thine ear that which toucheth me nearly, if—if—"

Now it is well known that many a doughty knight, though invincible in the tilt yard of Mars, hath made but a sorry figure in the tilt yard of Cupid: videlicet—a faire ladies' bower. The confusion of Sir Arthur Fitz-Aubin prevented his getting further than "if—if," stood in his way like a white stripe in the road of a shy horse—he could not get past it. This beauteous kinswoman shared his confusion, and the thirteenth "if" was just escaping the lover's lips, when woman's wit interposed with—

"The blast blows ungently through the open door. Prithee, close it Coz!"

Never did retreating army hail the approach of succour with greater joy than did the lover this encouragement.

"I would ask thee, Matilda, what thou thinkest of me as—as—"

* The chronicle of Dunmow saith, that the discord betwixt the King and his Barons arose, because of Mand (or Matilda) called the faire daughter to Sir Robert Fitz-Walter, whom the King loved, but her father would not consent, and thereupon ensued warre throughout England.—*Stowe's Annals*, page 170.

"To tell all I think of thee, Arthur, would make thee vain," archly interrupted the lady; "and to show that I do think of thee, behold this nearly-finished scarf—'tis for thee!"

"Angel receive my plight and troth!" exclaimed the delighted Arthur, dropping on his knees. "I swear—" At this moment the door suddenly opened, and Sir Robert Fitz-Walter stood before them.

"Aye, right, right, Cousin," said he, "make love while there's time, thy wooing must be brief—a rival will supplant thee."

"Not ere my good sword shall have proved him worthy of that title;" proudly said the youth rising.

"What if he be too great a coward to fight, and too much a despot to let his beastly desires go unsatisfied. What if he be a king—the tyrant John?"

"Then," energetically replied the maid; "will I die in tortures rather than be his slave—nay, his queen!"

"And so thou shalt, my lovely daughter; and die will we all sooner, eh, Arthur? Here boy read this scroll."

"What do I see?" exclaimed Fitz-Aubin; "a scuttle of 100,000 marks, or the fair daughter of Robert Fitz-Walter?"

"So our loving monarch's commands are worded," answered Sir Robert, laughing bitterly. "By the rood he shall not possess my child! but the marks he shall have freely, an' they be left on the carcases of his followers."

A sudden flash of joy lighted up in young Sir Arthur's countenance—

"There be stout hearts and merry men at Stamford," he said, "who have long panted to call Sir Robert Fitz-Walter brother in arms, even his oldest friend, my father, and my poor self, have found our urgements bootless."

"While I owed fealty to this hated Prince, my honour barred me from numbering among the discontented Barons; but now the tyrant hath broken the bond, his own act hath dubbed me 'discontented.' We will set forth to-day, therefore prepare for thy journey, Matilda. You, Arthur, shall be the herald of our intent, to hie thee to thy father, and heaven help thee to a fleet horse and good spurs."

"With all speed," said Arthur, tenderly embracing his lovely cousin.

"With all speed, quoth a'why man," said Sir Robert, "all our throats may be cut in less time than thou lackest to say farewell. Away—away!"

"Adieu!" said the youthful knight,

and in the next instant, he was in the court-yard, waving his farewells to Sir Robert and his fair daughter.

"Sir Arthur!" shouted the old knight from the window, "say I will meet them at Stamford, by day-break." The youth nodded, and was out of sight in a trice.

"I will meet them at Stamford by day-break!" echoed a Gascon body-guard, who was loitering on the outside of the castle. "Ha! ha! news for de court," he continued, hastily departing in the direction of Westminster.

In these unsettled times, all feudal lords found it necessary to keep their vassals and retainers as much in readiness for immediate action, as do hostile armies on the eve of battle. Such was the case at Castle Baynard, and in four hours from the departure of Sir Arthur, the whole corps, consisting of about 400 persons, were marching through Goodman's fields on their way to Stamford. They had proceeded a little beyond Mile End, when the trampling of horses was distinctly audible in the rear, and presently, a well armed band, bearing the royal standard, some of whom were mounted, were visible about half a mile behind. The order to halt and prepare for the fight was no sooner given than obeyed, by the retainers of Fitz-Walter; who, being aware of the object of their pursuit, commanded his principal esquire to set forth with his daughter, accompanied by a small escort of archers, while he covered their retreat. This movement was, however, unhappily anticipated by the enemy, and a similar band was dispatched on a circuitous route in pursuit, while their leader, on arriving within bow-shot of Sir Robert, demanded his authority for quitting London without the special licence of the King. Sir Robert pleaded his perfect independence of action, while De Bracey (the leader) intimated that his orders from the court were to arrest his progress, and return with him alive or dead. Fitz-Walter, seeing the urgency of his position, gave his chief mace-bearer a look which was well understood. The next instant every bow was strung, and the whole only waited for orders to discharge a forest of well-aimed shafts in the breasts of their adversaries.

"If I return," said Sir Robert, "it will be on the shoulders of four of thy followers, for alive I will not see thy dastard master, an it be not on the tented field." He then brandished his mace, and in a moment about twelve

score arrows were discharged by his archers; which, being followed by the word "charge," and obeyed with the utmost precipitancy, the confusion and destruction which ensued among the royal troops, rendered the success of their mission to Sir Robert, utterly hopeless. Many of them were slain, the remainder hastily retreated, leaving Fitz-Walter master of the field, and without any further obstacle in the accomplishment of his journey.

To be concluded in our next.

LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE WHEN IT IS RED.*

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Look not upon the wine when it
Is red within the cup!
Stay not for Pleasure when she fills
Her tempting beaker up!
Though clear its depths, and rich its glow,
A spell of madness lurks below.

They say 'tis pleasant on the lip,
And merry on the brain;
They say it stirs the sluggish blood,
And dalls the tooth of pain.
Ay—but within its glowing deeps
A stinging serpent, unseen, sleeps.

Its rosy lights will turn to fire,
Its coolness change to thirst;
And, by its mirth, within the brain
A sleepless worm is nursed.
There's not a bubble at the brim
'T hat does not carry food for him.

Then dash the brimming cup aside,
And spill its purple wine;
Take not its madness to thy lip—
Let not its curse be thine:
'Tis red and rich—but grief and woe
Are hid those rosy depths below!

A FEW WORDS ON WOMAN.

For the Olio.

"She's all divinity."
THE FALSE FRIEND, Act. 1, Scene 1.

"——— if not divine—
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign of all the creatures on the earth."
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

"EVERY woman is beautiful," was my exclamation, on returning from a drive through western London *a la Harrington*; I had scarcely uttered these words, when truth whispered in my ear "'twas false," the form of my aunt D—— stood before me—"In my mind's eye, Horatio." My aunt D——, rich and well descended, had never journeyed to the altar of Hymen; her face, her figure, her walk, her talk, her nose—all, all condemned her to a life of celibacy—but let her pass—

She sleeps the sleep of death.

* From the American Common Place Book of Poetry;—Boston, 1831.

I said that every woman was beautiful; I now join an exception, and say that few, very few, are not so; whether we range the streets of dreary London, lightened only by the sun-lit eyes of female loveliness, or seek the shady woods and sunny fields. Fear is alike upon us, for in every form we meet, we behold a Cleopatra, an Helen, or an Hebe. Smile not, gentle reader, at the insertion of the word *fear*—the author is a bachelor, who would live

Free as the air, unshackled as the wind.

Apropos of beauty—we meet not many who agree concerning “the mould of form.”—“What a beautiful woman!” exclaims one; we follow his eyes, and are disappointed. *He* thinks so, we do not. Who is the right judge? I answer, the man whose mind is elevated, one who has studied the liberal arts thoroughly.* The clown looks upon the Venus de Medicis with a vacant eye,—he passes, and the recollection that he has seen it, is fled for ever.

But to return—Howell, in his “*Epistolæ Ho - Elinæ*,” somewhere enumerates the requisites: “there is a saying that makes a complete woman—let her be English to the neck, French to the waist, and Dutch below, I may add for her hands and feet, let her be Spanish, for they have the least of any.”

Well did this quaint writer complete the saying, thought I, as a shrill female voice rung in my ear, and disturbed my authorship with “pay a proom”—her legs could no more be compared to Vestris’s, than I to Hercules.

This was Howell’s standard of the *beau sexe*. Whether his taste is correct or not, I leave it to the reader’s decision. Woman, too strong for the wisest and strongest man that ever was—woman, of whom, one hair of her head can draw more than a hundred pair of oxen, is the ruler of the world. Man, however great in the senate or the field, however great in personal strength, in science and in learning; man with subjected kingdoms under his feet, becomes an Antony in the arms of a Cleopatra, a Sampson at the feet of a Dalilah.

Yet these rulers of the world have not escaped the revilings of a few Cy-nics, insensible and debased.

Quid plasma levius? Pulvis. Quid pulvere?
ventus,
Quid vento? nullus. Quid muliere? nihil,
writes one of these. Another has said

* For the faculty of taste, vide Blair, *Lect. tate the second.*

that “women are necessary evils,”—ye gods, that the ink should flow for a sentence so foul; a third, that “if women were not conterranean and mingled with men, angels would descend and dwell among us;” and Swift, the scurrilous Swift, has said, that they are “a kind of animal suffered for our sins, to be sent into the world for the destruction of families, societies, and kingdoms.” But enough of this, we like it not, and shall consider the authors of these several libels as ugly, deformed, and crabbed—like the railing Ther-sites.

We, who have not, like Sancho (in Vanbrugh’s comedy of the *Mistake*) been servitor in a college at Salamanca, and read philosophy with the doctors, are not competent to define the sex; we have never discovered woman to be “an animal hard to understand and much given to mischief,” (always excepting the burning of the palace of Xerxes by the courtesan Thais.) We cannot with the above sage, liken her head to “a bank of sand, a solid rock, or a dark lantern!” We have had but little experience, and all we at present know is, that a woman is always—a woman.

“I have,” says Chesterfield, “by long experience, found woman to be like the spear of Telephus.

Great examples have descended to us of female virtue, heroism, devotion, and constancy;—too many examples have descended to us of their darker passions.

Yet, if there has been a Cleopatra, frail and beautiful, there has been a Zenobia; if there has been an Helen, we have had a Lucretia; if Dalilah delivered Sampson to the Philistines, Queen Phillipa sucked the poison from her husband’s wound; if Socrates had a Xantippe, Brutus was blest in Portia. But the measure on the brighter side would far outway the darker, were I to continue the catalogue; and had I no other reason for cutting short my essay, this would be sufficient.

The clock strikes seven, and I go to applaud Tagliani. G.S.S.

ANACREONTIC.

For the *Olio*.

I dreamed that over earth and sky
Cupid had lent me wings to fly:—
“Go, youth,” he said, “and seek the dart
Stolen from my bow by Beauty’s art;
It’s shaft from Paphia’s bower was riven,
By warm Desire its wings were given;

The point, a lover's tear congealed,
 By fire from Venus' eyes annealed."
 " 'Tis found!" I cried, " for lo! this heart
 Has long been burning from thy smart;
 Hence Capid! and regain thy prize,
 From lovely Elinor's laughing eyes!" W.

LETTER OF MRS. PUGSLEY, TO HER SISTER IN LONDON.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

[The following letter forms part of a series in the Comic Annual of our facetious friend for the ensuing year. They are entitled the PUGSLEY PAPERS, and appear to have been written to ridicule the existing mania for publishing 'Family Papers.' The several epistles give a most humorous account of the multifarious pursuits of a Cockney family transplanted by a freak of fortune from a shoe shop in the vicinity of Smithfield, to an estate in the fens of Lincolnshire.]

" I take (she says, in writing to her sister,) the opportunity of the family being all restive in bed, and the house all still, to give an account of our moving. The things all got here safe, with the exception of the crockery and glass, which came down with the dresser, about an hour after its arrival. Perhaps if we hadn't overloaded it with the whole of our breakables, it wouldn't have given way—as it is, we have only one plate left, and that's chipt, and a mug without a spout to keep it in countenance. Our furniture, &c. came by the waggon, and I am sorry to say a poor family at the same time, and the little idle boys with their knives have carved and scarified my rosewood legs, and what is worse, not of the same patterns: but as people say, two Lincolnshire removes are as bad as a fire of London. The first thing I did on coming down was to see to the sweeps going up—but I wish I had been less precipitous, for the suttly wretches stole four good flitches of bacon, as was up the kitchen chimby, quite unbeknown to me. We have filled up the vacancy with more, which smoke us dreadfully, but what is to be cured must be endured. My next thing was to have all holes and corners cleared out, and washed and scrubbed, being left, like bachelors places, in a sad state by old single W.; for a rich man, I never saw one that wanted so much cleaning out. There were heaps of dung about, as high as hay-stacks, and it cost me five shillings a load to have it all carted off the premises; besides heaps of good-for-nothing littering straw, that I gave to the boys for bonfires. We are not all, to-rights yet, but Rome wasn't built in St. Thomas's day. It was providential I hampered

myself with cold provisions, for except the bacon, there were no eatables in the house. What old W. lived upon is a mystery, except salads, for we found a whole field of beet-root, which, all but a few plants for Dorothy to pickle, I had chucked away. As the ground was then clear for sowing up a crop, I directed George to plough it up, but he met with agricultural distress. He says, as soon as he whipped his horses, the plough stuck its nose in the earth, and tumbled over head and heels. It seems very odd when ploughing is so easy to look at, but I trust he will do better in time. Experience makes a King Solomon of a Tom Noddy. I expect we shall have bushels upon bushels of corn, though sadly pecked by the birds, as I have had all the scarecrows taken down for fear of the children dreaming of them for bogies. For the same dear little sakes I have had the well filled up, and the nasty sharp iron spikes drawn out of all the rakes and harrows. Nobody shall say to my teeth I am not a good mother. With these precautions I trust the young ones will enjoy the country when the gypsies have left, but till then, I confine them to round the house, as its no use shutting the stable door after you've had a child stole. We have a good many fine fields of hay, which I mean to have reaped directly, wet or shine; for delays are as dangerous as pickles in glazed pans. Perhaps St. Swithin is in our favour, for if the stacks are put up dampish, they won't catch fire so easily, if Swing should come into these parts. The poor boys have made themselves very industrious in shooting off the birds, and hunting away all the vermin, besides cutting down trees. As I knew it was profitable to fell timber, I directed them to begin with a very ugly straggling old hollow tree next the premises, but it fell the wrong way, and knocked down the cow-house. Luckily the poor animals were all in the clover-field at the time. George says it wouldn't have happened, but for a violent sow, or sow-west,—and it is likely enough, but its an ill-wind that blows nothing to nobody. Having writ last post to Mr. P., I have no occasion to make you a country commissioner. Anastasia, indeed, wants to have books about every thing, but for my part and Dorothy's, we don't put much faith in authorized receipts and directions, but trust more to nature and common sense. For instance, in fattening a goose, reason points to sage and onions,—why our

own don't thrive on it, is very mysterious. We have a beautiful poultry yard, only infested with rats,—but I have made up a poison, that, I know by the poor ducks, will kill them if they eat it. I expected to send you a quantity of wall-fruit, for preserving, and am sorry you bought the brandy before hand, as it has all vanished in one night by picking and stealing, notwithstanding I had ten dozen of bottles broke on purpose to stick a-top of the wall. But I rather think they came over the pales, as George, who is very thoughtless, had driven in all the new center-hooks with the points downwards. Our apples and pears would have gone too, but luckily we heard a noise in the dark, and threw brickbats out of window, that alarmed the thieves by smashing the cucumber frames. However, I mean on Monday to make sure of the orchard, by gathering the trees,—a pheasant in one's hand is worth two cock sparrows in a bush. One comfort is, the house-dog is very vicious, and won't let any of us stir in or out after dark—indeed, nothing can be more furious, except the bull, and at me in particular. You would think he knew my inward thoughts, and that I intend to have him roasted whole when we give our grand house-warming regalia.—With these particulars, I remain, Your's, &c.

BELINDA FUGSLEY."

THE VICTIM.

Concluded from page 330.

It is usual for students to carry on their dissections solely in the theatre to which they belong, but as there are many annoyances from the low and coarse set too often mixed up in these places, St. Clare and myself had determined to choose a lodging where we could pursue this necessary, but revolting, part of the profession in private. Within my bed-room was a dressing-closet, which, as it was well-lighted, we devoted to this purpose. Having carried in their burden and laid it down, they returned to the sitting-room, through which was the only communication with the other.

"Couldn't get ye a jemman, Sir; so we brought ye a lady this time," said the man.

"Very well. I hope the subject is a recent one, because I may not be able to make use of the body for a day or two."

"As to the time she has been buried,

Sir, that's none to speak of;" while a grin of dark expression gathered round his mouth; and though ignorant of its meaning it made me recoil, from the air of additional horror it flung over features already so revolting in expression. I went into the closet to take a glance at the subject, fearing they might attempt to deceive me. They had lain it on the table, and a linen cloth swathed round was the only covering. I drew aside the corner which concealed the face, and started, for never till that instant had I seen aught that came so near to my most ideal picture of female loveliness; even though the last touches had been painted by the hand of death. As the light of the candle fell on the shrouded figure before me, it composed the very scene that Rembrandt would have loved to paint, and you, my reader, to have looked on. Her hair was loose and motionless, while its whole length, which had strayed over her neck and shoulders, nestled in a bosom white as snow, whose pure, warm tides were now at rest for ever! One thing struck me as singular—her rich, dark tresses still held within them a thin, slight comb. An oath of impatience from the men I had left in the next room, drew me from my survey.

"Where did you get the subject, my men?" I enquired, as I put the money into the man's hand.

"Oh, we hadn't it from a town church-yard, Sir. It came up from the country—didn't it, Jam?"

"Yes," replied the man addressed, and both moved quickly to depart; while I returned to gaze on the beautiful object I had left, and which afforded me a pleasure, so mixed up with all that was horrid, that I sincerely hope it will never fall to my lot to have a second experience of the same feeling.

To me she was as nothing, less than nothing; and though, from long habit, I had almost brought myself to meet with indifference the objects which are found on the dissecting-table, I could not gaze on one so young, so very fair, without feeling the springs of pity dissolve within me; and tears, fast and many, fell on those lips; I refrained not from kissing, notwithstanding mortality had set its seal upon them; as yet—

"Before Decay's effacing fingers
Had swept the lines where beauty lingers."

Her eyes were closed beneath the long lashes. I lifted one lid; the orb beneath was large and blue—but "soul was wanting there." So great was the impression her beauty made upon me,

that, stepping into the next room, I took my materials, and made a drawing of the placid and unconscious form so hushed and still. I look upon it at this moment, and fancy recalls the deep and unaccountable emotions that shook me as I made it. It must have been an instinctive— But, to proceed, I saw but one figure in my sleep—the lovely, but unburied dead. I awoke—what could it be that felt so cold and moist against my face!—where was I!—what light was glimmering through the windows!—it was the break of day. Worn with fatigue, I had fallen asleep over my drawing, while the candle had burnt out in the socket, and my head was resting on the inanimate breast, which had been deprived too soon of existence to know the pure joy of pillowing a fellow heart it loved. I arose, and retired to a sleepless couch.

In the evening, while over my modicum of coffee, in came St. Clair. He appeared haggard and wild, whilst every now and then his eye would gaze on vacancy, and closing, seem to shut out some unpleasant thought, that haunted him in ideal reality.

"Well, St. Clare, what has detained you?"

"Death!" said he, solemnly. "The sole remaining relative to whom Nature has given any claim on my affections, is no more. A sudden despatch called me down to soothe the expiring hours of my mother's sister, and not a soul is left me now on earth to love, save Emily and my friend. I feel most unaccountably oppressed—a dread sense of ill pervades me; but let me hope that is past."

"Well, think of it no more," I replied, and changed the conversation.—"I have procured a subject—female, beautiful and young; but I feel more inclined to let it rest and rot amidst its fellow clods, than bare so fair a bosom to the knife. It is well that the living hold a pre-occupancy of my heart, or such a beauteous form of death—"

"This note has just been left for you, Sir, from Mr. Smith, who requests an immediate answer," said my servant, entering. I read aloud its contents:—

"Though unknown to you, save by name and the mention of another, I call upon you, as the friend of one who was my friend, to assist me in unravelling this horrid mystery. On Tuesday, at two, my dearest Emily went out, with the intention of returning at four. Since that hour I have been unable to obtain the slightest information respecting her.

I have called in your absence for St. Clare twice; he was unexpectedly out. Surely I have not mistaken *him*! *He* cannot have filled up the measure of mankind's deceit, and abused the trust reposed in him! Let me pray you, for the love of Heaven! to give me the least clue you are possessed of that may lead to her discovery.

"I know not what I have written, but you can understand its meaning.

"Your's, &c.

"JOHN SMITH."

Starting from his seat with the air of a maniac, St. Clare abstractedly gazed on empty air, as if to wait conviction. Too soon it came, and seizing a light, he dashed towards the closet where he knew the body was to be. For the first time a dark suspicion flashed upon me, and taking the other candle I followed. The face had been again covered, and St. Clare, setting the light upon the table, stood transfixed—just as we feel the pressure of some night-mare-dream—without the power of drawing his eyes away, or by dashing aside the veil, to end this suspense of agony, in the certainty of despair.

Every muscle of his body shook, while his lips could only mutter—"It must be so! it must be so!" and his finger pointing to the shrouded corpse, silently bade me to disclose the truth: mute, motionless horror pervaded me throughout; when, springing from his trance, he tore away the linen from the features it concealed. One glance sufficed;—true, the last twenty-four hours had robbed them of much that was lovely, but they were cast in a mould of such sweet expression that *once seen, was to be remembered for ever!*

With indescribable wildness, he flung himself upon the body, and embracing the pallid clay, seemed vainly trying to kiss it back to life. I watched his countenance till it became so pale, there was only one shade of difference between the two. In an instant, from the strained glare of his fixed glance, his eyes relaxed, and a lifeless, inanimate expression of nonentity succeeded their former tension, while his hand still retaining the hair of the deceased in his grasp, he sunk upon the ground.

Assistance was called, and from a state of insensibility he passed into one of depression.

All our efforts to disentangle the locks he had so warmly loved from his fingers were in vain; the locks were,

therefore, cut off from the head.— Through all the anguish of his soul he never spoke; the last words to which his lips gave utterance, were these— “It must be so, it must be so” For hours he would stare at one object, and his look was to me so full of horror and reproach, I could not meet it. Suddenly he would turn to the hair, and fastening his lips upon it, murmur some inarticulate sounds, and weep with all the bitterness of infantine sorrow.

The reader will remember it so chanced, that I never was introduced to the heroine of my tale: but all doubt was now removed as to the identity of the subject for dissection with the unfortunate Emily Smith. How she came by her death was a mystery that nothing seemed likely to unravel.

Not the slightest marks of violence could be found about her person; the arms were certainly in an unnatural position, being bent with the palms upward, as if to support a weight; and seemed to have been somewhat pressed, but this might be accounted for by the packing of the body. All beside wore the appearance of quiescent death.

She was opened, and not the slightest trace of poison presented itself.— Immediate search had been made for the men; they had absconded, and all apparent means of inquiry seemed hushed with the victim of science in its grave.

Some years passed—St. Clare was dead—the father of the unfortunate Emily was no more. Fortune had thriven with me, and being independent of practice, I had settled in the West-End of London, and married the object of my choice. I was soon occupied with the employments of my profession, and amongst the rest, that of surgeon to the — dispensary.

Seven years after my first commencement, I had to attend a poor man who was attacked with inflammation of the brain. The violence of the disease had been subdued, but some strange wanderings of delirium still haunted him. In a paroxysm of this sort, he one day exclaimed to me, as I was feeling his pulse, “Cut it off! Cut it off! it says so: off with it!” Paying no attention to this, I replaced his arm within the coverlid, but dashing it out, he seized mine, and demanded, “Does it not say if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off?”

“Yes, my man, but your’s is a useful member; take my advice, and keep it on.”

“I will not; it has offended me, ay, damned me to eternity. It is a murderous right hand!” But I will not drag the reader through the incoherent ravings of guilty delirium; it suffices to say, that after some considerable pains I elicited the following story from him.

“It’s just ten years to-morrow (that’s Tuesday) since I was discharged from four months imprisonment in the House of Correction. I was then just twenty. In the same place I met a gang of resurrection men, and they said what a jolly life they led, plenty of money, and all that, when one of ’em told the rest he knew a better way to get the rhino quickly than what they did, and if so be as they wouldn’t split, he’d tell ’em. Well, after making me take an oath (I trembles now to think of it), that I wouldn’t tell, they let me into it. This was to kidnap all the greenhorns, that didn’t know their way about town, and carry them to a house the gang had in — alley, near Blackfriars, where they were to be suffocated, and sold to you doctors for cutting up. Well, it took a long time to bring my mind to such a thing, but they persuaded me we were *all destined to go to heaven or hell* before we were born, and that *our actions had nothing to do with it*. So I agreed, when the time came round, to enter the gang.

“On the day we were *let loose*, there were four of us loitering near the coach stand in — street. A gentleman was walking up and down before an inn, looking at his watch every now and then, and casting his eyes round to see if a coach was coming which he seemed to expect. Presently he met some one who knowed ’un, and I saw him take a letter and read it, and then say to the other ‘I can’t come this instant, because I expect a friend in half an hour, and must wait for her; but stay, I can write a note, and put her off,’ when he stepped inside the inn, and came out in ten minutes, with a note in his hand. One of us had been servant in a cutting-up house in the Borough, and knowed him afore; stepping up, he asked him if he could carry the note for him? The other was in a hurry, and said ‘yes,’ giving him half-a-crown to take it into the Borough, then got into the coach and drove off. Instead of going with it, he had larnt to read,

and breaking the note open, found some lady was coming to meet the gentleman by half-past two. 'I tell ye what, boys,' says he, 'here's a fish come to our net without looking for it: so we'll have her first.' Shortly after, up comes the coach with a lady in it:—meanwhile one of our gang had got another coach belonging to us for the purpose, which was in waiting; so the villain tells her that the gentleman had been obliged to go somewhere else, but he was an old servant, and if she would get into his coach, he would drive her to the house where the gentleman was waiting to receive her. She, never suspecting, got in, and was driven off to the slaughter house, as we called it.—She entered by a back yard, and frightened by the dark, dirty way, and lonely-looking rooms, and not seeing him she expected, she attempted to run off, but that was of no use, and taking her to a room for the purpose, in the middle of the house, where no one could hear her screaming, she was locked up for the night. Well, I was uncommon struck with her beautiful looks, and begged very hard to let her go; they said it would not do, because as how they would all be found out. *So ditte she must, the next order they had for a corpse.* That very night came an order, and they swore I should have the killing of her, for being spooney enough to beg her life. I swore I would not do it; but they said if I didn't they would send me instead; and, frightened at their threats, I agreed.

"In the room where she slept was a bed, with a sliding top to let down, and smother the person who was lying beneath, while the chain which let it down was fastened in the room above. They had given her a small lamp in order to look at her through a hole, that they might see what she was about.—After locking the door inside (for they left the key there to keep 'em easy, while it was bolted on the out,) and locking to see there was no one in the room, nor any other door, she knelt by the bedside, said her prayers, and then laid down in her clothes. This was at ten—they watched her till twelve; she was sleeping soundly, but crying, too, they said, when they took me up into the room above, and with a drawn knife at my throat, insisted on my letting go the chain which was to smother her beneath—I did it! Oh, I did it—hark!" starting up, "don't you hear that rustling of the clothes!—a stifled cry! no, all is quiet! She is done for

—take her and sell her!" and from that he fell into his old raving manner once more.

The next day he was again lucid, and pulling from his bosom an old purse, he said, "I managed to get these things without their knowledge." It contained a ring with a locket engraven "E. S." and the silver plate of a dog's collar with the name of "Emily" on it. "That," he remarked, "came from a little spaniel which we sold."

I had made a finished miniature from the rough drawing taken on the first evening of my seeing Emily Smith.—This had been set in the lid of a snuff-box, and anxious to see if he would recognise it, I brought it in my pocket. After looking an instant at the contents of the purse, I silently placed the snuff-box in his hand. His mind but barely took time to comprehend and know the face, when flinging it from him with a loud cry, his spirit took its flight to final judgment—and I vowed from that day a renunciation of the scalpel for ever.

LINES TO MARY.

(AT NO. 1, NEWGATE, FAVOURED BY MR. WORTHER.)

O Mary, I believed you true,
And I was blest in so believing,
But till this hour I never knew—
That you were taken up for thieving!

Oh! when I snatch'd a tender kiss,
Or some such trifle when I courted,
You said, indeed, that love was bliss,
But never own'd you were transported..

But then to gaze on that fair face—
It would have been an unfair feeling,
To dream that you had pilfer'd lace—
And Flints had suffer'd from your stealing!

Or when my suit I first prefer'd,
To bring your coldness to repentance,
Before I hammer'd out a word,
How could I dream you'd heard a sentence!

Or when with all the warmth of youth
I strove to prove my love no fiction,
How could I guess I urg'd a truth
On one already past conviction!

How could I dream that ivory part,
Your hand—where I have look'd and lis-
ger'd;

Altho' it stole away my heart,
Had been held up as one light-finger'd!

In melting verse your charms I drew,
The charms in which my muse delighted—
Alas! the lay, I thought was new,
Spoke only what had been indicted.

Oh! when that form, a lovely one,
Hung on the neck its arms had flown to,
I little thought that you had run
A chance of hanging on your own too!

You said you pick'd me from the world,
My vanity it aow must shock it—
And down at once my pride is hurl'd,
You've pick'd me—and you've pick'd a
pock't!

Oh! when our love had gone so far,
The bans were read by Doctor Daly,
Who asked if there was any bar—
Why did not some one shout ' Old Bailey !'

But when you robed your flesh and bones
In that pure white that angel garb is,
Who could have thought you, Mary Jones,
Among the Joans that link with *Darbies*?

And when the parson came to say,
My goods were your's, if I had got any,
And you should honour and obey,
Who could have thought—" O Bay of Betsy !"

But, oh!—the worst of all your slips
I did not till this day discover—
That down in Deptford's prison ships,
Oh Mary! you've a hulking lover.

Hood's Comic Annual.

Notices of New Books.

A Familiar Treatise on the Human Eye. By F. West.

In giving to the world this acute and valuable little work upon defective vision, and the management of the eyes, its author (Mr. West, the optician) has rendered a great benefit to society. Every person desirous of improving an unhealthy sight should possess it for the really useful information which it contains. Here not only the structure of the eye, but the many causes that operate so fatally to diminish its powers, are explained in a style quite familiar, and free from technicalities; and here also the judgment is assisted in the choice and use of such glasses as are best suited to assist and perpetuate the sight. At p. 43, we find the subjoined piece of advice:—"There are instances sometimes of high winds during summer, which produce a sense of dryness and stiffness about the eyes, with a difficulty in opening and shutting them, and the eyelids become red and inflamed. In these cases, cold water alone is not sufficient, but certain relief will always be found in the application of the following simple lotion:—Take of rose-water, half a pint; gum arabic, one drachm; and fifteen drops of the acid of litharge of gold; mix them, and bathe the eyes with a soft rag."

Illustrations of History.

THE AMPHITHEATRES OF ROME.—The Greek word, which by a slight alteration of its termination, we render Amphitheatre, signifies a theatre, or place of spectacles, forming a continuous inclosure, in opposition to the simple theatre, which was semicircular, but with the seats usually continued somewhat in advance of the diameter of

the semicircle. The first amphitheatre seems to have been that of Curio, consisting of two moveable theatres, which could be placed face to face, or back to back, according to the species of amusement for which they were required. From the construction of its parts, therefore, we may presume that one of its diameters was longer than the other, and derive from hence the elliptical or oval form usually given to these buildings, in preference to the circular form, which appears best calculated for the convenience of the whole body of spectators. Usually, gladiatorial shows were given in the Forum, and the chase, and combats of wild beasts exhibited in the Circus, where once, when Pompey was celebrating games, some enraged elephants broke through the barrier which separated them from the spectators. This circumstance, together with the unsuitableness of the Circus, which was divided into two compartments by the spina, a low wall surmounted by pillars, obelisks, and other ornamental erections, and besides, from its disproportionate length, was ill adapted to afford a general view to all the spectators, determined Julius Cæsar, in his dictatorship, to construct a wooden theatre in the Campus Martius, built especially for hunting, "which was called amphitheatre (apparently the first use of the word,) because it was encompassed by circular seats without a scene." The first permanent amphitheatre was built partly of stone and partly of wood, by Statilius Taurus, at the instigation of Augustus, who was passionately fond of these sports, especially of the hunting of rare beasts. This was burnt during the reign of Nero, and, though restored, fell short of the wishes of Vespasian, who commenced the vast structure, completed by his son Titus, and afterwards called the Coliseum, otherwise the Flavian amphitheatre. The expense of this building it is said would have sufficed to erect a capital city, and if we may credit Dion, 9000 wild beasts were destroyed in its dedication. Eutropius restricts the number to 5000. When the hunting was over the arena was filled with water, and a sea-fight ensued.

The games to which these buildings were especially devoted were two-fold;—those in which wild beasts were introduced, to combat either with each other or with men; and those in which men fought with men. Of the former, some account has been given in the se-

cond volume of Menageries; and, therefore, we shall here limit ourselves to a short account of the rise and progress of the latter branch of gladiatorial exhibitions; for under the general term of gladiators are comprised all who fought in the arena, though those who pitted their skill against the strength and ferocity of savage animals were peculiarly distinguished by the name of *bestiarii*. In general these unhappy persons were slaves, or condemned criminals, who, by adopting this profession, purchased an uncertain prolongation of existence; but freemen sometimes gained a desperate subsistence, by thus hazarding their lives; and, in the decline of Rome, knights, senators, and even the emperors, sometimes appeared in the arena, at the instigation of a vulgar and degrading thirst for popular applause.

The origin of these bloody entertainments may be found in the earliest records of profane history, and the earliest stages of society. Among half-civilized or savage nations, both ancient and modern, we find it customary after a battle, to sacrifice prisoners of war in honour of those chiefs who have been slain. Thus Achilles offers up twelve young Trojans to the ghost of Patroclus, and similar examples may be easily found among our northern ancestors, and the indigenous American tribes of the present day. In course of time, it became usual to sacrifice slaves at the funeral of all persons of condition; and either for the amusement of the spectators, or because it appeared barbarous to massacre defenceless men, arms were placed in their hands, and they were incited to save their own lives by the death of those who were opposed to them. In later times, the furnishing these unhappy men became matter of speculation, and they were carefully trained to the profession of arms to increase the reputation and popularity of the contractor who provided them. This person was called *lanista* by the Romans. At first these sports were performed about the funeral pile of the deceased, or near his sepulchre, in consonance with the idea of sacrifice in which they originated; but as they became more splendid, and ceased to be peculiarly appropriated to such occasions, they were removed, originally to the Forum, and afterwards to the Circus and amphitheatres.

Lib. Enter Know.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.

M. W. of Windsor.

CENSUS.—The first mention in history of a census, or numbering the people of any nation, is that of the Israelites, under Moses, soon after the deliverance from the Egyptians. The census was established at Rome by king Servius Tullius, who directed that it should be taken every fifth year.

J. J.

THE FIRST MAKING OF CHEESE.—The method of preparing this kind of food from milk is stated by Hippocrates to have been discovered by the Scythians at a very early period. The poet Virgil describes it as the common food of the Roman Shepherds.

J. J.

THE CROSSBOW—seems not to have come into general use among the English till the reign of Richard I. from which period till 1627, it cannot be said to have been ever laid aside. There were different kinds of crossbows, such as the latch, the prodd, &c.; but they all carried indifferently arrows, darts, quarreaux or bolts of iron, stone or leaden bullets. The bows of some were made of steel, others of wood, and a third kind of horn; they were bent according to their size by the hand, by the feet, or by a machine called the martinet; and the common range of the point-blanc shot was from forty to sixty yards, with an elevation of 120. Crossbowmen were dressed and otherwise armed after a similar fashion with archers; and, like them, they fought generally on foot, but sometimes on horseback.

Cab. Cyc.

PROPHETIC OMENS.—While a pupil at the Free Grammar School of Huntingdon, two circumstances are related to have occurred to Cromwell, to one of which, after he rose to his high estate, he himself frequently reverted.—“On a certain night, as he lay awake in his bed, he beheld, or imagined that he beheld, a gigantic figure, which, drawing aside the curtains, told him that he should become the greatest person in the kingdom, but did not employ the word king.” Cromwell mentioned the circumstance both to his father and his uncle; the former of whom caused Dr. Beard to reward the communication with a sound flogging, while the latter rebuked his nephew for stating that “which was too traitorous to relate.” Nevertheless, the dream or vision adhered to Oliver’s memory, and was, as we have just said, often reverted to after events had worked out its exact accom-

plishment. On another occasion, whether prior to the occurrence of the vision or the reverse, authorities are not agreed, a play called "Lingua, or the Combat of the Five Senses for Superiority," was enacted in the school. In this quaint but striking masque, of which the author remains unknown, though the comedy itself was printed in 1607, it fell to the lot of Cromwell to perform the part of Tactus, a personification of the sense of touch, who coming forth from his tiring-room with a chaplet of flowers on his head, stumbled over a crown and royal robe, cast purposely in the way. The soliloquy into which Tactus breaks forth is certainly very striking:—

Tactus, thy sneezing somewhat did portend.
Was ever man so fortunate as I
To break his shins at such a stumbling-block?
Roses and bays, pack hence! this crown and
robe,

My brows and body circles and invests
How gallantly it fits me! sure the salve
Measured my head that wrought this coronet.
They lie that say complexion cannot change:
My blood's ennobled, and I am transform'd
Unto the sacred temper of a king.
Methinks I hear my noble parasites
Styling me Cæsar or great Alexander,
Licking my feet, and wondering where I got
This precious ointment!—How my pace is
mended—

How princely do I speak, how sharp I threaten:
Peasants, I'll curb your headstrong impu-
dence,

And make you tremble when the lion roars:
Ye earth-bred worms!—O for a looking-glass!
Poets will write whole volumes of this change.
Where's my attendants? Come hither, sirrah:
quickly,

Or by the wings of Hermes, &c. &c.

We cannot wonder if, in an age remarkably prone to superstition, this scene should be regarded both by the friends and enemies of the Protector as affording a palpable prognostication of his after fortunes. Had Cromwell lived and died on his brewery, doubtless the whole matter would have been forgotten; but his ultimate rise to more than kingly power, gave to an incident, in itself purely accidental, an air of mysterious, we had almost said of prophetic import.

1b.
POPE THE POET'S OPINION OF TORIES AND WHIGS.—The translator of the *Iliad*, writing to Gay from Binfield, Sept. 23, 1714, says:—"If you are a Tory, or thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people, who endeavoured to serve you, and whose politics were never your concern. If you are a Whig, as I rather hope, and as I think your principles and mine (as brother poets,) had ever a bias to the

side of liberty, I know you will be an honest man, and an inoffensive one.—the whole, I know you are incapable of being so much of either party, as to be good for nothing."

J. J.
ORIGIN OF STOCKHOLM.—Accident was undoubtedly the origin of the city of Stockholm. The Viceroy who governed Sweden under Christian II. of Denmark, determined upon founding a city; and, instead of fixing on a proper spot for the execution of his plan, he very whimsically set a large piece of wood afloat down the Meler Lake, and resolved at whatever place it should stop, there to build his projected town. A small island arrested the wood in its progress, and the name of Stockholm was given to it from the circumstance. *Stork*, in the Swedish language, as well as in the Dutch, Saxon, and English, means the body of a plank; *holme*, a river island. There are two islands in the Bristol Channel called the Holmes.

J. J.
INDIAN RUBBER.—This much used substance was first brought from America to England about the year 1700; it is there called *caoutchouc*, and is the juice of the quito tree.

ALPHA.
ORIGIN OF INFANTRY.—This term applied to foot-soldiers, takes its origin from one of the *Infantas* of Spain, who, hearing that the army commanded by her father had been defeated by the Moors, assembled a body of foot-soldiers, and with them engaged and defeated the enemy. In memory of this event, and to distinguish the foot-soldiers, who were not before held in much consideration, they received the name of infantry.

C. C.
BREECHES.—A superstition very prevalently diffused, attributes to this article of apparel a singular power in discomfiting and putting to flight demons, witches, fairies, and other supernatural powers. Old Reginaldo Scott gives the following "Charme to find hir that bewitched your kine:—Put a pair of breeches upon the cow's head, and beate hir out of the pasture with a good cudgell upon a Fridaie, and she will runne right to the witches's dore, and strike thereat with hir hornes." In Thuringia, Crofton Croker tells us in a note to his nice little book of "Fairy Legends," (50, 51,) that "it is considered an infallible charm, in preventing the fairies from stealing new-born children, to hang the father's breeches against the wall." In Scotland, the same notion is entertained, and in some districts still acted on. In Italy, like-

wise, it is prevalent. The *Aurea Lenda* informs us, that the Devil was driven away by the production of the good Saint Francis's unmentionables. We would, doubtless, have found the same superstition in belief among the numerous nations of Celtic origin, but, un luckily, the Celts had no breeches.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—When William the Norman was stepping from his bark to land on England, his foot slipped on the wet pebbles, and he fell at full length with a clash upon the beech. A cry arose among the soldiers that it was a bad omen. "Nay, by the splendour of God," cried William, "it is not so! See ye not that I have taken possession of the land without challenge?" Julius Cæsar, when landing on the shores of Africa, stumbled in like manner, and a like cry arose among his troops that it was an evil augury.—"Teneo te, Africa!" cried Cæsar. The legend of Brutus and the sons of Tarquin at the shrine of the Delphian oracle, gives us a third accident of a similar nature, and interpreted in a similar manner.

THE WITCHES CAULDRON.—In the vestry of Frensham Church, Surrey, hangs a huge cauldron, hammered out of a single piece of copper, supposed by Salmon to be a remain of the ancient parochial hospitality at the wedding of poor maids. Aubrey supposes it to have been used for the Church ales. Tradition reports it to have been brought from Borough-hill, about a mile hence; if any one went to borrow any thing, he might have it for a year or longer, provided he kept his word as to the return. On this hill lies a great stone, about six feet long; the party went to this stone, knocked at it, declared what was desired, and when they would return it; and a voice answered appointing a time when they would find the article wanted. This kettle, with the trivet, it is said, was so borrowed, but not returned at the time fixed; and though afterwards carried, it would not be received, and all subsequent applications have been fruitless. Another tradition ascribes the places whence it was borrowed to have been the neighbouring cave called Mother Ludlow's Hole.

Customs of Various Countries.

ORIGIN OF THE DECORATING CHURCHES WITH HOLLY AT CHRISTMAS.—Phillips, in his *Sylva Florifera*, states that French naturalists have made this

tree the emblem of foresight, because they say that the foresight of nature is admirably exemplified in this beautiful tree, which, when growing in its natural forest, protects itself by numerous leaves bristling with thorns, until it arrives at about the height of ten feet, when the leaves cease to be thorny, and are perfectly smooth and even, because it has no longer occasion to arm itself against an enemy who cannot reach higher; but we revere the holly-branch with its spiry and highly varnished foliage, which reflects its coral berries, as an emblem that foretells the festival of Christmas, and the season when English hospitality shines in roast beef, turkeys, and the national pudding.

Tradition says, that the first Christian church in Britain was built of boughs; and that the disciples adopted the plan, as more likely to attract the notice of the people, because the heathens built their temples in that manner, probably to imitate the temples of Saturn, which were always under the oak.

The great feast of Saturn was held in December; and as the oaks of this country were then without leaves, the priests obliged the people to bring in boughs and sprigs of evergreens; and Christians, on the twenty-fifth of the same month, did the like; from whence originated the present custom of placing holly and other evergreens in our churches and houses, to show the feast of Christmas is arrived.

CURIOUS SICILIAN CUSTOM.—A curious custom prevails in Sicily;—when a couple is married, the attendants place honey in the mouths of the bride and bridegroom, which is accompanied with an expression of hope, that their love will ever be as sweet to their souls as that honey is to their palate. C. C.

SINGULAR TENURE OF CASTLE GUARD.—Much land in Kent, and other counties, is held of Rochester Castle by the tenure of perfect castle guard. On St. Andrew's Day, old style, a banner is hung out at the house of the receiver of the rents, and every tenant neglecting then to discharge his proper rent, is liable to have it doubled every time the tide passes the adjacent bridge during the time it remains unpaid.

Anecdotes.

SIR H. CROMWELL AND THE MONKEY.—There are many curious anecdotes on record relative both to the

childhood and early youth of Oliver Cromwell. It is stated that on one occasion, when his uncle, Sir Henry Cromwell, sent for him, he being then an infant, a monkey snatched him from the cradle, leaped with him through a garret-window, and ran along the leads. The utmost alarm was of course excited, and a variety of devices proposed, with the desperate hope of relieving him from his perilous situation. But the monkey, as if conscious that she bore the fortune of England in her paws, treated him very gently. After amusing herself for a time, she carried the infant back, and laid him safely on the bed from whence she had removed him. Some time later, the waters had well nigh quenched his aspiring genius. He fell into a deep pond, from which a clergyman, named Johnson, rescued him. Many years afterwards the loyal curate, then an old man, was recognised by the republican general, when marching at the head of a victorious army through Huntingdon. "Do you remember that day when you saved me from drowning?" said Cromwell. "I do," replied the clergyman; "and I wish with all my soul that I had put you in, rather than see you in arms against your sovereign." *Cad. Cye.*

DR. ALDRICH.—His excessive love for smoking was well known to his associates: but a young student of his college, finding some difficulty to bring a fellow collegian to the belief of it, laid him a wager that the Dean Aldrich was smoking at that time, (about ten o'clock in the morning.) Away went the latter to the deanery; he related the occasion of his visit. The Dean, instead of being disconcerted, replied in perfect good humour, "You see, sir, your friend has lost his wager, for I am not now smoking, but only filling my pipe." *Nicotiana,*

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—This illustrious individual was remarkable for smoking and temporary fits of mental abstraction from all around him; frequently being seized with them in the midst of company. Upon one occasion, it is related of him, that a young lady presenting her hand for something across the table, he seized her finger, and, quite unconsciously, commenced applying it as a tobacco-stopper, until awoke to a sense of his enormity by the screams of the fair one. *Ib.*

HOW TO BECOME LONG-LIVED.—No article of food conduces so much as honey to the repose of the mind, and

the consequent prolongation of life. Augustus Cæsar enquired, one day, of an old man, who had attained the age of a hundred, how he had been able to arrive at such an advanced age, with so vigorous a body, and so sound a mind? "By oil without, and honey within," replied the veteran. *ALPHA.*

LISTON, in his early career, was a favourite at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and having applied to the manager for a remuneration equal to the increased value of his services, he refused the request, adding, "If you are dissatisfied, you are welcome to leave me; such actors as you, Sir, are to be found in every bush." On the evening of the day when this colloquy occurred the manager was driving to another town, where he intended "to carry on the war," when he perceived Liston standing in the middle of a hedge by the road side. "Good heavens, Liston," cried the manager, "what are you doing there?"—"Only looking for some of the actors you told me of this morning," was the reply.

FROM PFEFFEL.

Says Pat to his Cook, 'To-morrow I treat
Six friends here to dinner: we must have some
meat,
So I'll tell Tom to kill that fine beautiful calf.'
'Calf!' Cooky replied, 'tis too much, on my
word!
'I'll be nearly all spoil'd this hot weather,'—
'Abeurd!
If we don't want the whole, let him kill only
half!' *The Union Men. Mag.*

A NEW BATCH.

For the Oilio.

Why is time the best pickle?—Because "Time cures every thing."

Why are all lawyers Armenians?—Because "They live by Deeds, and not by Faith."

Why is a sail-maker like a man beginning an election?—Because he is about the canvass.

Why are my eyes like a severe military flogging?—Because they have got long lashes.

Why were the old watchmen like a part of Scripture?—Because they were "a light unto our paths, and a lantern unto our feet."

Why are the London water-carts like a man who pays ready money?—Because they are "down with the dust."

What is that which goes from London to Bath without ever moving?—*The Turnpike Road.*

Diary and Chronology.

Sunday, Dec. 11.

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Lessons for the Day.—25 chap. *Isaiah* 61, *Morn.*

Isaiah 26 chap. 62, *Evening.*

Alcyonii Dies. *Rom. Cal.*

The fourteen Halcyon days of the Romans began to-day. The limitation of their number was one of the abuses of the Calendar; but the fact on which was founded their existence, was the calm weather which at this time of year on the shores of the Mediterranean usually succeeds the blustering winds of the end of Autumn. The reason why these calendar days were called Halcyon, requires some further explanation. Alcyon was the daughter of Aeolus; she married herself to Ceyx, who was drowned as he was going to Claros to consult the oracle. The Gods apprised Alcyon, in a dream, of her husband's fate; and when she found, on the morrow, his body washed on the sea-shore, she threw herself into the sea, and was, with her husband, changed into birds of the same name, who kept the waters calm and serene, while they build and sit on their nests on the surface of the sea, for the space of seven, eleven, or fourteen days.

Hence Theocritus, in describing the approaching tempestuous weather, says—

May Halcyons smooth the wave and calm the sea.

And the rough south-east sink into a breeze; Halcyons, of all the birds that haunt the main. Most loved and honoured by the Nereid train.

The bird in question was supposed to be the Kingfisher, called by Linnaeus *Alcedo*, after the ancients, who so named it because they supposed it to make its nest in mid-winter, during the Alcyon days, agreeably to the above fable. Hence, in time, quiet and tranquil times were not only called Alcyonit, but also Alcedonia.

Cicero and Gordian wrote poems in praise of the Halcyon. The Emperor's is entirely lost; of Cicero's only two lines remain.

Monday, Dec. 12.

St. Valery, Abb. A. D. 682.

Moon's First Quar. 22m after 11 *Morn.*

Dec. 12, 1559.—Antoine Nimard, President of the Parliament of France, was assassinated by a pistol shot, between five and six in the evening, as he was mounting his mule to return to the Palace.—The equipage of Presidents and Councillors of France consisted, at that day, of a single mule. Under the reign of Louis XIV. coaches were invented, and the courtiers and public functionaries proceeded triumphantly in superb carriage.

Tuesday, Dec. 13.

St. Lucy, Vir. and Mar. A. D. 303.

High Water 5 1/2m after 7 Morn—3 1/2m after 8 After.

In the Ephemeris of Nature, to-day is called *Ruminandia*, or *Bearbough Day*, the leaves by this time being all fallen, and the branches bare.

Winter now comes to sway the waning year,
Sullen and sad with all his dusky train
Of vapours, storms, and clouds, and winds, and
rain.

With scarcely any sun the hind to cheer,
Unless, perchance, a beam, more dim than clear
Crosseth the abbey choir at hour of noon

Through painted window, but it fadeth soon,
Like some ethereal ray of heavenlie cheer,

ERRATUM.—In our last, page 356, col. 1, lines 11 and 12, for 'If he existed at least five hundred years after Lokman,' &c. read 'If ever there were such a person as Æsop, he existed at least five hundred years after Lokman,' &c.

That o'er the aged pilgrim's soul is thrown,
From the eternal spirit of the skie;

Tokening that though now grim and dull is grown

The spark of life, the sun will by and by
Mount the Almighty King's eternal throne,
When day no more will set, or flowers die.

Wednesday, Dec. 7.

St. Spiridion, bish. and conf. A. D. 318.

Sun rises 6m after 8—sets 5 1/2m after 3.

PRIZE CATTLE SHOWS.—About this time, these exhibitions, which are peculiar to England in the nineteenth century, occur. One of the most unequivocal evidences we have to offer, of the surpassing refinement of the age in which we live, consists in these displays of surpassing grossness. The alleged beauty of these unhappy victims of their own appetites acting with a view to ours, consists in their being unable to perform a single function of their nature, or enjoy a single moment of their lives; and the value of the meat that they make it in exact proportion to the degree in which it is unfit to be eaten.

Thursday, Dec. 15.

St. Euzabius, b. of Vercelli, A. D. 371.

High Water, 13m after 10 Morn—4 3/4m after 10 After

Dec. 15, 1650.—Marshal Turenne, beaten at the battle of Rethel. The French Princes having been arrested by order of Cardinal Mazarine, in consequence of the disturbance they had excited in the State. Turenne advanced in open rebellion to liberate them, Marshal du Plessis Praslin appeared the only man worthy to oppose him, and he had the honour of defeating Turenne at the battle of Rethel.

Friday, Dec. 16

St. Adelaide, empress, A. D. 999.

Sun rises 7m after 8—sets 5 1/2m after 3.

Dec. 16, 1516.—Jean Tritheme fell a victim to the barbarity of the age in which he lived. He left in France several monuments of his erudition. His "Traite de Stenographie," namely, several forms of writing in numbers, is a most laborious and ingenious work. For composing the same, he was accused by bigots of magic, and sentenced to be burnt.

Saturday, Dec. 17.

St. Olympias, Widow, A. D. 410.

High Water 04 0m Morn—04 1 1/2m After.

The evergreen trees, with their beautiful cones, such as firs and pines, are now particularly observed and valued; the different species of everlasting flowers, so pleasing an ornament to our flowers in winter, and, indeed, during the whole year, also attract our attention. The oak, the beech, and the hornbeam, in part retain their leaves, while all other trees are entirely denuded.

Sunday, December 18.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Lessons for the Day.—25 chap. *Isaiah*, b. 1, *Morn.*

26 chap. *Isaiah*, b. 2, *Even.*

Although few flowers are to now be seen out of doors, the hot-house contains many a blooming inhabitant; among these the Rose attracts our notice. This flower, when blown by artificial heat, is more delicate and beautiful than those which ornament our gardens in June, lovely as they are; being usually more free from blight, and those insects which sometimes destroy our garden roses.



See page 387

Illustrated Article.

TALES OF AN IDLER.

RUTH MELROSE;

OR,

THE RESURRECTIONIST.

A TALE OF THE CHURCHYARD.

For the *Olto*.

WILLOW MERE is a beautiful and secluded hamlet in the southern part of England, on the road to the metropolis, but as primeval in its habits and architecture as if it were a remnant of the pastoral Arcadia. The simple parsonage-house raised its unpretending structure little above the rural tenements around, but the arrangement of its flower-garden, and the picturesque grouping of the fruit-trees of the small domain, betrayed an intellectual spirit, and a superiority of taste in the dwellers within the patriarchal mansion.

Joscelin Melrose, the curate of Willow Mere, to the pure-mindedness of the golden age, united a depth of clas-

sical learning, a fervent knowledge and practice of Holy Writ, with an almost child-like ignorance of the real world, into whose vortex he had never been thrown, from the simplicity of his habits, and his unrepining resignation to his humble fortunes; his life had passed away like the waveless mirror of a quiet lake, till the gentle partner of his fate slept with her rural ancestors in the quiet and grassy church-yard of Willow Mere, and the little smiling Ruth remained the only pledge of his departed Eunice. The fairy time of childhood passed away pleasantly, and her beauty was unfolding into the dawning graces of womanhood; yet to her father she seemed still a lovely child, singing amid the flowers, and tending her birds in the innocent gaiety of her happy heart.

A stranger had lately arrived in Willow Mere, whose punctual attendance at church, unpretending charities, and quiet habits, had endeared him to the rustic inhabitants of the hamlet, and after a few meetings with the curate and his daughter in their sylvan wander-

ings, gathering violets and wood-strawberries for Ruth, and specimens for the herbal of Mr. Melrose, had made himself quite at home in their little parlour, taking lessons in botany, and promising to be as apt a pupil as the curate could desire. On a calm moonlight night his flute was often heard, mingling its enchanting cadences with the clear, sweet voice of Ruth, as she sat with him and her father, in the clematis hower in their little garden, and long before the worthy pastor suspected the stranger to have looked upon his daughter but as a playful child, the wise women of the village had given away the heart of Ruth Melrose to Everard Norman.

He represented himself as a gentleman of small but unembarrassed fortune, whose fondness for rural scenery had led him to Willow Mere, and whose admiration for all around him had contributed to fix him as a dweller there. The worthy divine listened and believed, and gave his consent to the union of his daughter and his new parishioner—with an almost triumphal sense of having secured her a fond and faithful husband, and to himself a new proselyte to his peculiar system of revealed religion.

A halcyon honeymoon passed away, and the young bride felt she had only exchanged the home of her childhood for one more delightfully dear. Everard had taken a pretty house near the parsonage, and united alike by the tender ties of wife and daughter, she dreamt of no bliss beyond her own; but a sudden change in Everard's behaviour—a mysterious air of business, and frequent absences from home at the dead hour of night, alarmed her trusting spirit. At first she wept in silence on her lonely pillow, but at length she ventured timidly to remonstrate, and urge him for his reasons in thus deserting her. He would often break out into fits of rage; call her whining baby, and bid her go home and tell her father; till, finding her overwhelmed by grief and terror, his passionate fondness was redoubled, and he essayed by every art to banish her enquiries and regrets.

Strange reports were now in the village of dark and fearful forms seen fitting through the churchyard, and blue lights gleaming by the recent graves; of finding the grassy turf bruised and trampled, and the daisied sods, placed with pious care over the departed, hurled away, as by some fiendish sport.—Dismay crept to each fire-side, and in

the simplicity of their hearts, they feared to look upon some supernatural visitant, even in the cheerful day-time, when they assembled in the porch of the House of God. There was an ancient prophecy or prediction current in the hamlet, that when the green graves in their churchyard were disturbed,

“A deed should be done in Willow Mere,
Which all should lament for a hundred year.”

To add to the consternation of his parishioners, the worthy Joscelyn was attacked with an illness, which seemed likely to prove fatal. Ruth never left her father, and her watch by the sick bed gave her husband free liberty for his midnight wanderings; by her they were never noticed, for her whole soul was with the dying. One lovely evening, when the last beams of the departing shone on his pale and sunken features, giving to their placid and sublime expression a celestial glory, Joscelyn Melrose laid his head on the soft bosom of his daughter, and murmuring the name of his Redeemer, expired:—The grief of Ruth was that of a devoted daughter. A woman's sorrow, when first the sweet fountain of her unmeasured love is dashed with the bitter waters of affliction—a grief man knows not, intense beyond their thoughts, who talk lightly of woman's tears, and lasting vividly within their souls, when the domestic trammels which fetter them seem to have effaced the record. Man can forget—but woman's heart is the altar of the holiest affections,—the shrine where the pale lamp of memory dies not but with that of life, and Ruth felt, as she left the grave of her father, as if the brightest path of her destiny was shut against her for ever.

Everard was all kindness and tender care during that mournful day; but as the evening approached, he began to hint that business called him forth, and to wish her to have some female companion to dissipate her sorrow; for Ruth had shut herself up with him after the funeral, in her own house, and seemed to cling to him as her sole refuge in the world.

“Dear Ruth,” said he, “Grace Hervey, I know, longs to be admitted to soothe and calm you; I shall not long be away, and—”

“Oh, not to-night—dear, dear Everard, I beseech you!” and Ruth clasped her arms tenderly around his neck, lifting her hazel eyes, radiant with tears, to his. “I know my grief distresses you—I will be more calm—I will, indeed, dear, dear Husband!—my

sole refuge, forsake me not in the depth of my affliction !”

“Forsake you, Ruth—how absurd ! Have I not sorrowed and watched with you sufficiently to prove my sympathy for you, and my regret for the departed ? Nay, no more tears ; let me kiss them away ; I have business of importance. I cannot delay. You can know nothing, and need care nothing for its purport. You are a stranger to the world, and the avocations of worldly men. I shall soon return, and will send Grace Herve as I pass her cottage to be your companion during my absence.” As he spoke, he removed her arms from his neck with playful force, and kissing her tenderly, wrapped himself in the thick folds of his Spanish cloak, which he always wore on his nightly excursions, and left the room.

Ruth listened with a vague sense of terror to his departing footsteps, and rushing to the window, looked out to catch his retreating form. The night was very dark for the season, and a dim outline was all she could distinguish. How or why the thought occurred of following him, she knew not ; whether the first dawning jealousy of her outraged affection, or the voice of the living and warning spirit within us,—but with a sudden impulse she threw over her head her mourning veil which lay near her on the couch, and silently closing the little garden-door, was quickly on the road, at a very short distance from her husband.

He never looked back, and if he had the slight, girlish figure of Ruth, and her black dress, could not have been easily distinguished through the rising mists. She followed, guided more by the echo of his hurried steps, than by his actual presence, with a desperate courage, at which she was herself astonished, till his course suddenly turned towards the churchyard ! Then, indeed, she faltered—a suffocating horror rushed upon her heart—her senses seemed to fail, and she found herself leaning against the low parapet wall of the churchyard, almost without a knowledge of how she had approached it.—The sight she gazed at was enough to chill a bolder heart than that of a young and lonely woman.

A group of men were gathered together with lanterns and many implements. She heard the earth dug away, and the brutal jests of the unhallowed crew. She heard the pick-axe strike against the coffin, and the action of a saw, and instinctively she passed through

the wicket, which led into the churchyard. A man, taller than the rest, who appeared to have been keeping guard, advanced to the grave-side, threw aside a large cloak in which he was enveloped, took some cords which lay near, and stooping down for a moment, drew out the corpse from its shattered coffin—the men held up the lantern, and the light streamed full on the face of Everard Norman, and the corpse of her father ! There was one wild thrilling shriek heard in that lonely churchyard,—the quick report of a pistol,—a hurried rush of departing footsteps,—and night and silence were again with the dwellings of the dead !

Morning broke fresh and balmy over the churchyard of Willow Mere ; but the sad spectacle it disclosed was enough to strike with insanity those who gazed upon it ; the grave of the curate was broken open, and his corpse lay in its bier-clothes beside it,—the winding-sheet was deluged with blood ; and, clasping the dead body with the convulsive and stiffened grasp of death, lay the beautiful Ruth, her fair bosom pierced by a pistol-shot, and from her light ringlets and mourning garments, the red current of her heart's blood plashed like autumnal rain !

No trace of Everard Norman was ever found (save the pistol marked with his name which lay in the grave), though the most active enquiries were made ; and no doubt exists that he is still plying his unnatural and horrible trade in the vortex of the metropolis ; his name has become the most prominent in the annals of horror which shed consternation on the hearts of the inhabitants of Willow Mere, when gathered around their evening fire, and no one passes the grave where the curate and his daughter repose together, without a sigh for the fate of the beautiful Ruth, and a curse upon Everard Norman, the Resurrectionist and the Murderer !

E. S. CRAVEN.

A GLANCE AT LONDON.

BY A FUNSTER.

Great London's the city for wealth,
For merchants, marts, shipping, and docks,
Where freemen support foreign bonds,
And buy themselves into the stocks.

Where booksellers live in a Row,
And coaches must stand in their ranks—
Where people will sell on the Thames,
Though fearing 'a run on the banks.'

A steay sell'd Smith-field is kept
For beasts by these great deminegs,
Where bullocks are ather'd to posts,
And sheep are compell'd to use pens

Old Billingsgate, too, is well known—
For London the sole fish depot,
And where in good friendship each morn
Both Christians and muscle-men go.

Within their own Halls very oft
Large Companies dine in high glee—
Besides, in a principal street,
There's a Company all days for tea.

Now, among their great men it's been said
A goose pretty often is found—
Fowl libel, alas! though we know
Their Poultry is greatly renown'd.

The aldermen—each in a gown
Which old women's notions entail—
Transact all the 'business of weight,'
But will not be troubled with Scales.

Last winter the king was to dine
With the mayor and the citizen knights,
Who—very well known as good *livers*—
Prepared for a great shew of lights.

It appears the mayor's note to the duke
Deprived all the Cits of their pleasure,
For the corn-market people declared
That the *meal* was upset by this *measure*.

But the notable note once forgotten,
Sir John grew in favour each day,
Till again for the office of mayor
Sir Peter found him in the way.

While some, with the aid of queer tales,
Strove hard to get Laurie a-head,
Key 'stood at the top of the pole'—
'Put up by his friends,' it was said.

But the aldermen threw out the mayor,
And thought to put him to the rout;
While his friends ('twas supposed they were
brewers)

Declared that they all would *stand stout*.
Elected—rejected—again,
Sir John at length conquer'd his foes,
Who fall'd—while so many said 'Ay!'
The City to lead by the '*Nees*.'

Lt. Gas.

CASTLE BAYNARD.

A PAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF THE
THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

For the *Olio*.

Continued from page 372.

ABOUT a mile on this side of Stamford, he overtook his esquire and only a part of the escort; and his horror and mortification were great on learning that his daughter had been forcibly taken from her protector by a superior number of the king's soldiers. Pursuit was worse than useless; and the triumph which had elated his followers at the recent success of their arms was now embittered by the deepest sorrow for the loss of their lovely mistress.

Their arrival at Stamford was welcomed by above 2000 knights, besides retainers and inferior persons without number,* all of whom were highly exasperated at the tyrannical abduction of so celebrated a beauty; and they redoubled their oaths of vengeance, on

hearing, from a messenger, a few hours afterwards, that Castle Baynard had been destroyed,† by order of the king, who had immediately set out from Westminster for Oxford. Fitz-Aubin was distracted, although he had the melancholy satisfaction of receiving from the hands of the esquire the unfinished scarf which Matilda had cut from her knitting-frame immediately before her departure from the castle. The knight threw it across his corslet, and drawing his sword, vowed it should never return to its scabbard until he had rescued his lady-love.

Elated by having received so powerful an accession to their arms as Sir Robert Fitz-Walter, the barons advanced in a body to Brackley, within a short distance of Oxford. Here they received a letter from the king, by the Earl of Pembroke, to know their demands, which they answered by placing a scroll in the Earl's hands, the contents of which was a copy of the Great Charter, and also by calling upon the king to give up the daughter of Sir Robert Fitz-Walter.

To the first of these demands, King John required time for consideration. To the second he replied, that the lady being with him at Oxford, he would appoint a knight to meet her champion—if the former fell, Matilda should remain with him: if the latter was vanquished, she should be restored to her friends.

The barons agreed to the monarch's first request; and the ears of Fitz-Aubin drank deep of delight on hearing the second proposition.

The appointed hour for the combat arrived, and, accompanied by a train of about 150 retainers, guarding the person of Matilda the fair, came the champion of King John; who, as if to insult the friends of the lady, and to ensure success, had encased in a splendid suit of armour one of the most powerful of his Gascon body-guards. All trembled for Sir Arthur, when they beheld the giant against whom he had to contend, except the youthful knight, who, inspired by the hope of rescuing his beauteous cousin, entered the lists, nothing daunted.

Every thing having been prepared, the onset was sounded from the trumpets of the heralds, and Fitz-Aubin received such a shock from the lance of his adversary, that his horse reeled

† In this year (1215) was Castell Baynard east done and distroled.—(Chronicle of London printed from the Harleian MS, page 8.

* Hume, page 87.

backwards, and made it a matter of the greatest difficulty for his master to keep his seat. He, however, did not fall; and the combatants retired to gather fresh strength for the renewal of hostilities. Another shock ensued, but to the evident disadvantage of the youthful knight. The agitation of Sir Robert was extreme. It seemed most improbable that his young friend could escape another rencontre with his life, and quite impossible that he could overcome his enemy.

Again the onset was sounded, and concentrating all his energies for the encounter, Sir Arthur clapped his spurs rowel-deep in the sides of his charger. On arriving within a short distance of his antagonist, the golden threads of his unfinished scarf suddenly untying from his corslet, glistened vividly in the sun's rays, which, darting across the eyes of the Gascon's horse, it swerved, and missing its aim, Sir Arthur's lance met its rider's side with such force, that he staggered in his saddle, and presently fell under the affrighted animal!

A universal shout of joy rent the air, and the bravery of Sir Arthur Fitz-Aubin was speedily rewarded by finding Matilda the fair locked in his arms.

An answer unfavorable to the demands of the barons having been returned by King John, they immediately chose Sir Robert Fitz-Walter their general, by the title of 'Marechal of God's Army, and the Holy Church,* and proceeded to Nottingham, where they laid siege to the castle for fifteen days, but without success; and after marching through Bedford to London, they issued a proclamation, requiring other barons to join them; and all those who had hitherto favoured the royal party, were glad of this pretence of joining a cause to which they were never averse; so that the tyrant was soon left at Odiham in Surry, with a contemptible retinue of seven knights.

On the 15th of June, a conference between the discontented barons and the king was appointed at Runnimede, between Windsor and Staines; and, after a few days' parlying, the famous deed was signed, which secured to Englishmen those rights and immunities which our European neighbours sue for in vain.

After this ever-memorable event, Sir Robert Fitz-Walter, his daughter, and (now) his son-in-law, retired to his

castle at Dunmow, where they resided until the re-building of Castle Baynard. W.

Illustrations of History.

EFFECT OF THE UNION WITH SCOTLAND UPON EDINBURGH.—At the Union, when Scotland ceased to be independent, every relic of regal state of course forsook the capital. Hitherto, the city had been the seat of all the departments of the legislature, except the sovereign. But now she was deserted at once by the Privy Council, the Parliament, and, in consequence, by almost all the nobility; her favourite and faithful children, the lawyers, who were not then a class of such importance in the community as they have latterly become, alone remaining for her consolation.—The general voice of the nation was against the Union,* and much violent resistance was every where made to the measure—no where so much as in Edinburgh; every prejudice against the renunciation of national independence flourishing in the capital with concentrated vigour. It was at length accomplished, in spite of every opposition, and the whole nation conceived their ruin to be approaching. Edinburgh, in particular, as was truly anticipated, had immediate experience of the loss of its importance; for all the noblemen who had been instrumental in carrying through the Union† fled to the favour-

* Sir Walter Scott tells a story of a minister in the south of Scotland, who confessed that, for fifty years, he never preached a sermon without indulging himself in what he called a *hit at the Union*.

† It has been mentioned in several late works that the Union was signed in a summer-house or arbour in the garden behind the Earl of Murray's house, in the Canongate; but this, though an extremely curious fact, is only part of the truth, if a still more recondite tradition, which we have now the pleasure of recording, is to be relied upon. It is allowed by our authority, that four Lords Commissioners signed the Union in the said arbour, but the mobs which then kept the city in a state of the most outrageous disorder, getting knowledge of what was going on, the Commissioners were interrupted in their proceedings, and had to settle upon meeting in a more retired place, when opportunity offered. An obscure cellar in the High Street was fixed upon and hired in the most secret manner. The noblemen whose signatures had not been procured in the summer-house, then met under cloud of night, and put their names to the detested contract, after which they all immediately decamped for London, before the people were stirring in the morning, when they might have been discovered and prevented. The place in which the deed was thus finally accomplished is pointed out as that laigh-shop opposite to Hunter's-square, entering below Mr. Spankie's shop,

able climate of the English court, where honour and preferment awaited them; and only that minority remained, who had voted on the popular side, and who were unfortunately a rather poorer class of the peerage than those that had fled.

On witnessing this desertion of her best inhabitants, a sound of sorrow and indignation went through the city, similar, perhaps, to the wailings which followed the disaster of Flodden, when, in the words of the ballad—

“The flowers of the forest were a’wede away.”

From the Union up to the middle of the century, the existence of the city seems to have been a perfect blank. No improvements of any sort, marked this period. On the contrary, an air of gloom and depression pervaded the city, such as distinguished its history at no former period. A tinge was communicated even to the manners and fashions of society, which were remarkable for stiff reserve, precise moral carriage, and a species of decorum, amounting almost to moroseness,—sure indications, it is to be supposed, of a time of adversity and humiliation.

The meanness of the appearance of the city attracted no visitors;† the narrowness and inconvenience of its accommodation, and the total want of public amusements, gave it few charms for people of condition, as a place of residence; and the circumstances of the country were such as deprived it entirely of political and commercial importance. In short, this may be called, no less appropriately than emphatically, the *dark age* of Edinburgh.

being No. 177, High Street, and now occupied as a tavern and coach-office, by Mr Peter Macgregor. It was in remote times usually called the Union Cellar, but has entirely lost that designation in latter years.

† The infrequency of the visits of strangers at this period, and even during the whole century, is quite astonishing to a modern native. The few English tourists who wrote accounts of their journeys to Scotland, describe the Scottish capital, as well as the country, with such an air of strangeness as we now think only allowable in those who visit Timbuctoo and the source of the Nile. Edinburgh in 1773 differs from Edinburgh in 1831 in no respect so much as in this. The town now swarms with strangers; and what with tours and descriptions without number, accompanied with pictorial delineations, the cockneys are now almost as well acquainted with the appearance and manners of the city as we are ourselves.

Notices of *Pete Baska*.

The History of the Great Plague in London in the year 1665; containing Observations and Memorials of the most Remarkable Occurrences, both Public and Private, during that dreadful Period. By a Citizen, who lived the whole time in London. A new Edition, with an Introductory Preface.

Of all men living at that woeeful period, no one, perhaps, was more fitly calculated to write an account of the plague, than Daniel Defoe. His mind delighted not only in the literal, and the detail of fact, (his fictions even have the air of attested narrations of real events,) but he had so vivid a perception of the *point d'appui* in a distressful circumstance that his account of it assumes the air of poetry. His narrative of that frightful visitation contains numerous examples of the two peculiarities alluded to; and indeed it is one of those books which, having once begun to read, few people will lay aside till they have finished. The present edition,—an elegant book, both as to paper, print, and the exterior accomplishment of binding, has evidently been brought out in consequence of the late excitement in the public mind on account of the progress of the cholera. The reprint is in all respects judicious; the publishers will be remunerated, and the reader will derive many advantages from old experience, as to the precautionary conduct he should pursue in case the dreaded epidemic settle among us. The plan we have ourselves laid down for meeting such an event, is, to resist as much as possible, the impulse of fear; to wash constantly from head to foot; to take no medicine; to amuse the mind; to enter no public assembly; and, above all things, to avoid empirics, clerical as well as medical. Defoe has shown the mischief these people occasioned in the year 1665.—Thousands were frightened into the disease, like birds into the jaws of a rattlesnake.

*Hood's Comic Annual for 1832.**

This witty volume is a complete antidote to the ‘Misereries of Human Life,’ let them be of whatsoever kind they may. If you are sunken in spirits, and *hipp'd*, a single glance at its comicalities will cause you instantly to have a fit of hysterical *ha-haw-ing*. If you are

* London, C. Tilt.

tired and weary after a day's march, *dunning* unprincipled debtors, take up this art of *Pawning made Easy*, and all your bitter and grievous disappointments will be dissipated. If some unlooked-for evil has crossed your path, and made you sorrowful and lonely, open this *Budget of Whims and Oddities*, and you will find a succedaneum for your misery, and a companion replete with humour to dispel your ennui. In short, there is no wound so deep but what its sting may be mitigated by the magic powers of *Hood's Pill to purge Melancholy*.

We have analyzed the medicine, and now lay before our friends a sample of its component parts:—

THE LIFE OF ZIMMERMANN.

BY HIMSELF.

"This, this is solitude."—Lord Byron.

I was born, I may almost say, an orphan; my Father died three months before I saw the light, and my Mother three hours after—thus I was left in the whole world alone, and an only child, for I had neither Brothers nor Sisters; much of my after-passion for solitude might be ascribed to this cause, for I believe our tendencies date themselves from a much earlier age, or rather youth, than is generally imagined. It was remarked that I could go alone at nine months, and I have had an aptitude for going alone all the rest of my life. The first words I learnt to say, were "I by myself, I"—or thou—or he—or she—or it—but I was a long time before I could pronounce any personals in the plural; my little games and habits were equally singular. I was fond of playing at Solitary or at Patience, or another game of cards of my own invention, namely, whist, with *three* dummies. Of books, my favorite was Robinson Crusoe, especially the first part, for I was not fond of the intrusion of Friday, and thought the natives really were Savages to spoil such a solitude. At ten years of age I was happily placed with the Rev. Mr. Steinkopff, a widower, who took in only the limited number of six pupils, and had only me to begin with: here I enjoyed myself very much, learning in a first and last class in school hours, and playing in play time at hoop, and other pretty games, not requiring partners. My playground was, in short, a garden of Eden, and I did not even sigh for an Eve, but, like Paradise, it was too happy to last. I was removed from Mr.

Steinkopff's to the University of Göttingen, and at once the eyes of six hundred pupils, and the pupils of twelve hundred eyes, seem fastened upon me: I felt like an owl forced into daylight; often and often I sham'd ill, as an excuse for confining myself to my chamber, but some officious would-be friends insisting on coming to sit with me, as they said, to enliven my solitude, I was forced as a last resource, to do that which subjected me, on the principle of Howard's Prison Discipline, to solitary confinement. But even this pleasure did not last; the heads of the College found out that solitary confinement was no punishment, and put another student in the same cell; in this extremity I had no alternative but to endeavour to make him a convert to my principles, and in some days I succeeded in convincing him of the individual independence of man, the solid pleasures of solitude, and the hollow one of society,—in short, he so warmly adopted my views, that in a transport of sympathy we swore an eternal friendship, and agreed to separate for ever, and keep ourselves to ourselves as much as possible. To this end we formed with our blanket a screen across our cell, and that we might not even in thought associate with each other, he soliloquized only in French, of which I was ignorant, and I in English, to which he was equally a stranger. Under this system my wishes were gratified for I think I felt more intensely lonely than I ever remember when more strictly alone. Of course this condition had a conclusion; we were brought out again unwillingly into the common world, and the firm of Zimmermann, Nobody, and Co., was compelled to admit—six hundred partners.—In this extremity, my fellow prisoner Zingleman and myself had recourse to the persuasions of oratory. We preached solitude, and got quite a congregation, and of the six hundred hearers, four hundred at least became converts to our Unitarian doctrine; every one of these disciples strove to fly to the most obscure recesses, and the little cemetery of the College had always a plenty of those who were trying to make themselves scarce. This of course was afflicting; as in the game of pass in a corner, it was difficult to get a corner unoccupied to be alone in; the defections and desertions from the College were consequently numerous, and for a long time the State gazette contained daily advertisements for missing gentlemen with a descrip-

tion of their persons and habits, and invariably concluded with this sentence: "of a melancholy turn,—calls himself a Zimmermanian, and affects solitude." In fact, as Schiller's Robbers begot Robbers, so did my solitude beget solitudinarians, but with this difference, that the dramatist's disciples frequented the Highways, and mine the Byeways!

The consequence was what might have been expected, which I had foreseen, and ardently desired. I was expelled from the University of Göttingen. This was perhaps the triumph of my life. A grand dinner was got up by Zingleman in my honour, at which more than three hundred were present, but in tacit homage to my principles, they never spoke nor held any communication with each other, and at a concerted signal the toast of "Zimmermann and Solitude," was drunk by dumb show, in appropriate silence. I was much affected by this tribute, and left with tears in my eyes, to think, with such sentiments, how many of us might be thrown together again. Being thus left to myself, like a vessel with only one hand on board, I was at liberty to steer my own course, and accordingly took a lodging at Number One, in Wilderness-street, that held out the inviting prospect of a single room to let for a single man. In this congenial situation I composed that, my great work, on Solitude, and here I think it necessary to warn the reader against many spurious books, calling themselves "Companions to Zimmermann's Solitude," as if solitude could have society.—Alas, from this work I may date the decline which my presentiment tells me will terminate in my death. My book, though written against populousness, became so popular, that its author, though in love with loneliness, could never be alone. Striving to fly from the face of man, I could never escape it, nor that of woman and child into the bargain. When I stirred abroad, mobs surrounded me, and cried, "Here is the Solitary!"—when I staid at home I was equally crowded; all the public societies of Göttingen thought proper to come up to me with addresses, and not even by deputation. Flight was my only resource, but it did not avail, for I could not fly from myself. Wherever I went Zimmermann and Solitude had got before me, and their votaries assembled to meet me. In vain I travelled throughout the European and Asiatic continent—

with an enthusiasm and perseverance of which only Germans are capable, some of my countrymen were sure to haunt me, and really showed by the distance they journeyed, that they were ready to go all lengths with me and my doctrine. Some of these Pilgrims even brought their wives and children along with them in search of my solitude, and were so unreasonable even as to murmur at my taking the inside of a coach, or the cabin of a packet-boat, to myself.

From these persecutions I was released by what some persons would call an unfortunate accident; a vessel in which I sailed from Leghorn, going down at sea with all hands, excepting my own pair, which happened to have grappled a hen-coop. There was no sail in sight, nor any land to be seen—nothing but sea and sky; and from the midst of the watery expanse it was perhaps the first and only glimpse I ever had of real and perfect solitude, yet so inconsistent is human nature, I could not really and perfectly enter into its enjoyment. I was picked up at length by a British brig of war; and, schooled by the past, had the presence of mind to conceal my name, and to adopt the English one of Grundy. Under this *nom de guerre*, but really a name of peace, I enjoyed comparative quiet, interrupted only by the pertinacious attendance of an unconscious countryman, who, noticing my retired habits, endeavoured by daily lectures from my own work, to make me a convert to my own principles. In short, he so wore me out, that at last, to get rid of his importunities, I told him in confidence that I was the author himself. But the result was any thing but what I expected, and here I must blush again for the inconsistency of human nature. While Winkells knew me only as Grundy, he painted nothing but the charms of Solitude, and exhorted me to detach myself from society; but no sooner did he learn that I was Zimmermann, than he insisted on my going to Lady C——'s rout, and his own conversazione. In fact, he wanted to make me, instead of a Lion of the Desert, a Lion of the Menagerie. How I resented such a proposition, may be supposed, as well as his offer to procure for me the first vacancy that happened in the situation of Hermit in Lord P——'s Hermitage; being, as he was pleased to say, not only able to bear solitude, but well-bred and well-informed, and fit to *receive company*. The effect of this unfortunate disclosure was to make

me leave England, for fear of meeting with the fate of a man or an ox that ventures to quit the common herd. I should immediately have been declared mad, and mobbed into lunacy, and then put into solitary confinement, with a keeper always with me, as a person beside himself, and not fit to be left alone for a moment. As such a fate would have been worse to me than

death, I immediately left London, and am now living anonymously in an uninhabited house—prudence forbids me to say where.

Every disciple of Cocker will be pleased with the accompanying spirited portrait of a man of figures no less celebrated. The following Ode, too, will also prove acceptable, we think.



ODE TO JOSEPH HUME, ESQ.
Mr. P.

"I He'd in numbers, for the numbers came"

Oh, Mr. Hume, thy name
Is travelling post upon the road to fame,
With four fast horses and two sharp
postilions;
Thy reputation
Has friends by numeration,
Units, Tens, Hundreds, Thousands,
Millions.
They drink to thee
With three times three,
That's nine.
And oft a votary proposes then
To add unto the cheering one cheer
more—
Nine and One are Ten;

Or somebody for thy honour still more
keen,
Insists on four times four—
Sixteen!
In Parliament no star shines more
or bigger,
And yet thou dost not care to cut a
figure;
Equally art thou eloquent and able,
Whether in showing how to save the
nation,
Or laying its petitions on the Table
Of Multiplication.
In motions you are second unto none,
Though Fortune on thy motions seems
to frown,
For though you set a number down,
You seldom carry one.
Great at a speech art thou, though some
folks cough,

But thou art greatest at a *paring* off.
 But never blench,
 Although in stirring up corruption's
 worms,
 You make some factions
 Vulgar as certain fractions,
 Almost reduced unto their lowest terms.
 Go on, reform, diminish, and retrench,
 Go on, for ridicule not caring,
 Sift on from one to nine with all their
 noughts,
 And make state cyphers eat up their
 own aughts,
 And only in thy saving be unsparing;
 At soldiers' uniforms make awful
 rackets,
 Don't trim though, but untrim their
 jackets.
 Allow the tin mines no tin tax,
 Cut off the Great Seal's wax;
 Dock all the dock-yards, lower masts
 and sails,
 Search foot by foot the Infantry's amounts
 Look into all the Cavalry's accounts,
 And crop their horses' tails.
 Look well to Woolwich and each
 money vote,
 Examine all the cannon's charges
 well,
 And those who found th' Artillery
 compel
 To forge twelve pounders for a five
 pound note.
 Watch Sandhurst too, its debts and its
 Cadets,—
 Those Military pets.
 Take Army—no, take Leggy Tailors
 Down to the Fleet, for no one but a
 nincum,
 Out of our nation's narrow income
 Would furnish such wide trowsers to
 the Sailors.
 Next take to wonder him,
 The Master of the Horse's horse from
 under him;
 Retrench from those who tend on Royal
 ills
 Wherewith to gild their pills.
 And tell the Staghounds' Master he must
 keep
 The deer, &c. cheap.
 Close as new brooms
 Scrub the Bed Chamber Grooms;
 Abridge the Master of the Ceremonies
 Of his very moneys;
 In short, at every salary have a pull,
 And when folks come for pay
 On quarter-day,
 Stop half, and make them give receipts
 in full.
 Oh, Mr. Hume, don't drink,
 Or eat—or sleep a wink,
 Till you have argued over each reduc-
 tion,

Let it be food to you, repose and suction.
 Though you should make more mo-
 tions by one half
 Than any telegraph,
 Item by item all these things enforce,
 Be on your legs till lame, and talk till
 hoarse;
 Have lozenges—mind, Dawson's,—in
 your pocket,
 And swing your arms till aching in their
 socket;
 Or if awake you cannot keep,
 Talk of retrenchment in your sleep,
 Expose each Peachum, and show up
 each Lockit,—
 Go down to the M.P.'s before you sup,
 And while they're sitting blow them up,
 As Guy Fawkes could not do with all
 his nous;
 But now we live in different Novem-
 bers,
 And safely you may walk into the
 House,
 First split its ears, and then divide its
 members!

For the present the above ample dose
 must suffice; in proper time we shall
 administer another.

Historic Fragments.

**INVENTIONS IN THE ARTS AND MANU-
 FACTURES.**—In 1583 commenced the ma-
 facture of knives in London, by Tho-
 mas Matthews of Fleet Bridge. Sheffield
 had before that been famed for cutlery.
 About the same time, the manufacture
 of needles was begun by Elias Grouse,
 a German. A Spanish negro had made
 them, but refused to discover the art.—
 The pin was known ever since the close
 of Henry the Eighth, and substituted
 "loop-holes, laces with points and
 tags, clasps, hooks and eyes, and
 skewers made of wood, brass, silver,
 and gold." Henry the Eighth, whose
 tyranny was the most impertinent that
 it could be, to all appearance, could
 not abstain from legislating here. By
 37 Hen. 8, cap. 13, "all pinnes are
 prohibited from being sold, unless they
 be double-headed, and the heads sol-
 dered just to the shank of the pin, well
 smoothed, the shank well shaven, the
 point well and roundly filed, cauted
 and sharpened." A loom for weaving
 silk stockings was erected in 1660, un-
 der the patronage of William Lee, of
 St. John's College, Cambridge. The
 bigotry of Spain was the chief cause of
 our manufacturing wealth. The perae-
 cuted artisans came hither in flocks,
 and set up their looms under Edward

the Sixth. The reign of Mary impeded their settlement. Elizabeth encouraged them to return. But it was to the wheels and gibbets of the Duke D'Alva, that England is most indebted. Scared by his inhumanity, ("his object being to make the authority of Philip as absolute in Flanders as in Spain, and to introduce the Inquisition,") the Flemish manufacturers fled hither in shoals, and were received with hospitality. They repaid this politic kindness by peopling the decayed streets of Canterbury, Norwich, Sandwich, Colchester, Maidstone, Southampton, and many other towns, with active industrious weavers, dyers, cloth-dressers, linen-makers, silk throwers, &c. They taught the making of bays, says, and other stuffs, &c.

Fine Arts.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF FLORENCE.

We have witnessed many displays of the skill of Mr. Burford, but none certainly superior to this. The painting of the far-famed capital of Etruria, is worthy of the magnificence of the subject. A more delightful and imposing scene could scarcely have been chosen, and it is hardly possible for more taste to have been exercised in its execution.

The figures introduced by Mr. Slous, an artist of great genius and capability, to give animation to the picture, are deserving of the highest praise: the grouping of them is excellent in the extreme. Indeed, we may pronounce with much truth, this representation of the City of Palaces, to be the most highly finished panorama ever exhibited to the public, and we earnestly recommend our friends to treat themselves to an inspection of its varied beauties.

From the description of the view we extract the following very interesting particulars:—

"Florence is supposed to have been founded by the soldiers of Sylla, about sixty years before Christ, or by the inhabitants of Fiesole: it was enlarged and embellished by the Triumvirs, repeatedly assailed during the invasion of the Goths, destroyed by Totila, King of the Ostrogoths, in 553, and rebuilt upwards of two centuries after by Charlemagne; in its early days, it was neither distinguished by remarkable events nor ennobled by great personages; but, under the Greek Emperors, became one of the principal cities of Etruria. When their dominion ceased

in Italy, it was one of the first places that adopted the republican form of government; at first aristocratic, but the dissensions of the nobles increasing the power of the people, at last democratic. In the year 1215, a murder, committed in the city, gave rise to the famous factions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, or the *Neri* and *Bianchi*, as they were also called, from the families who headed them. The feuds and contentions of these rival powers present such a series of popular tumults and broils, that Florence may be said to have been in a state of continual civil war for a long series of years, yet, during the middle ages, it was frequently compared with Athens; the arts and sciences were encouraged, and learned men fostered and protected with unbounded liberality; its commerce, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, was so extensive, that it rivalled that of England, France and Holland, and its districts, according to Machiavelli, could, in a few hours, at the sound of a bell, bring together 135,000 well-armed men. Under the ascendancy of the merchant princes, in the fifteenth century, particularly Cosmo, the father of his country, and Lorenzo, the magnificent, it attained the greatest height of its commercial importance, and its luxury and elegance were proverbial; but when governed by their successors, under the title of Grand Duke, conferred by the Emperor of Germany, and supported by his troops, commerce declined, and it was soon lost amongst the crowd of Indian cities. The French invasion of 1799, compelled the Grand Duke to fly, and a provisional government of French Generals was formed, until the treaty of Luneville, when Florence was ceded to the Infante of Spain, the Prince of Parma, who took the title of King of Etruria. In 1807, by a second treaty with Spain, Florence was annexed to France, and Buonaparte's sister, Eliza Baziocchi, assumed the reigns of government, as his viceroy. The peace of 1814 restored the Grand Duke Ferdinand III., whose son, Leopold II. now reigns.

The circumference of the city is about six miles; it is surrounded by a wall and ditch, defended by two citadels, and has seven principal gates; the Arno divides it into unequal parts, connected by four handsome bridges, and contributes much to its beauty and salubrity: the quays on each side are the most pleasant, and most frequented

parts, but there is not a spot in the whole city that is not worthy notice. Specimens of architecture, sculpture, and painting, by the best masters, unmutilated by violence, and scarcely affected by time, form an inexhaustible fund for wonder and admiration, and exhibit lasting vestiges of its former power and magnificence; several of the squares are spacious, but the streets, with very few exceptions, are too narrow to exhibit to advantage the noble buildings by which they are filled; they are all well paved with flat stones, two or three feet square, in the manner of ancient Rome and Pompeii, the work of Lapo de Colle and his son, in 1250. The churches are numerous and grand, and contain, with scarcely an exception, productions of the most celebrated masters, in painting and sculpture. The public buildings and palaces of the nobles are generally simple in their architecture, but regular and extensive; fine old buildings, resembling fortresses, the perpetual struggles of various families for pre-eminence, and their continual exposure to attacks from rival factions, rendering it necessary that the decorations of their houses should accord with their personal security; their massive strength and severe Tuscan style, eloquently tell the history of the times in which they were erected. The more modern, although they partake in a slight degree of this general character, present fine specimens of Italian taste, and leave a most pleasing impression; the lower chambers are usually vaulted, and often serve as wine stores, from which the produce of the estates of the noble owner is retailed in small quantities; a broad line of stone generally runs the whole length of the front, forming a seat, where, in former times, the dependants of the family sought repose and shelter under the massive cornice of the roof; huge iron rings still remain, where the banners of the house were displayed by day, and torches placed at night; the upper apartments are large and lofty, seldom with fireplaces; the walls are painted in fresco, or hung with silk, and are covered with the best productions of the fine arts; many of the roofs are flat, forming terraces, ornamented with vases of flowers, &c.; the few chimneys display considerable taste, and are in every variety of fanciful and grotesque form. The houses of the middling classes and trades-people, are large old-fashioned buildings, and the shops not particu-

larly attractive. The population of the city is estimated at the present time to be about 80,000, being considerably less than it formerly contained; activity and bustle constantly prevails in the streets, not only during the day, but for a great part of the night; towards evening, crowds of well-dressed persons seat themselves on the Trinity Bridge, or at the doors of the coffee-houses, enjoying the pleasures of conversation, or playing games of chance, whilst the terraced roofs of the houses afford pleasant retreats for more private parties, concerts, &c.

The Naturalist.

SUPERSTITIOUS IDEAS RESPECTING THE DEATH'S-HEAD-MOTH. — The death's-head-moth is not the only insect whose sound alarms the superstitious. Insects, which are much more common, though from their minuteness not so often seen as heard, often strike the uneducated with terror as the messengers of death. We refer to the sound which most of our readers may have heard issuing from old timber or old books, resembling the ticking of a watch, and hence popularly called the *death-watch*. Some writers, who are desirous of being thought very accurate, are particular in distinguishing a certain insect as the genuine death-watch, while others are held to be spurious; yet there can be no doubt that the same sort of ticking is produced by several species. Latreille, indeed, seems to say that it is common to a whole genus; and besides these, of which Mr. Stephens enumerates ten species found in Britain, we know at least two species of a very different genus, also indigenous, which produce the so much dreaded sound.

Sir Thomas Browne considered the subject of the death-watch of great importance, and remarks that the man "who could eradicate this error from the minds of the people, would save from many a cold sweat the meticulous heads of nurses and grandmothers," as such persons are firm in the belief, that—

The solemn death-watch clicks the hour of death.

Swift endeavoured to perform this useful task by means of ridicule. His description, suggested, it would appear, by the old song of "A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall," runs thus:—

—“A wood worm
That lies in old wood, like a hare in her form,
With teeth or with claws, it will bite, it will
scratch;
And chambermaids christen this worm a death-
watch;
Because, like a watch, it always cries click.
Then woe be to those in the house that are
sick!
For, sure as a gun, they will give up the
ghost,
If the maggot cries click when it scratches
the post.
But a kettle of scalding hot water injected,
Infallibly cures the timber affected;
The omea is broken, the danger is over,
The maggot will die, and the sick will re-
cover.”

It may be well to give a few notices from naturalists who have observed the proceedings of those insects. “I possess,” says Swammerdam, “a small beetle, which, having firmly and strongly fixed its foremost legs, and bent and put its head through the space between them, makes a continual noise in old pieces of wood, walls, and ceilings, which is sometimes so loud, that, upon hearing it, people have been persuaded that nocturnal hobgoblins, ghosts, or fairies wandered about them. Other species of beetle make a strange noise by rubbing their head against their breast, and others press their tail or belly close to their wing-cases, and by that means also make an uncommon creaking.”

Lib. Enter Know.

The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.
— *M. W. of Windsor.*

THE FATA MARGANA. — Minai has written a dissertation on this phenomena, which is thus described by Father Angelucci:—“On the 15th of August, 1643, as I stood at my window, I was surprised with a wonderful vision. The sea, that washes the Sicilian shores, swelled up and became, for ten miles in length, like a chain of dark mountains; while the waters near our Calabrian coast, grew quite smooth; or, in an instant, appeared as one clear, polished mirror, reclining against the aforesaid ridges. On this glass was depicted, in chiaro-oscuro, a string of several thousand pilasters, all equal in attitude, distance, and degree of light and shade. In a moment, they lost their height, and bent into arcades, like Roman aqueducts. A long cornice was next formed at the top, and above it rose castles innumerable, all perfectly alike; they soon split into towers, which were shortly after lost in colonnades, then windows, and at

last ended in pines, cypresses, and other trees, even and similar. This is the Fata Margana, which, for twenty-six years, I thought a mere fable.” Such is the account of this astonishing aerial phenomenon derived from Father Angelucci. The following account of M. Houel is equally remarkable. He attributes this singular appearance to a bitumen that issues from certain rocks at the bottom of the sea. “The subtle parts of this bitumen being attenuated, combined, and exhaled from the aqueous globules, that are raised by the air, and formed into bodies of vapour, give to this condensed vapour more consistence, and contribute by their smooth and polished particles, to the formation of a land of aerial crystal, which receives the light, reflects it to the eye, and transmits it to all the luminous points which colour the objects, exhibited in this phenomenon, and render them visible. A phenomenon similar in effect is observed frequently in Greenland. “Nothing,” says Crantz, “ever surprised me more than on a fine summer’s day, to perceive the Islands, that lie four leagues west of our shore, putting on a form, quite different from what they are known to have. As I stood gazing upon them they appeared at first sight, infinitely greater than what they naturally are, and seemed as if I viewed them through a large magnifying glass. They were not only thus made larger, but brought nearer to me. I plainly described every stone upon the land, and all the furrows filled with ice, as if I stood close by. When this illusion lasted for a while, the prospect seemed to break up, and a new scene of wonder to present itself. The Islands seemed to travel to the shore, and represented a wood, or a tall cut hedge. The scene then shifted, and showed the appearance of all sorts of curious figures; as ships with sails, steamers, and flags; antique elevated castles with decayed turrets; and a thousand forms, for which fancy found a resemblance in nature. When the eye had been satisfied with gazing, the whole group of riches seemed to rise in air, and, at length, vanish into nothing. At such times, the weather is quite serene and clear; but compressed with such subtle vapours, as it is in very hot weather; and these appearing between the eye and the object, give it all that variety of appearances, which glasses of different refrangibilities would have done.” These delusions are not unfrequent on high mountains, and Ulloa informs us,

that the images of travellers are reflected on a cloud, as if it were a mirror.

SANTA MARIA NOVELLA is considered one of the finest churches in Italy, and was so much admired by Michael Angelo, that he used to call it his "Sposa." It was erected in 1279, by Fra Sisto and Fra Ristoro, Florentines; the facade was finished in 1470, by Leon Baptiste Alberti, at the expense of a Florentine, named Giovanni Rucellai. The architecture of the front is a mixture of Gothic and Grecian; the interior is pointed Gothic, but irregular and imperfect, the pillars which support the roof having capitals resembling the Corinthian order; the arches at the entrance of the church, being larger than the others, have a singular effect upon the perspective, and occasion the whole to appear much larger than it really is. The chapels are constructed uniform with the original design by Vasari and are splendidly ornamented with works of art; amongst the monuments is one to Phillip Strozzi, and a celebrated wooden crucifix, by Brunellescho, called the crucifix of the eggs; this great artist challenged Donatello which should attain the greatest excellence in a work of this description; having finished this, he invited Donatello to dine with him, but pretending business, sent him to his house with some eggs, where he was so much struck with the work, that he let the eggs fall, and remained gazing on it until the arrival of Brunellescho. The church also contains two curious astronomical instruments, made and erected in 1572, by Ignazio Dante, a learned monk, under the protection of Cosmo I. The monastery is celebrated for its *spezieria*, or dispensary, the monks being the best compounders of drugs and perfumes in Florence.

SINGULAR INSTINCT OF A PELICAN.

—When the ——— regiment was returning from the expedition to Egypt under the lamented and gallant Abercromby, there accompanied it a tame pelican, which had been taken in Egypt, with a broken wing, and which wing had been amputated by the surgeon. It so happened, that while it was on board of ship, the other wing was broken also, and it had to undergo the same operation. Severe as this operation was, however, the bird recovered, but always appeared alarmed when the surgeon came near him, though perfectly familiar and at ease with the rest of his fellow-passengers, both these of the regi-

ment and the ship's company,—taking fish and other food, with great familiarity, out of their hands. One day, however, he appeared very uneasy, and certainly ill; so much so, that all thought he was dying; when, with the fine point at the end of his huge bill, he opened a vein under the stump of one of his wings, and thus let himself bleed. After this, he soon recovered, and was brought to Scotland by the officer to whom he belonged. This singular bird was well known to many gentlemen and ladies in Edinburgh and the neighbourhood, having attached itself to the lady of the house, and particularly the cook, both of whom it would follow like a dog. But, it was observed, it was particularly afraid of going into the water, aware, probably, that by the loss of its wings, it had lost its balance, which is so necessary to birds, both on the water and on the wing.

Customs of Various Countries.

CUSTOMS OF CHRISTMAS EVE.—A correspondent to the "Gent's Mag.," says, that when he was a schoolboy, it was a practice on Christmas Eve to roast apples on a string till they dropt into a large bowl of spiced ale, which is the whole composition of "lamb's wool," a beverage mentioned in Coffey's old farce of the "Devil to Pay." Jobson the cobbler, desiring his wife Nell, on going to regale with Sir John Loverule's servants, to lay out his bounty (sixpence) in the purchase of lamb's wool. Brand thinks that this once popular beverage obtained its name from the softness of the composition, and he quotes from Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* :

"Sometimes tuck I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab—
And when she drinks against her lip I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale."

It was formerly a custom on Christmas Eve to *wassail*, or wish health to the apple tree. Herrick enjoins to—

"Wassail the trees, that they may bear
You many a plum, and many a pear:
For more or less fruits they will bring,
As you do give them wassailing."

In 1790, it was related to Mr. Brand, by Sir Thomas Acland at Werington, that in his neighbourhood on Christmas Eve, that it was then customary for the country people to sing a *wassail* or drinking song, and throw the toast from the *wassail*-bowl to the apple trees, in order to have a fruitful year.

"Pray remember," says a Cambridge correspondent, "that it is a Christmas custom to send and receive presents and congratulations from one friend to another; and, could the number of *baskets* that enter London at this time be ascertained, it would be astonishing; exclusive of those for sale, the number and weight of turkeys only would surpass belief. From an historical account of Norwich, it appears, that between Saturday morning and the night of Sunday, December 22, 1793, one thousand and seven hundred turkeys, weighing nine tons, two cwt., two lbs. value £680, were sent from Norwich to London, and two days after, half as many more.

Stevenson, in his *Twelve Months*, printed in 1661, says, "Now capons and hens, besides turkeys, geese, ducks, with beef and mutton, must all die; for in twelve days a multitude of people will not be fed with a little. Now plums and spice, sugar and honey, square it among pies and broth. Now a journeyman cares not a rush for his master, though he begs his plum porridge all the twelve days. Now or never must the music be in tune, for the youth must dance and sing to get them a heat, while the aged sit by the fire. The country maid leaves half her market, and must be sent again if she forgets a pack of cards on Christmas Eve. Great is the contention of holly and ivy, whether the master or dame wears the breeches; and if the cook do not lack wit, he will surely lick his fingers." J.

Anecdotiana.

FRA DIAVOLO.—The taking of Capua and the destruction of its garrison, was the work of this extraordinary character. A young monk of enterprize and intelligence, who, on account of some irregularities, had been unfrocked and imprisoned. When the French entered Naples, the prisons were thrown open, and the Fra Diavolo (this little devil of a monk) obtained his liberty. This he employed, first, in attacking French stragglers on the highways, and stripping them of their ill-gotten booty. Being joined by associates as daring as himself, he ventured on higher enterprizes. His success, like that of Romulus, swelled his little band. At length he entered into correspondence with Cardinal Ruffo, frankly confessed his former offences, and displayed the merits by which he had redeemed them. He was gratified with a full pardon, and invested with a legal command,—

in the exercise of which he made himself master of Capua. J.

USE OF LAWYERS.—When Frederick of Prussia proclaimed his new code of laws, it rendered lawyers unnecessary, and a very large body of them signed a petition to his majesty, praying his relief, and asking what they were to do? Under those circumstances, the king wrote this laconic answer:—"Such as are tall enough may enlist for grenadiers, and the shortest will do for drummers or fifers."

WAITING FOR A GENERAL RESURRECTION.—Mr. J. B. of St. John's College, Cambridge, was a man of such remarkable serenity and evenness of temper, that nothing was ever known to discompose him. One evening, having sat up later than usual at a friend's room in Jesus College, and being pretty far gone in liquor, he was very much pressed to take the porter and a lantern with him, which, however, he could by no means be persuaded to do. In order to go from one college to the other, there is a necessity of passing through a church-yard. When Mr. B. arrived there, the claret growing too potent for him, he fell down upon his back between two gravestones. He made several efforts to recover himself, and when he found them to no manner of purpose, he folded his arms with great calmness, and was heard to say—" 'Tis mighty well, I suppose I shall rise with the rest of them." ALPHA.

DEAN SWIFT, being asked by a perdue relation to expound the Latin phrase *ad libitum*, replied, "What? don't you know, any fool knows that." A short time afterwards, the same friend had occasion to trouble Swift to elucidate another very difficult question, when, ruminating a few minutes, declared his incompetency to the agitation of it; this answer gave the inquirer an admirable opportunity to return the compliment—"What! don't you know, any fool knows that." "Yes, yes," hastily replied Swift, "I confess what you assert is true—but I am not a fool." ASHBURY.

A REASON FOR DRINKING.—Mainard, an old French poet, who has been justly styled "the witty," and to whom our language is indebted for some of its choicest epigrams, gives us the following reason for indulging in the pleasures of the bowl:—

Death dogs us, and, when once his laws
Have lock'd us in his pond'rous jaws,
When in the grave we're bur'd
Adieu good wine, and feasting free,
For all my prescience ne'er could see
Snug Iens in t'other world. J.J.

Diary and Chronology.

Monday, Dec. 19.

St. Nemesis, Mar. A. D. 250.

Full Moon, 10m after 5 Morn.

The Opalia, a festival in honour of the goddess Ops, was celebrated to-day by the Romans. Ops was a daughter of Cœlus and Terra, the same as the Rhea of the Greeks. She married Saturn, and became mother of Jupiter. She was known amongst the ancients by the different names of Eytela, Bona Dea, Magna Mater, Thya, Tellus, Proserpina, and even of Juno and Minerva; and the worship which was paid to these apparently several deities, was offered merely to one and the same person, considered as the mother of the gods. The word Ops seems to be derived from Opus, because the goddess, who is the same as the earth, gives nothing without labour. Tatius built her temple at Rome. She was generally represented as a matron, with her right hand opened, as if offering assistance to the helpless, and holding a loaf in her left hand.

Tuesday, Dec. 20.

St. Philogonos, b. of Antioch, A. D. 322.

High Water 23m after 2 Morn—48m after 2 After.

Dec. 20, 1562.—The Protestant army, under the Prince de Conde, defeated at Dreux. In 1562, the first religious war occurred between the Catholics and Protestants in France. The latter, having in vain demanded justice for a dreadful massacre of Protestants at Vassy, took arms, and placed the Prince of Conde at their head. They proceeded to Orleans, and made themselves masters of the most considerable cities in the kingdom. The German Protestants sent them a reinforcement, and they marched to the environs of Paris with an intention to attack it. The Duke of Guise repulsed them, and they retreated to the frontiers of Normandy. Pursued by Guise and the Constable Montmorency, their army was again beaten at Dreux. The Prince of Conde was taken prisoner. Montmorency also was taken by the Protestants. Both generals were exchanged soon after they were taken.

Wednesday, Dec. 21.

St. Thomas, Apostle.

Sun rises 8m after 8—Sets 52m after 3.

The Angeronalia, a Roman festival, in honour of Angerona, the Goddess of Silence and Cheerfulness, was celebrated to-day. She was so called because she was supposed to cure the disorders of the throat; for the ancient, like the modern Romans had particular tutelary angels who took care of particular parts of the body. This day appears also to have been sacred to Hercules and Ceres.

Thursday, Dec. 22.

St. Ischyrim, Martyr, A. D. 253.

High Water, 1m after 4 Morn—35m after 4 After.

Christmas Carols.—One of the amusements of the festive season of Christmas is that of singing Carols.—This species of pious song is undoubtedly of most ancient origin. According to Bishop Taylor, the earliest Christmas Carol is the *Gloria in Excelsis*, sung by the angels to the shepherds at our Lord's Nativity. Durand states, that in the early ages of the Church, it was customary for the bishops to sing Carols among their clergy. The word *Carol*, by some writers, is said to be derived from *cambare*, to sing, and *rola*, an interjection of joy.

Friday, Dec. 23

St. Victoria, Vir. and Mar. A. D. 250.

Sun rises 8m after 8—sets 52m after 3.

We cannot resist giving the subjoined lines a place here; they are so sweet, so illustrative of the period.

WINTER.

There's not a flower upon the hill.

There's not a leaf upon the tree;
The summer-bird hath left its bough,
Bright child of sunshine, singing now,
In spicy lands beyond the sea.

There's silence in the harvest-field;
And blackness in the mountain-glen,
And cloud that will not pass away
From the hill-tops for many a day;
And stillness round the homes of men.

Saturday, Dec. 24.

Christmas Eve.

High Water 37m after 5 Morn—4m after 6 After.

Now the bellman plies his profitable task, urging his "masters and mistresses" to the practice of every virtue under heaven, and in his own mind prospectively including them all in the pious act of adding an extra sixpence to his accustomed stipend.

Clare thus describes the approach and welcome of Christmas:—

Glad Christmas comes, and every hearth
Makes room to give him welcome now,
E'en want will dry its tears in mirth,
And crown him with a holly bough;
Though trampling 'neath a winter sky,
O'er snowy paths and miry stiles,
The housewife sets her spinning by,
To bid him welcome with her smiles.

Each house is swept the day before,
And windows stuck with ever-greens;
The snow is besom'd from the door,
And comfort crowns the cottage scenes.
Gilt holly, with its thorny pricks,
And yew and box, with berries small,
These deck the unused candlesticks,
And pictures hanging by the walls.

Sunday, Dec. 25.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Lessons for the Day:—9 chap. Isaiah to v. 8 Morn.

Isaiah 7 chap. v. 10 to 17, Evening.

On this day the birth of our Saviour is celebrated throughout the Christian world. It is called Christmas Day, from "Christi Missa," the Mass of Christ.

CHRISTMAS.

BY MISS SNOWDEN.

Without, the wind is bleak and keen,
Wallowing above the snowing scene;
Stern Winter, on his icy throne,
His sceptre wields with with'ring frown,
And makes the drear and dismal world his own.
Within, the hearth is blazing bright,
And tapers shed their genial light
On lips below'd, whose sunny smile
May well with cheering pow'r awhile
Our fancy from the freezing waste beguile.
When Youth shall bid our forms farewell,
Oh, may she with our feelings dwell!
May genuine Friendship then bestow
As clear a flame, as glad as now,
Kindling within our hearts her warmest glow?

Subject of the vignette.

THE BATTLE OF BYLAND ABBEY.

For the Olio.

'Oh! monk, there is no mercy for thy soul:
Almighty God, revenge my death on thee!'

A FEW drowsy stars were winking wearily in the azure sky which canopied the exquisite valley, forming an angle between the two potent monasteries of Rievaulx and Byland, when Father Fitz-ness stole softly from his cell in the first-named abbey, with a fixed determination to join the poor, worn-out remnant of the English army, under the command of Edward II., at that time encamped on Byland Moor; the king and his nobles being entertained by the goodly Abbot of Byland.

Gerald Fitz-ness had originally been a soldier; but a hapless quarrel with a boisterous comrade, which ended in the death of the latter by the hand of Fitz-ness, had driven him to seek that consolation in the retirement and austerities of a monastical life, which was denied him in the bustle of the army. But it was in vain that he strove to bend himself to the rigorous discipline of the "holy church;" his secret hours of allotted penance were generally passed in painting some by-gone battle, and its events, in which, perhaps, he had narrowly escaped with life; or in which he had honourably distinguished himself. The knowledge of the arrival of the exhausted English army, in their flight from Berwick, finally determined him to abandon the cowl, and join the harassed remnant of the king's troops, as the Scots were fully expected to be up with them on the morrow; when Edward, finding his troops somewhat refreshed and invigorated, determined to make stand and give battle.

Leaving the abbey of Rievaulx for about two miles behind him, Fitz-ness found his way to lie through desolate and briary woods, at which his conquerless spirit was in nowise alarmed. His intention was to reach the hamlet of Coxwold, where resided a bow-maker of his kindly acquaintance, named William de Rymer, at whose establishment he knew he should be furnished with all the necessary habiliments. On arriving at the angle of the elevated moor of Byland, he could faintly distinguish the camps of the English, a sight which caused the brave and ardent soldier to dash away a tear prompted by the feel-

ings of joy which he at that moment experienced.

Arrived at the hamlet of Coxwold, he aroused De Rymer, and in few words told him his errand, which was to exchange his monastic garb for a soldier's habiliments, with which his quondam friend furnished him, providing him also with a bow of the toughest yew.—The rest of his necessaries he knew he should have supplied on joining the head-quarters of the troops. De Rymer was also engaged in the same enterprise, having been pressed to join the army on the morrow also. Fitz-ness took from his bosom his beads and crucifix, and handed them to De Rymer, remarking, that should they be separated in the fight, that would be a token, when they met again, of peace and good-will. Fitz-ness added a small bag of gold to the bequest; and, these preliminaries settled, they set forwards to join the English forces on Byland Moor.

The English had not long to wait for the advance of the Scotch army; for, ere day-light had shown itself in the east, they were apprized of the coming of their northern foe by the dismal yells and shouts which usually distinguished their near approach to the enemy. They slowly formed themselves into rank and square in the sloping woods commanding a like eminence to Byland Moor. The rear-guard of the English encircled the monastery of Byland; and a small body of reserve lined the road leading to the declivity which gave access to Byland Moor.

At broad day-light, the English commenced the affray by a sharp volley of arrows discharged immediately in the face of the Scots. They were not dilatory in returning it, and the battle set in with commensurate fury on both sides. In vain did the Scots attempt to gain the Moor, but were utterly ignorant of the key which would have afforded them that advantage. The fight raged sorely, and ere high noon, both armies were disjointed and scattered.—Clouds of dust filled the air, and obscured the light of the red and glaring sun. Edward now led on his last line of reserve, and made terrible slaughter amongst his disordered and savage opponents. Several groups of them had already begun to retreat, and fortune seemed inclined to favour the king in this sanguinary struggle.

Day-light was waning apace, and it appeared as though the scene of conflict was occupied only by skir-

mishing parties, when Gerald Fitz-ness, who had been separated from De Rymer from nearly the commencement of the fight, was loitering wearily by a declivity covered with brushwood, overtopped by trees of larger growth. Suddenly he perceived a horseman, wrapped in the tartan plaid, riding hastily towards him. On the instant he drew from his quiver a cloth-yard arrow, and let it ride full in the teeth of his supposed enemy, the arrow protruding at the nape of the neck. The dying horseman, with expiring energy, tore open his vestment, and drawing thence a crucifix with beads, threw them towards Fitz-ness. The accusing token caught the twig of a tree, and hung dangling in the air.

"God pardon me!" cried the wretched man: "what have I done!—murdered my friend!"

He reeled towards the tree at the foot of which lay the corpse, and hung over it in stupor for some time; until, at last he threw himself to the earth, and rolling in the dust, uttered the most piteous cries. De Rymer had been taken prisoner by the Scots, and to mortify the English yeoman, they obliged him to change his military garb. Fitz-ness, recovering from his despair, perceived that night had unawares stolen upon his grief. He took possession of the steed which De Rymer rode, and mounting him set off in the direction of Thirkleby, careless where might be his destination. The field of carnage was silent as the grave; and the bare handful of the English troops were being refreshed at the Abbey. Fitz-ness rode heedlessly on, giving his jaded steed the choice of his pace, whilst he folded his arms, threw himself into a safe posture, and fell into a slumber. Nearly three hours had elapsed, and it was quickly verging towards midnight, when Gerald was suddenly aroused by some noises which were familiar to his ear.

Withdrawing into a dark clump of firs on the side opposite to that from which the alarm proceeded, he was able to reconnoitre. At intervals, in the opposite woods, the barbarian Scots were slaying oxen, driven off the adjoining lands, the joints of which they boiled in caldrons made of the skins of the beasts, sewed together. The wily retreat which was made so unexpectedly by a great portion of the Scots, was now accounted for. They were vigorously preparing for a surprise of the King, whilst he was being splendidly entertained by the Abbot of Byland,

his Majesty's own plate, with his gold cups, being set forth to grace the festival. Gerald perceived that he must make all speed, or the life of Edward was forfeit. He set forwards with all the expedition he could command; and yet at intervals he could hear the advance of the Scots. Three hours' riding brought him in sight of the lit-up monastery; and after some considerable time, he found himself before its gates. Without ceremony he crossed the grand square of the cloisters, and unceremoniously knocking at the door of the refectory, it was opened to him, when he loudly cried—

"Rescue, my liege!—the Scots be upon you!"

The cry was now echoed from every quarter of the splendid refectory; and the King, rising in amazement, called out—

"My plate and valuables!—at least they can be saved. Nay, they must, though I perish for them!"

"Rescue, my liege!" resounded both from without and within. "We will protect your wealth, 'till fate wills our fall."

His Majesty's horse, richly caparisoned, was already in waiting; and, perceiving no alternative, after casting a regretful look on his doomed and glittering treasures, he mounted, and rode in full gallop towards Pocklington, from whence he subsequently arrived at York.

The Scots were within a mile and a half of the devoted monastery. The King's plate and gold were removed to a safe part of the Abbey (but which the prying Scots nevertheless discovered). Gerald Fitz-ness, in this terrible interval of suspense, cast himself at the feet of the Abbot, and exclaimed—

"Absolve me, merciful father! yesterday I mistakenly shed the blood of my friend in battle."

"Rise, my son," replied he, "thou art forgiven. The Virgin and the Holy Church account the life of our sovereign liege worthy ten of his subjects, and thou to-night hast saved the King's life."

Gerald rose, once more disburdened of his sorrows. This solemn ceremony was scarcely accomplished, when the dismal shouts of the Caledonians were heard at the gates. A veil may be thrown over the dread catastrophe. They plundered, massacred, and fired, as though they had been fiends. Byland Abbey despoiled, they discovered Rievaulx; and thus these noble edifices

were involved in like ruin—years of monastic poverty being the expressive record of **THE BATTLE OF BYLAND ABBEY.**

G. Y. H—N.

MANSIONS.

By Horace Gutford.

And what are houses but the dens we build
To act our naughty crimes in? To commit
Those stately sins that, acted in the street,
The brawling street, would make the very
stones
Start up in wrath?

I never see the powers
Reared above aged forests to high Heaven
With Titan insolence, but I depict
The deeds of Satan, that its column'd womb
Hath nurtured and brought forth—nor doth
the sun
Glimmer in red pomp on its ruddy lattices
But 'tis a blush to look into its stain'd
Apartments thro' those blazoned casements.

If there be halls where revelry hath rung
To the chimed goblet, or the roaring fire,
Even in that place of dials, have wicked words
And thoughts all wildly borne kept time to
them.

If there be chambers where the tapestry tells
In gorgeous toil and glorious coloured web,
Traditions and dread tragedies—reflect
That they have witness'd deeds—th' atrocity
Of which, transcending all their painted tales
In sovereign horror made their dies turn pale
And their huge draperies tremble.

Yonder cot
Of twelve feet square is better, for it has
Less space for guilt.

Guilt may be there 'tis true—
At all events it is not proud; it sits not
Sceptred and crown mantled—no bent knees
Hail it their baal—no false lips applause
Belle the bosom's loathing—if 'tis there
'Tis with its brand its honest naked horror,

PARTING WITH THE YEAR!

For the Olio.

Divine oblivion to thy gentle shade,
The sun has lit thee out of Time, to fade.

FAREWELL thou dying Year! Like the hours of a dying criminal thy end is drawing near. The clock will strike twelve and thou wilt be lapsed into the oblivion of Eternity. As thou art the medium, through whose favours mortals living, and expiring mortals, derive the means of time—it is natural we should feel sensitive at parting; and desirable we should form a group round thy last moments to watch thee out of the calendar with due feeling, and consecrate thy memory with partial evocation. How many thousands have murdered thee as thou hast passed from thy zenith cradle, begemmed in the first, young, early, dawning of a midnight January with the stactallites of frost, and how many have abused thee to their morti-

fication and loss! Thou hast proved a friend to those who sought thy friendship. The varieties of thy youthful spring stature. The riper delicacies of thy summer beauty. The fruitful gratuities of thy autumnal blessings. The mild and bleak conformities of thy Winter age; and the aid of Heaven's starlight, moonlight, and sunshine, have rendered thee, like the centuries of years which have preceded thee, a monumental shrine worthy of the benevolence of providential protection; and to thee may we pay our devotion in hope that the same Giver of all good, will sustain us to behold thy infant successor—in health, peace, and thankfulness. To those who are yet the verbal witnesses of the opportunities derived by thee—hours of recreation—hours of business—hours of duty—hours of useful affliction—hours of improved character in the beauty of thought and the progressive, though studious, habit of acquiring knowledge. Thou art endeared as a beloved and fond parent—and hast been as a faithful twelve months' companion—in silence or bustle—sun or shade—light or darkness. The wind, thy voice and the waters our tears, will bear thee out of Time. Many have been cut off like blighted flowers in thy coursing March. Many have entered thy April career and are gone before thee as heralds of account. Many a May-like maiden-
bride in loveliness and ease, and many a sanguine youth have sickened in consumption and fallen like shadows in July to the vernal earth. Thou canst boast over the ten thousand little turfs which have been raised upon the bright coffins and altars of affection, yet thy self will be but only *one year* added to thy predecessor, 1830. But what volumes have been told of the doings in thy brief life! What scrolls are not discovered—what secrets are unravelled—and how vast a mass wilt thou bear off from the beings of the animal, vegetable and mineral worlds, which no future years will decipher either to the curious or the learned. Think not, at this crisis of thy gradual decay, we urge 'confessions,' for thou art unerring and guiltless. It is wisely ordered that in the retrospect of Thee, silence should give consent. We therefore cast our tributes at thy feet. The peaceful smile, like the last gleam of a golden sunset, begets our hope, that our future years will be spent in meritorious service, as thine has been. The curtains of the sky are gathering round thee. The

wailing north wind anticipates thy exit. The funeral gloom of Nature is suspended round the horizon. Sorrow is settling in sad bosoms. Sympathy is journeying on thy way. The fiat is at hand, the mandate has gone forth. Hark! the last tone is reverberating in the tower. Farewell! The peal is announcing thy young victor's entrance. May we receive her with joy, and may we use her well. J.R.P.

THE NEGLECTED PLEASANCE.
BY HORACE GUILFORD.

'Tis spring—yet hollow gusts the ivy shake,
And fern and moss still wreath the golden
snake;

'Tis noon—yet ghastly low'rs the sombre sky,
Thrill'd by the pine thro' d' raven's lonely cry.

Where the green bath its mournful ruin shews
And groves unhonoured gloomy depths dis-
close,

And pillar'd trees, with ivy bow'd, bemoan
Th' usurping verdure that forbids their own
Time was, when Spring, in glist'ning wreath
array'd,

Led the coy moon-gales up the checquer'd
glade,

With genial radiance gilt the azure air,
Robed with rich colours the superb parterre
Reposed in sunfame o'er the umber'd food,
Laved the smooth lawn, and starred the leafy
wood.

Oh! doomed to ruin ere with lenient sway
Reluctant time consigned thee to decay,
Pavilion of cool waters—now I mourn
Thy pleasant chamber choked with wither'd
thorn.

Once thy loved diadem, thy nightmare now,
Huge ivy darkens o'er thy burthen'd brow,
Pale and indignant 'neath the spectral train
Of old trees strangled in its giant chain,
Sunk mid the wreck of her dishonour'd shrine,
Dishevel'd, bare, behold thy nymph recline,
Her broken well with sullen moss grown o'er,
Wooes the blue wave to bead its brim no more;
Her vestibule, where balmy breezes came,
And the green lattice soothed the noon-tide
flame.

Unbarner'd tempests rush remorseless there,
And suns untamed inflict a scathing glare,
While the broad cistern where the lively ray
Lov'd o'er the wave thro' dancing boughs to
play.

Well'ring with leaves a melancholy flood,
Heaves its unsparkling face beneath a dying
wood.

The Gate Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

SICKNESS is the mother of modesty, she putteth us in mind of our mortality; and when we are in full career of worldly pomp and jollity, she pulleth us up by the ear, and maketh us know ourselves. Pliny calls it the sum of philosophy, if we could but perform that in our health which we promise in our sickness.

THE BUTTER TREE.—Mr. Park gives a curious and interesting account in his travels, of a tree from which butter of a most excellent kind is obtained. It is called the Shea-tree, and is found near Kaaba, on the banks of the Niger. "These trees," says Mr. Park, "grow in great abundance all over this part of Bambarra. They are not planted by the natives, but are found growing naturally in the wood; and in clearing wood-land for cultivation, every tree is cut down but the Shea. The tree itself very much resembles the American oak, and the fruit from the kernel of which, being first dried in the sun, the butter is prepared by boiling the kernel in water, has somewhat the appearance of a Spanish olive. The kernel is enveloped in a sweet pulp, under a thin green rind, and the butter produced from it, besides the advantage of its keeping the whole year without salt, is whiter, firmer, and to my palate, of a richer flavour, than the best butter I ever tasted made from cow's milk. The growth and preparation of this commodity seems to be among the first objects of African industry in this and the neighbouring states, and it constitutes a main article of their inland commerce.

PRIZE OF WIVES.—There are many modern poets who would look upon themselves to be highly reproached for having prodigally spent their praises, if they should be told that they had praised their very wives. The most gallant poets among the ancients did not pretend to so false and absurd a nicety. Ovid praises his wife exceedingly; Martial would have posterity to know that his wife spoke well, and that she kept him from being sorry that he had left home.

"At my long absence from the town
"You bid me less afflicted be,
"Since I am not ashamed to own
"That you alone are Rome to me."

I shall omit Statius who hath also praised his wife.

PRACTICE OF PROFESSIONAL MEN—Erythæus quotes a proverb, importing that there are three sorts of men, who make almost no use of the laws they prescribe to others. Nobody swerves more from law in practice than a lawyer; nobody observes the regimen of health less than a physician; nobody fears the remorse of conscience less than a divine. He does not relate the thing as jesters do. They say that the lawyers who advise the others so much to go to law, seldom go to law themselves; that physicians who pre-

scribe so much physic to their patients, take but little themselves; and the divines who set down so many articles of faith for others, believe but few themselves.

THE REAL QUANTITY OF SLEEP NECESSARY.—"Healthy men," says the Rev. John Wesley in one of his works, require little above six hours sleep, healthy women a little above seven in four and twenty. If any one desires to know exactly what quantity of sleep his own constitution requires, he may very easily make the experiment, which I made about sixty years ago. I then waked every night about twelve or one, and lay awake for some time. I readily concluded that this arose from my being longer in bed than nature required. To be satisfied, I procured an alarum, which waked me the next morning at seven, (near an hour earlier than I rose the day before), yet I lay awake again at night. The second morning I rose at six, but notwithstanding this I lay awake the second night. The third morning I rose at five, but nevertheless I lay awake the third night. The fourth morning I rose at four, as by the grace of God, I have done ever since; and I lay awake no more. And I do not now lie awake, taking the year round a quarter of an hour together in a month. By the same experiment, rising earlier and earlier every morning, may one find how much sleep he really wants.

ORIGIN OF BACKGAMMON BOARDS.—We frequently find backgammon boards with backs lettered, as if they were two folio volumes. The origin of it was this: Eudes, Bishop of Sully, forbade the clergy to play at chess. As they were resolved not to obey the commandment, and yet dared not to have a chess board seen in their houses or cloisters, they had them bound and lettered as books, and played at night, before they went to bed, instead of reading the New Testament, or the Lives of the Saints; and the monks called the draft or chess board their wooden gospels. They also had drinking vessels bound to resemble the breviary, and were found drinking when it was supposed they were at prayers.

Anecdotes.

BENT OF GENIUS.—Histon, Wilkinson, and Reeve, commenced as tragedians—so did Oxberry and J. Russell. The late Mr. Knight played fops and fine gentlemen; Munden acted Macbeth at Shrewsbury; W. Farren lately

starred in Shylock, and Matthews acted Othello at Liverpool. To this may be added, that Grimaldi played Richard the Third several times, and that Kean has "gone on" at different periods, for Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Clown.

NEW FEAT IN CONJURING.—In an announcement of performances is the following:—"He will then drive eight twopenny nails into the small of any gentleman's back; place the individual in a *loadstone* chair, draw out every nail, and the gentleman shall feel no pain."

GENEALOGY.—A gentleman of great research and literary acquirements, is now engaged in translating an old manuscript in the Welch language, to prove that Adam was a *Welchman*, and that Wales was the ancient Paradise.

EXTRAORDINARY WIFE.—In Streatam church is the following singular inscription:—"Elizabeth, wife of Major-Gen. Hamilton, who was married forty-seven years, and never did one thing to disoblige her husband."

The following singular announcement appeared a short time since in a shop-window at Chester.

Sold here
Bibles and Bacos,
Godly Books, and Gimlets,
Testaments, and Treacle.

Above a cobbler's stall in the village of Stenton, North Wales, lately appeared the following advertisement: "Pryce Dyas, coblar, daler in bacon, shag and pigtale, bacon and gengerbread eggs laid every morning by me, and very good paradis; in the summer gentleman lady can have tae and crumpets, and strawberry, with a skim milk, because I can't get no cream. N. B.—Shiuse and boots men led very well.

FEELING THE VALUE OF A WIG.—The celebrated David is well known to have had a violent antipathy to modern costume, a taste that more than once caused him to sacrifice historical truth to pictorial effect. In his coronation of Napoleon, he introduced Cardinal Caprara bald headed. His eminence, displeased at this licence of the painter, remonstrated with him, but to no purpose, for the artist vowed, he would never condescend to paint so unclassical an object as a wig. The unwigged Cardinal then made application to Talleyrand, to interpose his authority, but this also had no effect.—David was inexorable, and poor Caprara was obliged to endure the mortification of being handed down to posterity, as a wigless member of the sacred college.

Diary and Chronology

Monday, Dec. 26.

St. Stephen, Mar. A.D. 269.

Moon's last Quarter, 10m 04 Morning.

St. Stephen's Day.—Among the many superstitious practices which popular ignorance, aided by fanaticism, assigned to this day, may be reckoned the absurd custom of sweating and bleeding horses, by galloping them violently and leaping them over fences, and afterwards by venesection. We find this custom noticed by Naogeorgius, in his *Rognitum Papiasticum*, and paraphrased by Barnaby Googe.

Then followeth St. Stephen's Day, whereon doth every man
His horses jaunt and course abroad as swiftly as
he can,
Until they doe extremely sweate, and then they
let them blood,
For, this being done upon this day, they say doth
do them good,
And keeps them from all maladies and sickness
through the yeare,
As if that Stephen any time took charge of horses
here.

The practice was professedly followed in order to prevent their having any disorders for the ensuing year.

Tuesday, Dec. 27.

St. John the Evangelist.

Sun rises 7m after 8—Sets 53m after 3.

¶ Dec. 27, 1829.—Expired the Rev. John M. Mason, D.D. of New York, long one of the Presbyterian clergymen of that city, and afterwards Theological Professor of the College of Princeton; author of "Plea for more frequent Communion," &c. and other literary works. Dr. Mason filled a high place in American society. He was profoundly and accurately learned, especially in what regarded his professional pursuits, and possessed a strong, masculine, but refined and cultivated understanding, with a manly, forcible eloquence. Few men of any country have produced an equally powerful impression, either in pulpit discourses, or in orations delivered on public occasions. But his high and deserved celebrity was not confined to America. Having been educated in Edinburgh, he had occasion twice in after life to visit Britain and the Continent of Europe, and had the honour to number among his friends and correspondents many of the most distinguished divines and philanthropists in Scotland and England.

Wednesday, Dec. 28.

The Holy Innocents.

High Water 23m after 9 Morn—57m after 9 After

At this dreary season, while travelling along the road or skirting the woody suburbs of our country villages, we are often cheered by the blaze of the

gipsy's fire, and her vagrant and half-naked family around it. Rogers, in his "Pleasures of Memory," has thus described the gipsy:

Down by yon hazel copse at evening blazed
The gipsy's fagot. There we stood and gazed;
Gaz'd on her sunburnt face with silent awe,
Her tattered mantle, and her hood of straw;
Her moving lips, her cauldron brimming o'er,
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
Imps in the barn with mousing owl bred,
From rifted roost at nightly level fed,
Whose dark eyes flashed thro' locks of blackest
shade,
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed;
And heroes fed the sybil's muttered call;
Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And traced the line of life with searching view,
How throbb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and
fears,
To learn the colour of my future years.

Thursday, Dec. 29.

*St. Thomas a Becket, Bishop of Canterbury, mar.
A.D. 1170.*

Sun rises 6m after 8—sets 54m after 3.

About this time, in Wiltshire, used to be sung the old celebrated song of the Scolding Old Woman of Salisbury Plain.

Friday, Dec. 30.

St. Sabinus, B. of Assisium, A.D. 304.

High Water 35m after 11 Morn—Omn 12h After.

That sweet poet, Grahame, thus beautifully describes Winter in the country:—

All out-door work
Now stands; the waggoner, with wisp-wound
feet,
And wheel-spokes almost filled, his destined stage
Scarcely can gain. O'er hill, and vale, and wood,
Sweeps the snow-pinioned blast, and all things
veils
In white array, disguising to the view
Objects well-known, now faintly recognised.
One colour clothes the mountain and the plain,
Save where the feathery flakes melt as they fall
Upon the deep blue stream, or scowling lake,
Or where some beetling rock o'er-jutting hangs
Above the vaulty precipice's cove.

Saturday, Dec. 31.

St. Melania the Younger, A.D. 439.

Once more our planet has completed 'one of those journeys in the heavens which perfect all the fruitful changes of its peopled surface, and and mete out the few stages of our existence, and every day, every hour of that progress has, in all her wide lands, in all her million hearts, left traces that eternity shall behold.

INDEX

TO

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

- ANECDOTIANA, 14, 15, 31, 46, 62, 63, 78, 79, 95, 111, 127, 143, 144, 159, 175, 191, 207, 223, 239, 255, 271, 303, 319.
CREAM OF THE ANNUALS, 273, 337, 361.
CUSTOMS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES, 14, 62, 95, 126, 142, 157, 174, 175, 190, 206, 207, 221, 255, 302, 318, 334, 366, 382.
DIARY AND CHRONOLOGY, 16, 32, 48, 64, 80, 96, 112, 128, 144, 160, 176, 192, 208, 224, 240, 256, 272, 304, 320, 336, 368, 384, 400, 406.
FINE ARTS, 109, 235, 251, 253, 270.
FOREIGN SPORTS AND PASTIMES, 300, 335.
HISTORIC FRAGMENTA, 215, 236, 317, 333.
ILLUSTRATIONS OF HISTORY, 9, 29, 44, 57, 76, 89, 107, 125, 189, 155, 171, 189, 316, 332, 379.
LONDONIANA, 29, 45.
NEW MUSIC, 11, 57, 91, 220.
NATURALIST, THE, 9, 29, 58, 77, 90, 109, 139, 204.
NOTE BOOK, THE, 11, 12, 13, 30, 46, 61, 78, 92, 93, 94, 109, 110, 126, 140, 141, 142, 156, 157, 172, 173, 174, 189, 190, 205, 206, 221, 237, 238, 239, 254, 271, 301, 302, 317, 318, 333, 334, 367, 380, 381, 382, 404.
NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS, 27, 90, 155, 219, 301, 331, 367, 379.
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED POETRY, 5, 6, 21, 23, 35, 41, 52, 53, 56, 68, 70, 71, 82, 84, 99, 101, 104, 117, 132, 133, 136, 138, 148, 149, 165, 167, 181, 184, 187, 197, 199, 201, 221, 229, 230, 233, 245, 247, 261, 295, 306, 308, 325, 328, 355, 372, 373, 378.
PHRASES, SINGULAR, 59, 60, 90.
ROMANCES AND HISTORIETTES, 1, 17, 24, 33, 49, 72, 74, 81, 97, 114, 129, 133, 145, 149, 153, 161, 177, 185, 193, 201, 209, 215, 225, 228, 241, 246, 263, 268, 280, 298, 305, 307, 309, 313, 321, 326, 329, 353, 356, 358, 369, 375, 384.
SCIENCE AND ART, 10, 11.
SNATCHES FROM OBLIVION, 80, 108, 125, 218.

ANECDOTIANA.

In every Number, under this head, will be found numerous original and selected anecdotes of eminent persons, epigrams, couplets, and singular epitaphs.

Animals, Anecdotes of, 213.

CREAM OF THE ANNUALS.

Prose Selections.

Bull and the Barber, The, 274
Chapter on Flowers, A, 351
Frosty Reception, The, 283
Giotto, 277
Horsemanship, Thoughts on, 350

Love in an Avalanche, 362
Milan and its Cathedral, 339
Pietro Cosimo's Superstitious Procession, 277
Polish Regalia, 286, 299
Russian Spy, The, 341
Spinster's Last Hope, The, 346
Visit to a Money Lender, The, 348
Woos of Praie, The, 278

CREAM OF THE ANNUALS.

Poetical Selections.

Fisherman, The, 361
Letter from an Oxford Student to his Mother, 345
Maggy O'Bucclough, 285

Old Age, its Companions, 282
 Song of the Minstrel Trauenlob, 345
 Verses, 282

Antwerp, Historical Account of, 65

FINE ARTS.

Burford's Panorama of Florence, 395
 Friendship's Offering, Illustrations to, 270
 Gem, The, ———, 253
 Landscape Annual, The, ———, 251
 London Bridge, New, Nash's Print of the Opening of, 109
 Winter's Wreath, 235

Beefsteak Eating, Origin of, 184
 Blacksmiths, Ancient and Modern, 269
 ——— Genius of, 298

Brevities, 187, 295, 330
 Butterfly Pursuers, 84
 Byron, Lord, Remarks on as a Dramatist, 21
 ——— Unpublished MSS. of, 213

Cast Iron Bridges, The Invention of, 262
 Chancery, the Court of, Business of, 89
 Cholera Morbus, The Cause of, considered, 261
 ———, Serviceable Precautions against, 266

CORONATION of King William IV. and Queen Adelaide, Lengthy Account of, 118

——— of Queens, On the, 100

CUSTOMS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

Africa, Gold Coast of, Customs of the Natives of the, 157

America, South, Singular Ornament worn among the Indians of, 157

Arab Custom, 207

Athenians, Custom observed in honour of the, 296

Bohemians, Religion of the, 366

Butchers, Custom observed by the, of the Hundred of Penwith, in Cornwall, 318

Castle Gaurd, Singular Tenure of, 382

Christmas Eve, Customs connected with, 398

Coronation Ceremonies, Ancient, 126

Customs and Sayings, Superstitious, 62

Ear-piercing, Ancient Ceremonies connected with, and the wearing of Earrings, 221

Eastern Customs, Curious ones, 142

Genoese Match-making, 95

Hindoos, Wedding Ceremonies of the, 142

Holly, Origin of decorating Churches with, at Christmas, 382

Jocular Custom at Godolphin, 318

Matrimony, Festival of, An Ancient Italian Ceremony, 302

Murderers, Abyssinian Mode of Punishing, 14

Nubians, Burial Ceremony of the, 175

Persians, Humiliating Customs observed by the, 190

Roman Custom, Ancient, 174

Sabbath, The Delight of the, 175

Sicilian Custom, Curious, 382

Superstitious Customs of the Scottish Highlanders, 355

Tiger Fighting in Java, 334

Tyrolese Dramatic Exhibitions, 255

Consumption of Staple Articles in England, 313

Cucumbers, 21

Diary and Chronology.

[In each Number.]

Ellistoniana, 54

English Novelists compared, 249

First Thoughts in Fields, 68, 86, 104

Foreign Sports and Pastimes.

Amusements of the Spaniards, 300

Geoffrey Hudson, Some Account of, 248

Globe Theatre, The Ancient Playhouse of, Bankside, 258

Historic Gleanings, illustrative of the modes and thinking of the Ancients, 152

HISTORIC FRAGMENTA.

Aurora Borealis, 317

Cannon, The first use of, 330

Drought in England, The great in 1593, 317

Flattery, 236

Fidelity of a Servant, in the Story of a Royal Jewel, 236

Law of Elections, The, 215

Inventions in the Arts and Manufactures, 391

Lithotomy, The Discovery of, 215

Oxford, A mad Arch-deacon of, 215

Paving in London, The first, 215

Prince, a Poor one Rebuked, 236

Sforza, Origin of the celebrated House of, 236

ILLUSTRATIONS OF HISTORY.

Almanacs, Origin of, 332

Amphitheatres of Rome, 379

Architecture, 171, 189

Battle, Trial by, 139

Bricks, The History and Antiquity of, 155

Bridges, History and Antiquity of, 44

Coronation Ceremonies, 29
 Crowns, A few words on, 57
 Duel, Trial by, 89
 Elephants, The Employment of by the
 Romans in their Triumphs, 76
 Hebrews, The Division of Time by the,
 205
 Marshal, Earl, Office and Duties of the,
 125
 Silk, History of, 107
 Stigand, Speech of, to William the Con-
 queror, 9
 Theatres of the Ancients, 316

Hodman, The, a Sketch, 85
 Hogarth, Remarks on the Genius of,
 52
 Hurricane at Barbadoes, Account of the
 dreadful, 218
 Jeweller of Worms, The, 169
 John Bull and Brother Jonathan, A Sa-
 tirical Dialogue, by the late Mr. Hus-
 kison, 8
 Johnson, Dr. Remarks on his Biogra-
 pher, 233
 Lamentations of an Anti-innovator, 197
 Laught r, anEssay, 231
 Lecture-room Dialogue, 267
 Living Musicians, Stories of, 101, 137
 London Bridge, New, Account of the
 Opening of, 35
 ——— Old, Anecdotes of the Inha-
 bitants of the Houses upon, 42

LONDONIANA.

Metropolis, The, in 1730, 29
 Queenhithe, Account of, 45
 Lord Burleigh's State, 57
 Lord Byron, Remarks on, as a Drama-
 tist, 21
 Loretto, Account of, 331
 Malherbe, Historical Anecdotes of, 299

NEW MUSIC.

Away, away to the Mountain's Brow,
 57
 Azor and Zemira, Airs, Duets, and
 Trios in, 91
 God Preserve the King, 220
 I looked on the Waters, Phillips' duett,
 91
 Like the Rosebud fair is Woman's
 Love, 11
 My Heart is Thine, 11
 Night's ling'ring Shades are Wasting,
 57
 Serious Songs, by Cruse, 220

THE NATURALIST.

Aloe, The, 29

Darter or Snake Bird, The, 9
 Death's Head Moth, The, 396
 Elephant, The, 68
 Mulberry Tree, The, 109
 Stork, The, 77
 Sucking Insects; Varieties of the Flea,
 139
 Serpents, Flying, of the East, 204
 Woodpecker, Ivory-billed, Anecdotes of
 the, 90
 Night at Croydon, A, 165

THE NOTE BOOK.

Advice to Parents, 141
 Alderman, Remarks on the term, 205
 Air-gun, Invention of the, 367
 Aix-la-Chapelle, Some Account of, 92
 Almoner, The ancient Office of, 141
 Alms-box, The, 141
 Almshouses, 141
 Amulets, The Wearing of, 205
 Anointing of Kings, On the, 156
 Arab Shrewdness, 126
 Arks, 221
 Ash Tree, Superstitions relating to the,
 157, 173, 220
 Aspen Leaf, On the Trembling of the,
 190
 Assassin, Origin of the word, 174
 Athenian Extravagance, 239
 ——— Stones of Inquiry and Impu-
 dence, 110
 Ban-dogs, 334
 Bankrupt, Origin of the word, 333
 Belgians, Costume of the, 92
 Bisextile or Leap-year explained, 333
 Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, 61
 Boats and Boatmen of Malta, The, 238
 Borne's Works, Gleanings from, 13
 Breches, 381
 Brussels, Some Account of, 78
 Calligraphy, Invention of, 141
 Cannon, The Founding and Boring of,
 331
 Catholic Religion, Re-establishment of
 the, under Buonaparte, 237
 Cauldron, The Witches', 382
 Cæsar, Anecdote of, 61
 Census, 380
 Ceremony, 174
 Chapel Trustees, The Respectability of,
 46
 Champion of England, The, 30
 Cheese, First Making of, 380
 Childwite, Penalty of, 142
 Cholera Morbus, 61
 ——— Devastation caused by,
 271
 Citterns and Virginals, 334
 Civility, Annoying, 254
 Coals, 93
 Coincidence, Curious, 382
 Copper, First Use of, 12

- Coronation Swords, 94
 — Customs, Ancient ones, 126
 Criminal Law in Spain, State of the, 93
 Crossbow, The, 383
 Curtana, The, 126
 Damascus Steel, 271
 Destruction of Weeds in Paved Courts,
 Recipe for the, 302
 Drunkenness in Russia, 46
 Dwellings, New Mode of Purifying,
 367
 Economy Personified, 302
 English Navy in the 16th Century, The,
 288
 Executioners execrated by the Ancients,
 157
 Extinct Animals, 61
 Fata Margana, 397
 Fire-ships, The first, 318
 Fleur-de-Lys, Origin of the, 13
 Gentle Hints to Masters, 157
 Gigantic Remains in England, 61
 Gnats, 140
 Henry VII. Avarice of, 333
 Hints to Wine-bibbers, 156
 Hospitality of the Ancient English, 126
 Ignorance in England in Early Times,
 11
 Impudence, 46
 Indelicacy of Manners in the Neapolitans,
 221
 Infantry, Origin of the Foot Soldiers so
 called, 381
 Intemperance, The Evils of, 172, 183
 Irish Character, 13
 Ivory, The first Notice of, 61
 Jerusalem Chamber, Some Account of
 the, 109
 John, St., the Evangelist's Chapel, Cu-
 rious Monument in, 271
 Justice, The Administration of, 30
 Kamschatka Hospitality, 110
 King James's Timidity, 46
 — of Prussia, Curious Decision of,
 61
 Knights Bannerets, 189
 Knout, The, 110
 Ladies' Plays, 254
 Lapis Calamariis, 308
 Laws fit for a Nation, 41
 Leicester Abbey, 157
 Lenity to Grecian Criminals, 110
 Lincoln, Great Tom of, in Ruins, 46
 Logic, 92
 Love of Life, 30
 Malherbe, 238
 Maxims, 174
 Monkey Gleaners, 141
 Mulberry, Origin of the Colour of, 220
 Myrtle, The, 61
 Navigation, Influence of Science upon,
 Neapolitan Lazzaroni, 174
 Omens, Prophetic, 380
 Organs, Origin of, 206
 Party, 171
 People, The, 174
 Petrarch's Laura, Memorial of, 254
 Piedmontese, Manners of the, 94
 Poisoning the Sick at Jaffa, On the, 142
 Politics and Learning in Russia, 156
 Pope the Poet's Opinion of Tories and
 Whigs, 881
 Population Returns, 13
 Promises, The Performing of, 157
 Proverbs; Touch and Take, 190
 Provision, Prices of, in Ethelred's
 Time, 46
 Pride and Ignorance of the Nobility,
 318
 Recorders, 334
 Reformation, Thoughts on, 30
 Representation in Parliament, 12
 Richard I., Summary Justice of, 142
 Riches and Luxury of the Romans, 206
 Richmond, Account of, 333
 Romans, The Auditorium of the, 221
 Rome, Olden Traditions extant of, 61
 Rotterdam, Some Account of, 78
 Rubber, Indian, 381
 Rules to Live by, 221
 Sanctuary, 142
 Santa Maria Novella, 398
 Seneschal, Derivation of the Term, 190
 Severus's Wall, 61
 Shoes, The Invention of, 93
 Silk, its Introduction into France, 110
 Singular Instinct of a Pelican, 398
 Singular Statue at Scone, 46
 Smokers, Illustrious ones, 367
 Spanish Produce, 92
 Spity Ruhten, The, 173
 Stockholm, Origin of, 381
 Stockings, Invention of, 94
 Thieves in England, 317
 Thunder-stricken Cities, 205
 Time, On Passing, 13
 Toothache, Cure for the, 157
 Triumphal Arches, 221
 Vaudevilles, The Invention of, 238
 Wealth, 157
 Wines and Spirits, Strength of, 173
 Windmills in Holland, 78
 Yeomen of the Guard, their first Institu-
 tion, 333

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

- Arithmetical Rods, Templeton's Key to
 a Set of, 27
 Cobbett's New Spelling Book, 155
 Coffee, A Treatise on, 212
 Comic Annual, Hood's, 390
 Cumberland's Theatrical Illustrations,
 310
 — British Theatre, Vol. XXIX.
 301
 — Minor Theatre, Vol. V. 301
 Defoe's History of the Plague, 390

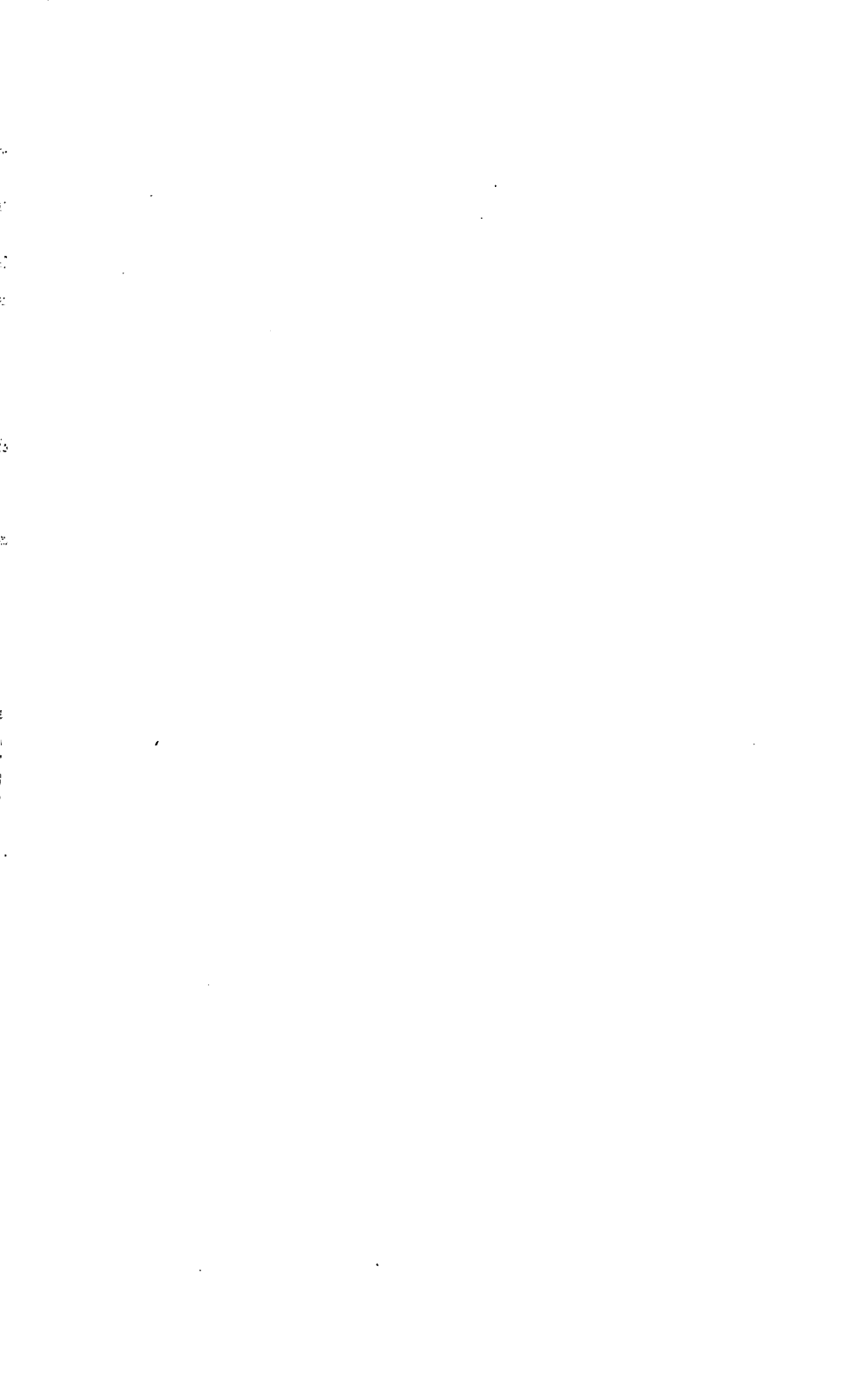
- Human Eye, A familiar Treatise on the, 379
 Knowledge for the People ; Curious Customs, 331
 Landscape Painting, Remarks on, 301
 London Bridges, Old and New, a Professional Survey of, 90
 Nicotiana, or the Smoker's and Snuff-taker's Companion, 345
 Robinson Crusoe, with Cruikshank's Designs, 27
- SNATCHES FROM OBLIVION.
- By-gone Writers, Recollections of, 89
 Character of a Worthy King, by N. Breton, 1661, 108
 Crowns, The Invention of, 125
 Devil's Delight, The, 237
 Verses, by Sir W. Raleigh, 218
- Old Inns with New Faces, 121
 Oysters, Oyster Eaters, and Oyster-Rooms, 103
 Passage in a Gamester's Life, 70
 Plague, The, in 1665, 182
 Players in the Olden Time,
 Poet, *Cursory* Thoughts on what is a, 167
- ORIGINAL POETRY.
- Advertisements Extraordinary, 35
 Anacreontic, 373
 Annuals Festival, The, 229
 Asphodel, Wild, 183
 Autumn's Approach, 149
 Ave Marias, 355
 Avignon, The Beauty of, 184
 Battle Field, The, A Night Sketch of Waterloo, 101
 Birth-day of the Lost, The, 328
 Bride, The, 181
 Dialogue, A, 42
 Eagle, Lines to the, caged in Dunolly Tower, 56
 Exculpation, 167
 Flowerets, The, 41
 Glance, A, from a Hood, 187
 He Died, 117
 Harp of Carolan, The, 197
 Jewess of Altona, Lines to a, 136
 King Gathol's Chair, 211
 La Fleur de Souvenance, 230
 Letters, My, 6
 Loch Ascoy, 71
 Look not upon the Wine when it is Red, 372
 Mary, Lines to, 378
 My Mother's Death-chamber, 306
Odes Translated from Anacreon :—
 No. I. On the Lyre, 199
 — II. On Love, ib.
 Oh, spng that Song again, 201
- Outlaw's Tomb, The, 52
 Pilgrims at our Lady's Well, The, 247
 Pirate, The, 82
 Red and Blue, The, 5
 Ruins, The, 148
 Serjeant Thin, The Fate of, 99
 Shakspeare, 165
 Shipwreck, 182
 Soldier Returned, The, 308
Songs of Passion :—
 No. 6, 28
 — 7, 53
 — 8, 188
- Song of the Pirate's Mistress, 261
 Sonnet, by J. Clare, 70
 Storm, The, 104
 Souvenez Moi, The, 356
 Tears, 21
 Theatricals, Private, 245
 This is not my Home, 325
 Topcliffe Fair, 68
 Weeping Willow-ism, A, 84
 Widow, The, 233
 Worship of Memory, The, 295
- Poverty of the English during the Middle Ages, 311
Pugly Papers, The, Letter from Mrs. Belinda Pugsley to her sister, 374
 Queens, The Coronation of, 100
 Recollections of Mr. Elliston, 41
 ———— Madame Catalani, 170
 Regalia of England, The, 108
 Remarks on the Biographer of Dr. Johnson, 233
 Rich Bishopric, 251
 Scott, Sir W. The Genius and Writings of, 235
- SCIENCE AND ART.
- Cement, New, 11
 Echoes, Remarkable, 11
 Hydrometer, New, 10
 Planets, Their distance from the Sun, 10
 Spain, The Population of, 83
 Spirit of Enterprize, 311
- SINGULAR PHRASES.
- Burning the Parade, the term explained, 59
 Cockney, its derivation, 59
 Dowdying, 90
 Jack of Legs, 59
 King Arthur, 90
 Licking the Blarney Stone, 90
 Playing the Ambassador, 90
 Whipping the Cock, 59
- TALES AND ROMANCES.
- Amy Leslie, a Tale of the Inn, 246
 Brigand of Eboli, The, 289, 314
 Bull Fighter of Madrid, 145

- Byland Abbey, The Battle of, 401
 Castle Baynard, 326, 388
 Cloak, The, 326
 Coiners of Brackenbruff, 49, 74
 Conscience, The Force of, 114
 Corriewater, The Vale of, 1, 24
 Culac the Enchanter, 17
 Da Vinci, The Death of, 81
 Death-Bed, The, 298, 313
 ——— Sound, The, 129
 Demon's Victim, The, 33
 Eld, a Tale of, 161
 Exile, The, 323, 358
 Fisherman's Fate, The, 228
 Hugh Wentworth, 113, 158
 Interview, The Last, 241, 268
 Ida Rosenheim, the Bride of Berlin, 353
 Last of their Race, The, 193
 Lemorne, The Valley of, 219
 Magna Charta, a Tale of Runnemedé, 225
 May Forester, or the Flying Fishes' Wings, 263
 Omen, The Evil, 307
 Phemie Mackenzie, or the Carved Oak Chair, 209
 Pint Bottle, Narrative of a, 97
 Return from the Fiesta, The, 305
 Ruth Melrose, 385
 Soldier's Home, The, 72
 Sovereign and the Subject, or the Rival Suitors, 321
 Stranger, The—A Chapter from the World, 149
 Victim, The, 356, 375
 White Lady, The, 177, 185, 201
 Widow's Son, The, 309
 Theatrical Reminiscences, 7
 Tobacco, Thoughts on, 132
 Virtue in Indigence, 5
 White Conduit, The demolition of the, 138
 Wine—A Sketch, 149
 Woman, A few words on, 372
 Year Parting with the, 403
 Zimmerman, The Life of, by T. Hood, 391

List of Articles Embellished

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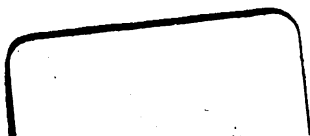
		PAGE.
1	The Vale of Corriewater	1
2	Culac the Enchanter	[Original] Do. 17
3	The Demon's Victim	[Do.] 33
4	The Coiners of Brackenbruff	[Do.] 49
5	Historical Account of Antwerp	[Do.] 65
6	The Death of Da Vinci	[Do.] 81
7	Narration of a Pint Bottle	[Do.] 97
8	The Force of Conscience	[New Monthly] 113
9	The Death Sound	[Original] 129
10	The Bull-Fighter of Madrid	[Do.] 145
11	A Tale of Eld	[Do.] 161
12	The White Lady	[Frazer's Mag.] 177
13	The Last of their Race	[Original] 193
14	Phemie Mackenzie, or the Carved Oak Chair (Tales of an Idler) [Do.] 209	[Do.] 209
15	Magna Charta	[Do.] 225
16	The Last Interview	[Winter's Wreath] 241
17	History of the Globe and Hope Theatres	[Original] 257
18	The Cream of the Annuals	[Do.] 272
19	The Brigand of Eboli	[Lit. Souvenir] 289
20	The Return from the Fiesta	[Lands. Annual] 305
21	The Sovereign and the Subject	[The Gem] 321
22	Account of Milan Cathedral	[Original] 337
23	Ida Rosenheim	[Do.] 353
24	Castle Baynard	[Do.] 369
25	Ruth Melrose (Tales of an Idler)	[Do.] 385
26	Ode to Joseph Hume	[Hood's Annual] 382
27	VIGNETTE TITLE PAGE.	



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